# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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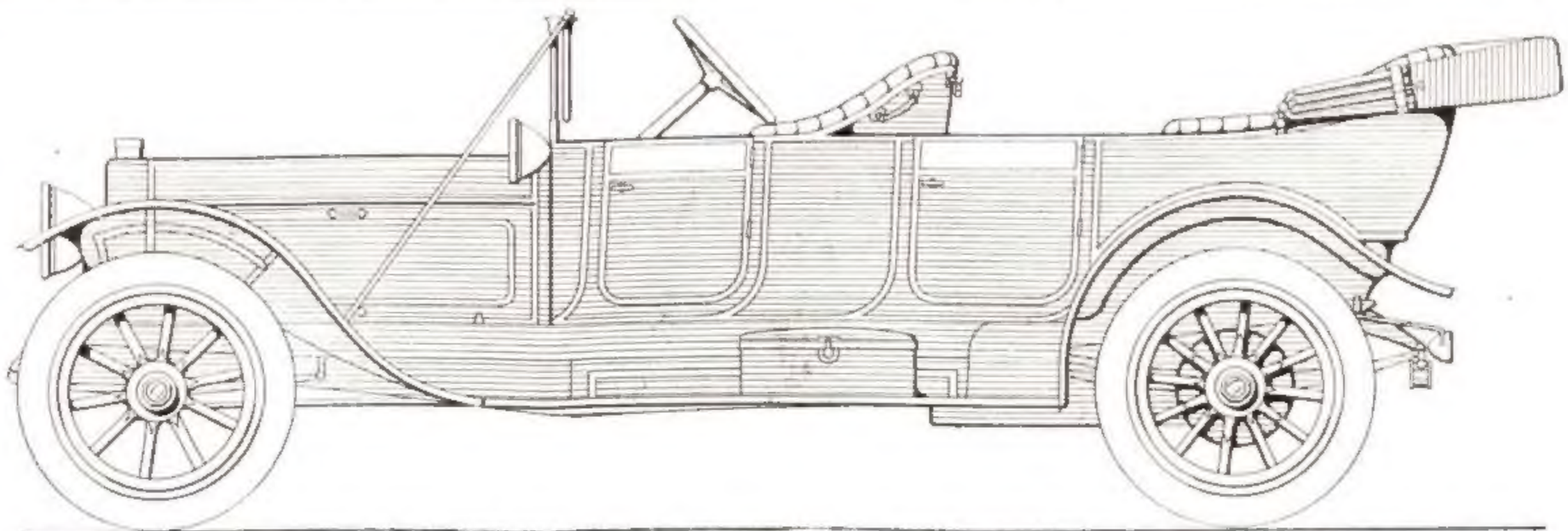

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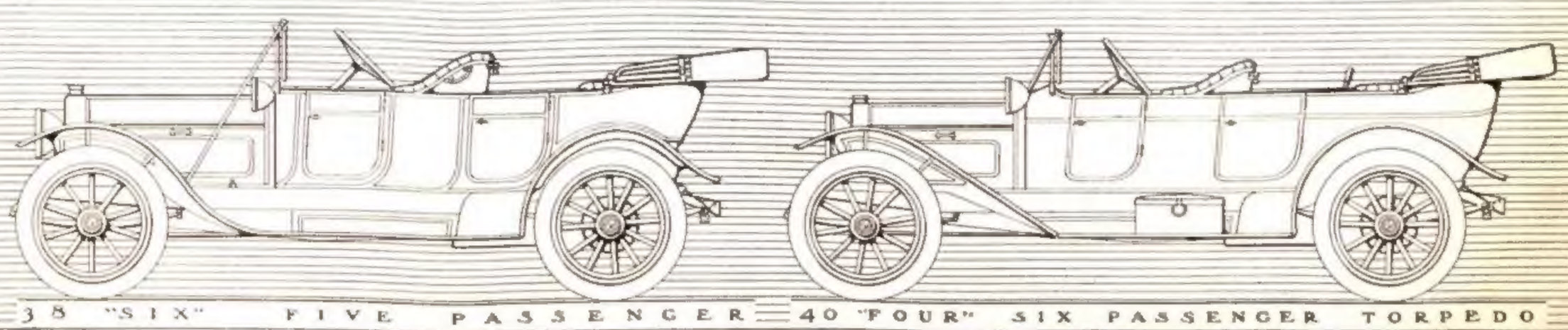

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# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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# THE CITY BEAUTIFUL

## By George Randolph Chester

*ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH*

*"If I Can be of More Service to Her by a Personal Interview I Shall be Honored to Meet Her"*

UNTIL the National Secretary brought his moving-picture camera and his Vandyke beard to town for one brief week, the city lay contented in its sloth and un-Vandyked ugliness; the quite conventionally corrupt Fleecer Gang, aided and abetted by the votes of the entire citizenry, enjoyed, in great peace and prosperity, the public funds; Renly Roberts was "Our Esteemed Fellow-Citizen" oftener than any other man whom Jim Fleecer gave opportunities to embellish the public print; The Union Billboard Company held a happy monopoly over every prospect that might have pleased; Mrs. Clara Pikyune was President of the Isis Club, to say nothing of several uplift movements; and all these branches of the revered and stately old order of things were in serene forever-and-ever sway. The National Secretary took away his moving-picture camera and his Vandyke beard at the end of a week—and Presto! There is no word that so well describes what happened to everything, except the Fleecer Gang, as just "Presto!"

From the foregoing one might imagine that the National Secretary, whose name was Quillery, or something like that, and who represented The National Civic Landscape Association, had been a person of Jovian power, who had hurricaned into all this respectable placidity and torn it to atoms; but such was not the case. He was merely a soft-spoken, freshly-ironed and cleanly-scented little man, who had a mission that paid excellently, who was fluent with all the choicest adjectives pertaining to art, and who loved all the ladies so well that no single one of them was in the slightest jeopardy from him. His coming and going was but a trifling incident—but Rome was saved by the cackling of geese!

Observe how Fate hinged upon still another fragile pivot. When Mr. Quillery came to town, Mrs. Clara Pikyune, who had been expecting him for a month, was compelled to deny both him and herself the pleasure of a meeting, because she was confined to her room by an illness so desperate that the society columns of the Sunday papers, which invariably started their local news of the week with the invaluable Pikyune name, could only allude to it, and to the lady's weekly relapses, in the vaguest mournfulness.

Only her personal maid and those members of her immediate household with whom she was upon friendly terms, knew that her distressing ailment consisted of a succession of boils, the present affliction having located itself most irritatingly upon the side of her sternly-chiseled Roman nose.

Mrs. Pikyune was a general of many a gory social victory, and countless fair scalps dangled, figuratively, at her belt, but when the little white pasteboard of the National Secretary was brought to her she recognized defeat. The exclusive Isis Club had, at his solicitation, invited Mr. Quillery to come to them and start the movement for The City Beautiful. The First Vice-President, who was a colorless, timid woman, though of splendid social desirability, was in Europe; the Second Vice-President, a formerly very charming woman whose husband had been contemptible enough quite recently to lose all his money, was now in considerate social retirement; the Third Vice-President, who was Mrs. Pikyune's staunchest ally and supporter, was wearing mourning in celebration of a late happy release; the Fourth Vice-President, who was really too much afflicted with embonpoint to be a formidable rival in anything, was undergoing a reduction treatment as strenuous and exacting as the day before the wedding at the home of a bride; the Fifth Vice-President was Mrs. Cordelia Blossom!

What a dreadful mistake it was to have permitted the election of the perniciously active and unaccountably popular Mrs. Blossom to any office, even one so minor and remote as that of Fifth Vice-President! It was the inexplicable furore following the publication of One of Us that had forced the recognition of Mrs. Blossom. Had people no longer any taste or sense of propriety?

Mrs. Pikyune studied her desperate illness in the mirror for a despairing two minutes; and scolded her maid most viciously for sneezing; and approved, at last, of infant damnation; and sent the National Secretary to Mrs. Cordelia Blossom.

*"But I Was Sure That You Were Patriotic Enough to Lay Aside All Personal Considerations in a Cause So Noble"*

*II*

WITHOUT speculating at all about how old she might be, one's startled thought, upon first beholding Mrs. Blossom, was how young she looked for her age! There wasn't a wrinkle about her, though there were ripples and waves and dimples enough, to be sure, and everything else that was pleasingly curved. Her big black eyes were perfectly round, and her rosy mouth was perfectly round, and, though not even her most cordial enemy would have accused Cordelia of fatness, she herself was perfectly round almost anywhere you looked at her. Altogether she was an extremely pleasing person to gaze upon, and Colonel Watterson Blossom, gray-haired and gray-mustached as he was, would have offered pistols, at twenty paces, to any gentleman who refused to acknowledge her absolute peerlessness.

The Colonel was entertaining her in his study with Darwin's Origin of Species, and, with a mind totally at rest, her face was listening sweetly to some of his favorite passages—the most long-worded ones—when the National Secretary's card was brought up to her.

"You may show the gentleman into the library, Mary," she directed, with the same enforced calmness that she would have used at a dinner where a servant had broken her favorite dish; but the moment the maid had gone, she kissed her husband impulsively. He liked it.

"I knew it would come!" she exulted, her big eyes shining and her round cheeks dimpling in sheer delight. "The City Beautiful movement was my protégé in the first place!" and she triumphantly passed the card to the Colonel. "Won't you come down with me, dear?"

"No, thank you," hastily returned the Colonel, who had spent a married lifetime in repressing what would have been an instinct to jealousy, had not such an emotion been entirely unworthy of both Mrs. Blossom and himself.

She hesitated, but knowing the Colonel's delicate attitude in this matter, she patted him affectionately upon the tiny pink bald spot that was the

radial center of his gray hair. "Mark your place for me, Watt," she warned him, as anxiously as if she had understood a word of the Origin of Species aside from "the" and "and." "I'll be back in just as few minutes as I can make it. You're sure you can't spare time to come along?"

"No, thank you," he again refused. "Of course, if you need me for any purpose, you may command me at any time, Cordelia."

"Thank you; I shall," she replied with a laugh of understanding, and was gone.

"I am delighted to be able to meet you so soon after my arrival," declared Mr. Quillery, who had taken the precaution to introduce himself to the society editress of the leading paper and inquire all about the Blossoms before making this call. "Literary people are always so interesting."

Mrs. Blossom was naïvely delighted with that remark.

"How nice of you to say so," she said, dimpling most charmingly. "I'm really not very literary, though; I've only published one book."

"That is a pity," he returned. "I assure you that One of Us is spoken of everywhere that the name of Cordelia Blossom is mentioned. Really, though, I don't see where so busy a woman ever found time to write a book."

"I didn't," she denied, with her eyes at their roundest. "It was written by a very bright young man who has paid his way through college by writing sermons, and society playlets, and such things," she chattered on. "It was full of the most delightfully ingenious revelations of our Hilltop set, with the names very cleverly disguised. Mrs. Pikyune's name, for instance, was Mrs. Pluckune; and mine was Mrs. Bud. Of course there wasn't any real scandal in it, but there were hints enough, in the first chapters, that there might be, to keep everybody on the *qui vive*. The young man couldn't afford to publish it, so he sold me the right to issue it over my own name. I had five hundred volumes printed and bound in the most beautiful shade of maroon morocco, and autographed them all, and canvassed them myself among my friends, and sold every volume, and founded a cot at the Children's Hospital with the proceeds. I shouldn't like to go into literature permanently, but it was fun for just once."

"Especially when it served so commendable a purpose," the charming Mr. Quillery adroitly supplemented, placing an engaging smile between his mustache and his Vandyke.

"Yes; didn't it!" she happily agreed. "You seem to have heard of everything. It secured me the Fifth Vice-Presidency of the Isis Club, and offices in that organization are very difficult indeed to secure, since they serve not only as indications of social prestige and popularity but also as rewards of conspicuous personal achievement."

"Mrs. Pikyune has been President for a number of years, I understand. She must be a woman of exceptional genius." He ventured this as a test.

"She is," assented Mrs. Blossom with a sigh; "she gives a tremendous function every year in honor of the Duke of Barecastle, who married her niece, and invites us all to it. So, of course, she may have anything she wants. I had a lord once, but I was both lucky and unlucky about him, for he was arrested the day before I sent out my invitations, instead of the day after, which would have been most humiliating. Did you call upon Mrs. Pikyune?"

"As President of the Isis Club, of course all my correspondence was with her," Mr. Quillery was careful to explain. "It seems, however, that Mrs. Pikyune is quite ill."

Mrs. Blossom, whose information concerning all the intervening officers had been accurate and frequent, burned to ask him if he had found out anything of the nature of Mrs. Pikyune's ailment; but she refrained.

"Yes, so I have heard," she returned, quite sympathetically enough. "We are all so much concerned about her. I can imagine what a dreadful time you must have had before you finally came to me, with all five of my superior officers away, or ill, or in retirement."

"No; she sent me directly to you," corrected Mr. Quillery, holding himself cautiously to facts, having threaded his way, many times, through the intricacies of feminine politics.

"*Did* she!" exclaimed Mrs. Blossom, smiling ecstatically as she conjured up a vision of Clara Pikyune's releasing this prize to her only rival. "How sweet of her!"

"I very much regret, of course, not having been able to meet Mrs. Pikyune," went on Mr. Quillery, delicately

"That City Now Welcomes You With Blossoms in Place of Tomato Cans"

stroking his Vandyke in token of his nonchalant indifference to the absent Mrs. Pikyune; "but, after all, this important civic art movement, which is now sweeping over the United States, requires the energies of the younger leaders, so I am very fortunate indeed;" and he laughed lightly, to turn the edge of that compliment and make it deliberate enough to be taken partly for courtesy.

Mrs. Blossom smiled nicely in recognition.

"You must tell me all about The City Beautiful movement," she commanded. "I am so vitally interested in it. We have just finished a tremendous bridge tournament, and are through with a round of thrilling mediumistic séances with materializations, which were a lot of fun, and now we are ready for almost anything. Your movement is such a glorious one!"

"Isn't it!" agreed Mr. Quillery, whose enthusiasm for the cause came from the fact that it was easier than earning a living. "I am devoting my life, Mrs. Blossom, to making America more beautiful; and I may say that my small efforts are being abundantly rewarded." Which was strictly true, although not exactly in the manner in which he meant it. "By the way, I simply must have you see two photographs taken in your rival city, at the upper edge of the state;" and he produced the photographs in question from a tiny leather case that he carried in his hand, rather than destroy the immaculate lines of his coat with them. "This one shows a sloping angle-lot in a beautiful residence district, filled with rubbish that is half hidden by warped and stilted billboards. This photograph, taken the following spring, shows the same lot with the billboards and rubbish removed, and with that beautiful sloping corner clothed with green grass and edged with flowers. That city now welcomes you with blossoms in place of tomato cans." That this was one of Mr. Quillery's sure-fire stock jokes was attested by the laughter that Mrs. Blossom gave it; and Mr. Quillery himself laughed, as he always did.

"This is what The United Civic Landscape Association proposes to do for your city: to clean up and make green with grass all its unsightly lots, remove the ugly billboards that conceal your most beautiful vistas, and promote the acquirement and care of public park property. Think how many offensive spots you have now in your otherwise beautiful municipality."

"There are nearly a hundred and fifty of the most flagrant ones," Mrs. Blossom informed him, having counted them all since she had heard of the illness of Mrs. Pikyune. "I have a list of them ready for you. How do you go about it?"

"Very easily, since you have done so much of the work for me," responded Mr. Quillery with a graceful bow. "Early tomorrow morning I shall mount my moving-picture camera in an automobile, and shall take moving pictures of these unsightly localities. These photographs I shall develop, and shall exhibit them on Thursday afternoon to the invitation audience in the rooms of the Isis Club, and publicly on Friday and Saturday afternoons at Lyceum Hall—all of which has been arranged. At the same time I shall exhibit comparative moving pictures, similar to these photographs, displaying the remarkable results we have attained in other cities. Meanwhile I shall hope to have the Isis Club take up the work as a body, affiliating itself with the national organization."

Mrs. Blossom pouted prettily.

"Would it not be better to form a local City Beautiful Association?" she thoughtfully inquired. "I am quite sure that I could interest the majority of the members of the Isis Club in it; and, indeed, a number of my friends have already assured me that they would be glad to join."

"It might be done," the National Secretary reluctantly admitted, feeling himself here upon volcanic ground; "but, frankly, we have produced our best results through established organizations. The leading woman's club of any city is always the most powerful ally that we can obtain."

"In that case there is no more to be said," she regretfully admitted. "With Mrs. Pikyune ill, the labor of organization necessarily devolves upon me; but as soon as Mrs. Pikyune recovers, she will, of course, take charge of the work, and two people, that way, no matter how slightly they may differ as to methods and ideas, and no matter how perfectly in sympathy they are, might—Well, don't you see?" and she smiled her most disingenuous smile.

The National Secretary saw, and he despairingly regretted that there was no possible chance of deferring the work of artistic uplift in this city until after the recovery of Mrs. Pikyune; for two cooks here were certain to spoil the broth, and he expected to add not less than ten thousand dollars a year income from this place for the national organization. That was an item of some personal importance, since the national organization consisted of himself and a president, and forty honorary directors who received nothing.

"Might you not have yourself appointed, in the beginning, at the head of a committee that would have entire charge of this branch of the club's work?" he hopefully suggested.

"Oh no!" she assured him, with her round voice and her round shoulders and her round mouth and her round eyes. "That would *never* do! Don't you see that it might possibly seem to Mrs. Pikyune, if she were at all suspiciously inclined, that this had been done deliberately to shut her out of any participation? In the meantime, if I were one who did not have merely the general welfare of the city and of the club at heart, I might be inclined to resent the fact that, as President of the club, Mrs. Pikyune would receive most of the credit for the success of the movement anyhow. Of course both of these things are highly improbable, but—Well, don't you see?"

The National Secretary saw, and this time the stroking that he gave his Vandyke was not nearly so delicate as before. There were times when he was rather manlike in his impulses; and at such moments it occurred to him that earning a living had its attractive features too.

"The trouble with a separate organization is that it so seldom attains a large enough local membership to furnish the national association the support which that body needs to further the cause," he confessed, with as near a trace of worry as he ever permitted to occupy his features.

"Oh, if that's all," she hastily assured him, "I'll guarantee you five hundred members; and by that I mean a financial guaranty. The Isis Club has only six hundred members, and you wouldn't get all of them by any means. I suppose that each member of the local organization must become a member of the national association? That's the way it's arranged in so many of these public philanthropies. How much does a national membership cost?"

The National Secretary brightened. His annually increasing salary, and that of the president, depended upon how much was left after paying printing bills, office upkeep and traveling expenses.

"Associate memberships are ten dollars a year, memberships twenty-five, patron or patroness memberships a hundred, life memberships two hundred and fifty. Beyond this are the honorary memberships, which are, of course, bestowed without price and cannot be purchased, though acceptance of one is usually accompanied by a suitable donation."

"That means about five hundred dollars, unless one has ambitions in a national way," Mrs. Blossom considered, with a judgment so impersonal that it startled even the experienced National Secretary. "If you don't mind, I'll send for Mr. Blossom. I like to consult with him about

such matters," and, ringing for Mary, she sent up to the study for the Colonel. "You see, don't you, that with a separate local City Beautiful Association, of which I would naturally be President, I should be in a much better position to carry through the purposes of the National Civic Landscape Association than if there were a possible chance of misunderstanding and—and interference; purely accidental interference of course, but still interference. At the same time, being certain that my energies would not be wasted, I would go into the project with much greater vim, enough indeed to accomplish a conspicuous personal achievement; especially since it is rumored that the Duchess of Barecastle will not be able to make the trip across to us this year. Naturally there will be no function in honor of the Duke, and—Well, you see, don't you?"

The National Secretary saw, and the gentle stroking that he gave his Vandyke now was such as that with which one draws the purring from a cat.

"Upon mature deliberation, I quite believe that a separate City Beautiful organization would be the best plan possible here," the National Secretary contentedly announced. "I shall urge that wherever I have an opportunity."

"I am so glad that you advise that method," she told him, smiling her pleasure. "I do so admire the masterly decisiveness of men. They make up their minds so quickly and so firmly. I should prefer, however, that you did not urge the separate organization before the meeting on Thursday. Mr. Quillery, permit me to introduce my husband; my dear, this is National Secretary Quillery, of The National Civic Landscape Association"; and though she had oceans of talk dammed up beneath her palate, she stemmed the flood long enough for the two gentlemen to exchange the courtesies of introduction. Then she explained the plans, scope, purposes and hopes of both the national and the local organizations to both the thoroughly charmed gentlemen; and arranged for the honorary membership, which the Colonel pleaded with her to obtain; and invited Mr. Quillery to return to the first of a succession of dinners to meet some of her lieutenants in the forthcoming organization; and girt her armor happily upon her—for the fray drew on apace!

### III

DID the Prince of Borneo come to town, or a delegation of Japanese arrive, smilingly in search of the country's weakest points, or the Shoehorn Manufacturers' League of America hold a convention—then who rode in the front carriage? Esteemed Fellow-Citizen Renly Roberts! Was there an exposition to be financed, or a waterways project to be lobbied, or an orphans' field day to be arranged—then who did the organizing? Public-Spirited Citizen Renly Roberts! Was there a testimonial dinner to be given, or a gaudy charity to be exploited, or a public hurrah of any sort to be promoted—then who did the honors? Loyal and Patriotic Citizen Renly Roberts! Other men might spend their lives in a mad scramble for money, or political preferment, or even love, but for Renly Roberts—who smiled upon and shook hands with more people in a day than most men do in a lifetime—arranging and organizing and exploiting, and lobbying and financing and promoting, and doing the honors, and riding in front carriages with a big red badge on his breast, and positively heading the list of esteemed and public spirited and loyal and patriotic citizens, was as the breath of life.

There was no minute of the night in which he would not tumble eagerly out of bed to appoint a few committees. He was naturally, by self-election and helpless consent, the clearing house of every project in the city, from the twenty mile boulevard for the rich to the penny soup houses for the poor. Mrs. Clara Pikyune had always made use of his remarkable talent; consequently Mrs. Cordelia Blossom went to him immediately with her new and glorious uplift movement, accompanied by the admiring Colonel, who would have escorted her into the jaws of the Pit and made those jaws stay open, had she so desired.

She breezed confidently in upon Mr. Roberts, at the office of the National Saengerfest Headquarters, where the city's most esteemed one was now arranging for monster civic demonstrations during that important carnival of music. He was a man who had smiled so much and so constantly that his eyes had nearly wrinkled shut, and he started an additional wrinkle when he saw Mrs. Blossom.

"This is indeed a pleasure," he assured her, after having given the Colonel as hurried a greeting as possible. "I'm just putting you on the reception committee for the Saengerfest soloists, Mrs. Blossom. I hope you will be able to accept."

"That is very nice of you," she graciously admitted. "Who is to head the receiving line?" And she immediately invented some possible conflicting engagements.

"Well, of course, I would not presume to dictate in such matters as that," he smilingly informed her. "I simply drew out of my file the names of the ladies who usually represent the city, and turned the index cards over to my secretary to make a list."

"A very diplomatic way of doing it," she laughed. "Of course you have the list here."

Reluctantly Mr. Roberts drew that document from a drawer in his desk.

"I declare," he observed in great surprise, as he glanced at it before handing it to her; "I see that my secretary has Mrs. Pikyune's name at the top, just above yours; but, of course, you ladies will establish precedence among yourselves."

"Naturally," she agreed pleasantly, looking over the list. "How funny! I thought that index cards were alphabetically arranged."

"They are," asserted the Colonel, puffing up.

She stopped him with a smile.

"How unfortunate that Mrs. Pikyune is ill," she regretted; "and this is only ten days away. I haven't anything for the twenty-fourth, have I, my dear? I'll be delighted to serve on your committee, Mr. Roberts. I see you haven't included Mrs. Ayers. Dreadful about Mr. Ayers losing all that money, wasn't it? Diplomacy requires an alphabetic arrangement of these names, don't you think?"

At this question she paused for a reply.

"It's an excellent plan," Mr. Roberts hastily agreed, relaxing his list.

Mrs. Blossom smiled in sweet triumph.

"Now, I've a treat for you," she told him happily. "I know how you like to promote public-welfare movements, and I've brought you positively the most glorious opportunity to benefit the city! We are organizing the local branch of the City Beautiful movement, and I am coming to you the very first of all to have you take a prominent part in it."

Had Mr. Roberts not been a gentleman well inured to shocks, he might have succumbed to heart failure. As it was he looked at her with distended eyes.

"Why, my dear Mrs. Blossom, I couldn't possibly take part in that movement!" he managed to gasp.

"You can't mean that," she gayly rallied him. "I know how tremendously busy you are, but you're so public-spirited that you can't afford to refuse to identify yourself with such a wide-sweeping reform. I don't think you understand what we intend to do. The City Beautiful Association intends to clear away every bit of our rubbish, plant flowers and grass on all the bare vacant property, and tear down every one of the ugly billboards. Isn't that splendid!"

Mr. Roberts almost choked.

"You'd hardly expect me to say so," he stated. "Are you not aware, Mrs. Blossom, that I am the president of the Union Billboard Company, and also of the Union Billposting Company, and that I derive my chief revenue from these sources?"

"How funny!" laughed Mrs. Blossom. "I didn't know that; but, after all, it's very lucky, for you will be able to do more for us than any one in the city."

Mr. Roberts was now able to enjoy her happy thought.

"By going out of business?" he suggested, appealing to the Colonel for sympathy with a glance of amusement.

He received no answering gleam. The Colonel's money was inherited and his tendencies were all scientific.

"That would, I suppose, be necessary," assented Mrs. Blossom. "It will be quite a sacrifice, won't it?"

He sat in dumb silence and studied her pleased countenance. Her eyes were perfectly round, and in their clear depths was no trace of guile. She was as sweetly unconscious of anything extraordinary as if she had asked him to have a chocolate cream. The Colonel was even more exasperating. No one of the trio seemed to have any sense of humor.

"You're not serious in asking me to join your City Beautiful function."

That trace of automatically contemptuous flippancy was fatal. He regretted it immediately, but words always stay said. Mrs. Blossom's brow was as unruffled as before, and her round eyes as serene; but, without moving a muscle of her graceful figure or her gracious features, she propelled a distinct chill in his direction.

"I am most sorry that you cannot identify yourself with us," she charmingly observed. "I am compelled to understand that you would not care to inconvenience yourself; but I was sure that you were patriotic enough to lay aside all personal considerations in a cause so noble. Really, though, Mr. Roberts, I should think that you would prefer voluntarily to relinquish your billboards."

No man should have been able to look at Mrs. Blossom and construe her into a threat, yet Mr. Roberts did it. He was not frightened, however.

"Let me show this thing to you in its true light," he begged, adopting a kind and fatherly tone. "You do not wish to be connected with a failure, I know; yet there are too many large interests concerned for you to meet with success. Both the billboard and the billposting companies have the most influential merchants of the city for their stockholders, and the local political forces could scarcely be expected to antagonize all the merchants by passing the sort of ordinances you would require. Besides, my affairs are under the protection of Mr. Fleecer himself, and he owns stock in both my companies."

Mrs. Blossom was very patient with him.

"You do not understand," she gently insisted; "I have already committed myself to this movement and I cannot permit it to be a failure. Why, the movement must be popular, for every one of the newspapers is enthusiastic about it."

Mr. Roberts was also very patient.

(Continued on Page 69)

*The Ladies Surged and Fluttered About Him, and Voted Him Absolutely Charming*

# THE OLD NEST

## By RUPERT HUGHES

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

*He Felt the Swift Wing-Brush of a Wish to Run Home and Climb Into His Mother's Lap*

BETWEEN the lawyer, tilting perilously backward in his swivel-chair, and the client, explaining eagerly forward across the leaf of the desk, an office boy interpolated a sheaf of letters.

The lawyer riffled them carelessly. They were all typewritten and had all been opened by a secretary except one in an unofficial envelope, addressed in an unmasculine hand and marked "Personal." This letter halted the lawyer's eyes an instant and his frown of intense attention was mellowed by a hint of lenity.

Neither the sex of the handwriting nor its effect on the lawyer escaped the client, whose very gesture had been frozen in midair by the arrival of the letters. He ventured a careless impertinence.

"A letter from a lady!" He said it as one might murmur, "Aha!"

The lawyer flicked him with a glance like the snap of a whip; then, as a gentler rebuke, he held out the envelope for inspection. The client realized a certain dignity in the writing and stammered:

"An old-fashioned hand, isn't it? Nice old lady client, eh?"

"My mother."

The soft, soft word seemed an evocation; and the spirit of the room was changed instantly, as if a venerable woman had entered it by mistake. The client felt almost an impulse to rise and bow. He contented himself with:

"Lucky man, to be getting letters from your mother at your age! Mine died when I was a child."

The lawyer pressed his advantage with a youthful brag:

"My father is living too."

The client's shaken head implied both elegy and envy.

"No wonder they call you 'Lucky Anthon.' You must take great comfort in them."

The lawyer flushed like a witness under a fire of cross-examination.

"I ought to. I do, of course. But I'm so infernally busy protecting you malefactors of great wealth that I—well, you see, they live so far away. They don't like New York. They hate to travel. Father's a doctor—he's afraid to leave his patients for five minutes. I haven't had time to get back home for years. About all I do is to send them presents on Christmases and on their birthdays—when I don't forget. When is my mother's next birthday? I must look it up."

He jotted a query on the slant of his calendar and put the letter in his pocket, patting it first as if it were her hand. Then he resumed his office face and voice: "As you were saying ——"

The client forgot his own business for the luxury of reproach:

"A memorandum to look up your mother's birthday! You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"I am."

"Why, if either of my parents were living ——"

"Oh, no, you wouldn't. You think you would, but you wouldn't. My letters home begin with apologies for neglect and end with vows to reform; but this deadly grind, this eternal scramble ——"

The telephone bell broke in. "Long-distance wants you." Lucky Anthon had a brief chat with another lawyer seated in a swivel-chair a thousand miles away. He bade the astral visitor hold the wire, while he took up a second telephone on his desk and pursued a New York client all over town until he brought him to earth at an automobile road-inn, forty miles off. A hurried consultation in telephonese with this man; a bit of triangular converse from mouthpiece to mouthpiece, and Anthon had arranged a journey to Boston on "the midnight."

Then he turned to the client at his deskside and resumed the discussion of an abstruse problem in higher legal strategy, incessantly interrupted by the nagging telephone, by telegrams, pardon-begging clerks, excuse-me-one-moment partners, stenographers summoned to take dictations, bookkeepers to look up figures, and what-not, whom-not.

Anthon's brain had subdivided itself into a syndicate of workers and his mind was like a telephone exchange. In such a maelstrom how could his mother's letter fail to be swept out of his mind?

When he left for the afternoon it was to go to a conference; when he rode uptown it was in the limousine office of a railroad juggler. His dinner at the club was a mere automatic process while his mind was busy matching wits with one of the lawyers of one of his multitudinous adversaries. He had planned to go to the theater or the opera for relaxation, but he was shunted on toward midnight by a dozen matters and people that could not wait.

He just made the train and crawling into his berth declared his office-hours ended. He shut his brain to thought as if his skull were a rolltop desk and he were pulling down and locking his forehead. This was his salvation—that he could usually adjourn his mental congress when he reached his bed—usually, but not always.

The next morning he thought of his mother's letter as he filled his eyes with soap in the primeval conditions of the sleeping-car's washroom. At breakfast he thought of it again. He could not find it in his pocket. He remembered that he had hastily changed suits before he took the train. He resolved to read it as soon as he got back. He made a memorandum to that effect—and blushed at the necessity; but the memorandum, as timid and meek as the letter itself or its author, seemed unable to assert its rights. There was need of a memorandum to recall the memorandum.

Anthon thought of the letter in courtrooms, at board meetings and in flying taxicabs. It floated through his mind at the oddest moments; but it always came inopportunely and was frightened away.

A week had passed before he put on the same coat again. He found the letter by chance in the pocket where it had lain in cold storage. He apologized to it and caressed it again. As a final atonement he gave it precedence over the morning papers. He propped it against the news-sheet propped against the water bottle and he kept his eyes on it. Though the headlines above it brandished black flags of battle, murder and court decisions, he kept his eyes on the thin little scrawling lines crisscrossing the paper. The writing was shaky and so frail that the very ink seemed gray.

"My darling boy," it began, and he looked past it into a mirror—which answered with a mirror's repartee. His mother's darling boy had been a man for years and years, had been married and widowered. Other marriages had orphaned him of his children and his hair was sketched with gray lines.

He tried to recall the fat-cheeked, curl-scrolled face that had once pouted back at him from looking-glasses; but this long-distance telescopy was too much for him. He remembered how that remote self had depended on the writer of this letter—depended on her utterly for everything, from buttoning up of mornings to tucking in of nights. And now he was here, a scarred gladiator in the arena. He had traveled far, changed much.

He felt the swift wing-brush of a wish to run home and climb into his mother's lap. The very thought ridiculed itself to death. The picture of his huge, lank figure sprawled across the knees of the dismayed and venerable little woman who was his mother made an intolerable grotesque.

But the letter—a long one for her:

*My darling boy:* Now that I am able to sit up again, I am writing to you first off. I do hope you haven't worried and fretted over me these past four weeks. I had been feeling right poorly for some time and then one morning I couldn't get up. I told your father and he was all upset. You know he never would treat any of his own family. He looked right worried and called for Doctor Pusey to come over. Doctor Pusey said I should stay in bed and take care of myself or I'd be down sick. It's a good thing I did, for I might have been real sick. I was in bed for a month as it was, scarcely able to lift my head and suffering considerable pain.

I thought I'd best not write you children, because it would just worry you and you all have so many things to worry you without fretting yourself over my ailments. I was real sick, though, and your father was going to telegraph to Chicago for some of the big doctors; but I wouldn't let him. He was right rundown himself, what with sitting up nights with me and an epidemic of measles in the public school.

Anthon's face was a craven plea of guilty. His mother had been ill, perhaps near death. She had lain abed for a month without a line from him. Yet it was she that apologized for not having written! Anthon cursed himself for an ingrate and read on:

A day or two ago I took a turn for the better. I'm just about what you'd call well now. Yesterday I was able to sit up in my rocker for quite a spell and it didn't tire me much. And today I'm so much better I had Eliza bring me some notepaper and set the ink bottle on the sewing machine close by, and get me a book to write on. And what book do you suppose she brought me? It was your old geography, honey. I'd been looking through it; and your name was written in the front as bold as a lion's and you'd marked the book all up, lining the pictures round with a leadpencil and coloring some of them with crayons. I used to think you would be an artist when you grew up. I remember how proud I was of you—almost as proud as I am now of the famous lawyer that folks tell me is my son!

Seems like it was only yesterday you were bringing the book to me to pronounce the hard words. You used to follow me all over the house or call to me from upstairs: "Mamma! say, mamma, what's the pronounsation of"—whatever it was.

While I looked over the pages and saw the terrible words they gave you poor little chicks to memorize, I gave a kind of jump. I thought I heard you calling me—as you did once: "Say, mamma, what's the kreck pronounsation of

*"Land of Goshen! Here's Our Boy's Picture!"*

B-a-l-u-c-h-i-s-t-a-n?" And when I told you, you said: "Who was Bellew and why did he kiss her?" I could hear it just as plain as if you had been right by; and I listened to hear your little feet on the stairs, or to hear the banister whistle as you came sliding down to show me the word.

And then I lost sight of the book and all, and a couple of tears came spattering down on the geography. I've been right poorly, you know, and kind of weak still; and my eyes always had a sort of trick of tearing up when I think of you children.

I thought, instead of sitting here making a baby of myself over my boy's old schoolbooks, I'd best be writing you a few lines to keep you from worrying about me. You really mustn't think anything of my being sick, for I'll be able to go down to breakfast most likely tomorrow, or to dinner, the doctor says; so you can see I'm all right.

It's nice to be able to sit here in the bay window and look out in the yard where you children used to romp. It's terrible quiet now, specially with the snow still lingering on in spots; but I guess it won't be much longer. Your father says he thinks the winter's back is about broke by now. Soon the spring thaws will set in and the trees will be budding out; and before long the birds will be setting up housekeeping once more.

How you children used to love the first sight of spring, and how you used to come stampeding in all covered with mud and yelling like Comantchies—or however you spell it; anyway, you'd yell, "How long before dinner's ready? I'm hungry!" One after another you'd storm in and yell, "I'm hungry!" and then one after another you grew up and went away; and now it's my turn to be hungry—hungry for my children; hungry all the time!

About the only thing I can do nowadays is just to sit round and remember. Of course I'm awfully proud of every one of my chicks and so grateful for your success, but it's a terrible thing to have you all so far away. This old house used to be so crowded and so noisy I had to hold my head to keep it from splitting; and now the house is so empty and so silent I have to hold my heart to keep it from breaking open.

Sometimes the house seems haunted—all full of ghosts, little ghosts, calling to me. Sometimes at night I sit up in bed, thinking I hear one of you calling—and before I'm awake I answer, "Yes, honey," and the room is full of light. And then I'm awake—and there's no child—and it's all dark.

Last night I heard you scream in pain—you were so frightened, and you were being chased by a big frothy-mouthed dog and I was running to help you. I reached you and took you in my arms and put you behind me. I was going to grab the dog and hold him till you got away. Then I woke up—and it was the whistle of that train that goes through here at four o'clock every morning.

I was trembling so I could hardly make myself believe that I was in bed and that you were a grown-up man two thousand miles away. I was glad it was a dream; and yet I was sorry too, for after all I had held Little Boy You in my arms—and they were aching hungry for you.

Of course I don't believe in dreams, unless it is that they go by contraries. Still, I hope you haven't been in any trouble—have you? Let me know—won't you? Dreams are so real. And I always know that after that train whistles there's a whole black hour before daybreak.

My mind is really cheerfuller than this letter sounds. Mostly I remember the pleasant things about your childhood in this old house. And it's funny how often I hear you shout, "Mamma, what's the kreck pronounsation of B-a-l-u-c-h-i-s-t-a-n?" You howled every letter down the stairway and I called back the right way to say it; and you said: "Who was Bellew and why did he kiss her?"

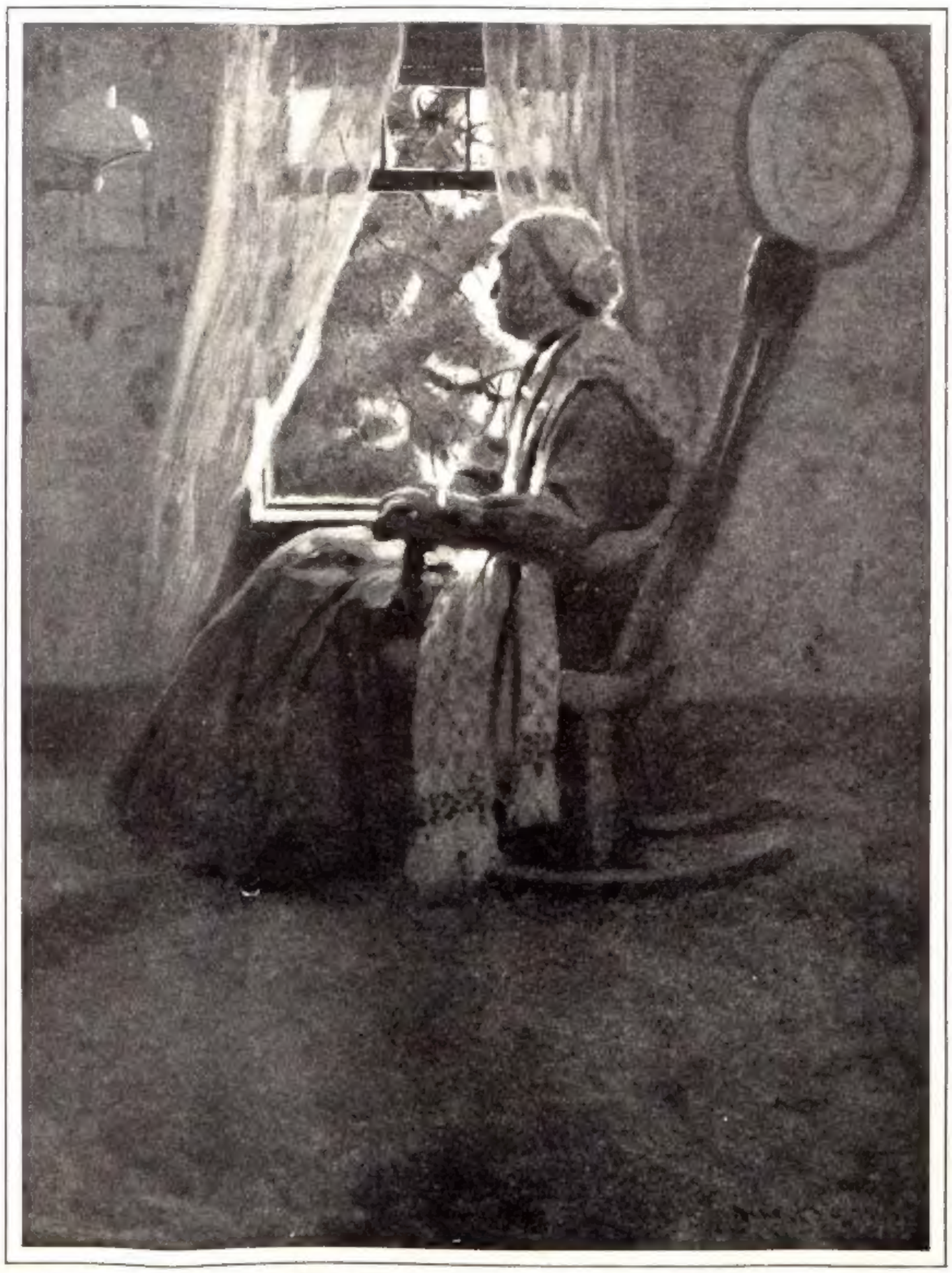
I remember I told your father about it when he came home that day; and he laughed till the neighbors must have thought he had a fit. And I couldn't tell you how often we've told each other that story. And we always laugh; and then we say: "Those were mighty smart children of ours. Too bad they had to grow up!"

Back of all this pen-prattle, Lucky Anthon felt grim tragedy. To him his mother was such a figure as King Lear deserted by his children.

And the vision of the wild old monarch on the cliff howling at fate through his windblown beard was no more epic to him than the mirage of the lorn little mother in her rocking-chair, just sitting round and remembering her far-off grownups back into babyhood.

Anthon did not for a moment realize how common, how innumerably ancient, how inevitably future a type it is—this mother left at home by the brood issued from her loins and no longer needful of her breasts!

All over the world, all across history, the finished veterans can be found—the deserted mothers, lonelying for their children upon their laps again; but Anthon did not think of this starry multitude—he thought only of his own one—and his whole soul yearned and repented within him.



*"Don't Love Your Children Too Much, Little Bird. You'd Give Your Life for Them; but They'll Fly Away"*

He read the rest of the letter through a mist. It was full of little gossips and of tender inquiries as to his health, warnings not to work too hard, to be conservative in the matter of underwear and to take good care of his precious self.

The long letter ended with love for him and for his sister.

There was a postscript, of course—written in the space she had left blank at the top of the first page:

I wish you could come home sometime. Your father and I would be awful glad to see you. But, of course, you're so busy with important things. Anyway, don't you worry about us; we're all right.

That was all—a meek little sigh of perennial resignation, and no more; but it resounded through Anthon's heart like a wail of despair. He cursed himself for a traitor to the fundamental duties of life. What on earth was important compared with a mother's right to keep the children she had borne and sheltered? Or, at least, to see them now and again?

II

WITH a sort of ferocity, Anthon thrust away from the table, left his breakfast unfinished and strode to the telephone, called up his sister and vented on her the wrath he felt for himself:

"That you, Kate? Say! When did you write mother last?"

"I don't remember, Tom. It was a good while ago. Why?"

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"I am; but, you see, the children have both been ill."

"So has mother."

"She has? Oh, Tom, that's terrible! How is she now?"

"She's better, she says; but you can't believe her at all when she writes about her own ills."

"I know; and she's not so young as she used to be."

"She's still having birthdays, I suppose; when's her next one?"

"The—let me see; the sixth, I think."

"No!"

"Yes, that's it; the sixth. When is the sixth?"

"Day before yesterday!"

"Oh, good heavens! So it was. Isn't that terrible?"

"It's outrageous. Too late even to telegraph her. Say, Kate, why don't you run out and visit her?"

"I can't leave the children. Why don't you go, Tom?"

"I'm so infernally busy. That Pycroft case is coming up any day. Why doesn't Jim ever go home? He lives out that way."

"Yes; but he always says he can't leave the mine. And his wife doesn't get along very well with her mother-in-law, you know."

"I won't have my mother called a mother-in-law. Besides, Jim's wife is a—well, you know what she is."

"I know—I never could understand Jim's liking her."

"It's a burning shame, Kate. Here we are, a big family, all alive—none of us in jail or the poorhouse; and mother and father have to stick out there alone, year in and year out."

"What can we do? Dad won't leave his patients. Mother won't leave him."

"Well, I'm going to reform. As soon as I get this Pycroft suit off my hands I'm going out there."

"You've been saying that for ten years, Tom."

"I mean it this time."

"You've been saying that for ten years too."

"Well, can't we do something about her birthday, at least?"

"You might telegraph her we just found that the presents hadn't been sent."

"That's a good idea."

"I'll blame it on —— Hold the wire till I close the door. Hello! I started to tell you a good scheme—I'll blame it on Martha. I'll say that I gave her the presents to express and she forgot."

"Fine!"

"You get what you want to buy for mother and send it up here, and I'll see that it is shipped at once."

"Can't you buy me something to send? I never know what mother wants."

"But, Tom, I can't get downtown in this storm."

"You've got to, Kate. Mother's gone through worse than snow for you."

"Well, all right. How much shall I spend for you?"

"Oh, whatever is right. I'm rather hard up just now."

"That's another thing you've said for the past ten years."

"I know, and it's always been true. The more I make, the less I have. Well, get whatever strikes you as the right thing. I don't care what it costs."

"That's the way to talk. Why don't you come round to see me?"

"I've been meaning to, Kate; but I've been so frightfully ——"

"Yes, so have I. Well, goodby, Tom."

"Goodby, Kate."

*III*

THE snow had grown old upon the streets and yards of Carthage. There was no uniformed force to cart it away. People dug grooves in it along their own walks and stumbled or sleighed through the rest of it.

Now a new snow had fallen on the old, filling up the grooves; and the voice of the snow-shovel was loud in the town. In front of the Anthon home an old darky was working with caution and resting with extravagance. He belonged to the black-and-white sketch the landscape was.

He heard the front door open and rather divined than saw Doctor Anthon feeling his way down the slippery steps, like a bather venturing into cold water. With a mighty flurry, the old darky completed a path to the carriage block, where the old doctor's old white horse stood fetlock-deep in snow and would no more have moved than Casabianca.

"Right smaht o' snow this mawnin', doctah."

"Yes, it is, Uncle Ned. I hope you'll get the path cleared before the next storm comes."

The old darky whooped with laughter. He was so notoriously lazy that he was proud of it. Nothing flattered him like an allusion to his unreliability.

The doctor never failed to have his little joke on the subject. Much pleased with its usual reception, he set his medicine case in the sleigh, unwrapped the lines from the whipstock, climbed in with elaborate care, fixed the laprobe about him; then pushed on the lines and remarked "Click, click!" As the old white horse moved off at a fumble-footed jog, the doctor leaned back to wave his hand in farewell to his wife. He could not see so far as her window, but he knew that she would be there in her rocking-chair. And she waved back at him. She could not see him either; but, seeing a blurring motion and hearing a familiar rumble, she knew that the sleigh had moved off and that he must have waved to her as he had done infallibly for close on fifty years.

He was chuckling to himself as conceitedly as any young jackanapes. On his calendar he had found that morning a memorandum that it was his wife's birthday. He planned to surprise her—nay, to amaze her by remembering it with a gift.

Unfortunately he neglected to take the memorandum along; and the genius for forgetting, which his son had inherited from him, effaced all thought of it from his mind before the sleigh had gone two blocks.

He did not remember it again for five days, when his wife showed him the gorgeous presents from the New York chapter of the children.

"See what Tom and Kate have sent me for my birthday!" she cried, dancing like a child.

A mingling of guilt and jealousy moved him to grumble in a low voice:

"Pretty late sending 'em, seems to me."

"Better late than never," she bridled, with a meaning glare.

"Well, I meant to get you something; but I—I ——"

"You forgot, of course; but my children didn't forget me."

"They came blamed near it."

"Oh, but it wasn't their fault. See—Kate says that Martha—she's one of their hired girls—was given the package to express and forgot all about it."

The physician's diagnosis was cynical: "You don't believe that, do you?"

"Well, anyway, it was nice of them to take the trouble to think it up. They've got enough to worry them without trying to keep track of my birthdays! Lord knows they've been common enough."

"Well, I meant to get you something. And I will yet—this very day. See if I don't."

She saw that he didn't; but she had passed the time of suffering much from unintentional slights, and she made an unheard-of luxury of the remembrances from her son and her daughter. They brightened her prison like flowers thrown through iron bars.

For the winter was a siege to her. She no longer dared to buffet the winds and plod the drifts. Day in, day out, her world was within doors. She plied about the house, but always brought up in the harbor of the old rocking-chair. Her mind did not stagnate, but she read forever—read good books too. She had been a fountain of ambition for power and learning and substantial achievement, but these had found their outlet through her children. Her soul was like a hidden spring whose waters are piped to far cities.

The children she had conceived and carried under her heart, and borne to the day, and nursed over her heart, and tended, guarded, consoled, cajoled, taught, punished, rewarded, adored and served—the children for whom she had done everything, from the most menial task to the most inspired—had left her, one by one. They had fled from the old house as if it were a prison; and if they ever felt homesickness they exercised a most admirable self-control.

For her each going away from home had been another travail, another severing of a cord fastened to her own veins. Her children were themselves fathers and mothers; but none the less they were still and forever flesh of her flesh, heart of her heart.

She ached for them as they say a shoulder aches for its amputated arm, with an intolerable incompleteness.

She thought she would die if the winter outside did not end. The winter within her soul she knew was come to stay, but two winters at once were unendurable.

And then spring came, with its ecstasy of torment; and her anguish was bitterer yet. She would have had the winter back again; for spring came teasingly in, like a pretty, pouting child that edges slowly forward, then darts away, only to sidle a little closer—and be off once more.

At last, spring was everywhere—that old returning fire, that old refurbishing of the world to a brand-new unused beauty, that old creation miracle all afresh; but, though spring could return to her landscape, she could not go out to meet it halfway or answer its incantations. She could just play spectator, dim-eyed and envious, like an old actress in a stage-box seeing her best rôles played by an upstart.

In front of her window grew a tree—a grave and reverend tree. All winter it had been a stark and gloomy skeleton of bole and bough. Suddenly one morning it was all spotted over with little buds. From these, by some sleight-of-hand, the wizard spring brought forth uncoiling tendrils; and they flipped out the most ridiculous toy leaves, which by-and-by, as it were surreptitiously, became real leaves. And soon—almost unbeknown—the old tree was a huge green cathedral, with intricate aisles and choirs and chapels, where birds held service from matins to vespers.

Everywhere else was the same magicianship. Ugly heaps of dead wire were becoming lilac bushes. The shriveled husks in the tulip bed were stirring with a strange yeast. The yellow blotches left by the retreating snow were thatching over with a glistening green.

Everything that had been dry and bald and sharp was growing supple, clothed upon and gracefully flexile; but no renewing luster burnished her hair, no suppleness brought youth again to her members or made dewy violets of her eyes. She sat by the window, a witness.

Her whole being wished for a personal April in her veins; her heart supplicated a portion of the universal miracle. She felt bitter that the Almighty Power lavishing such infinite youth could not have sprinkled her with a few drops of the benison; but all she said was:

"Father, I guess spring is here for sure. The back yard needs cleaning something terrible."

"So it does. We must set old Uncle Ned to work."

She superintended the enormous task from her window, opening it now and then to call out some suggestion.

From her eyry she watched the calendar of the birds unrolling in due rotation. Surely that bluebird leaping into the reopening arena was the same azure herald that had run on ahead of how many pageants! And she would have sworn that she remembered that premature robin. He flaunted the same rusty waistcoat on the same aldermanic paunch and drew down the corners of his mouth with the same disgust as he went prospecting about the soggy, unkempt lawn.

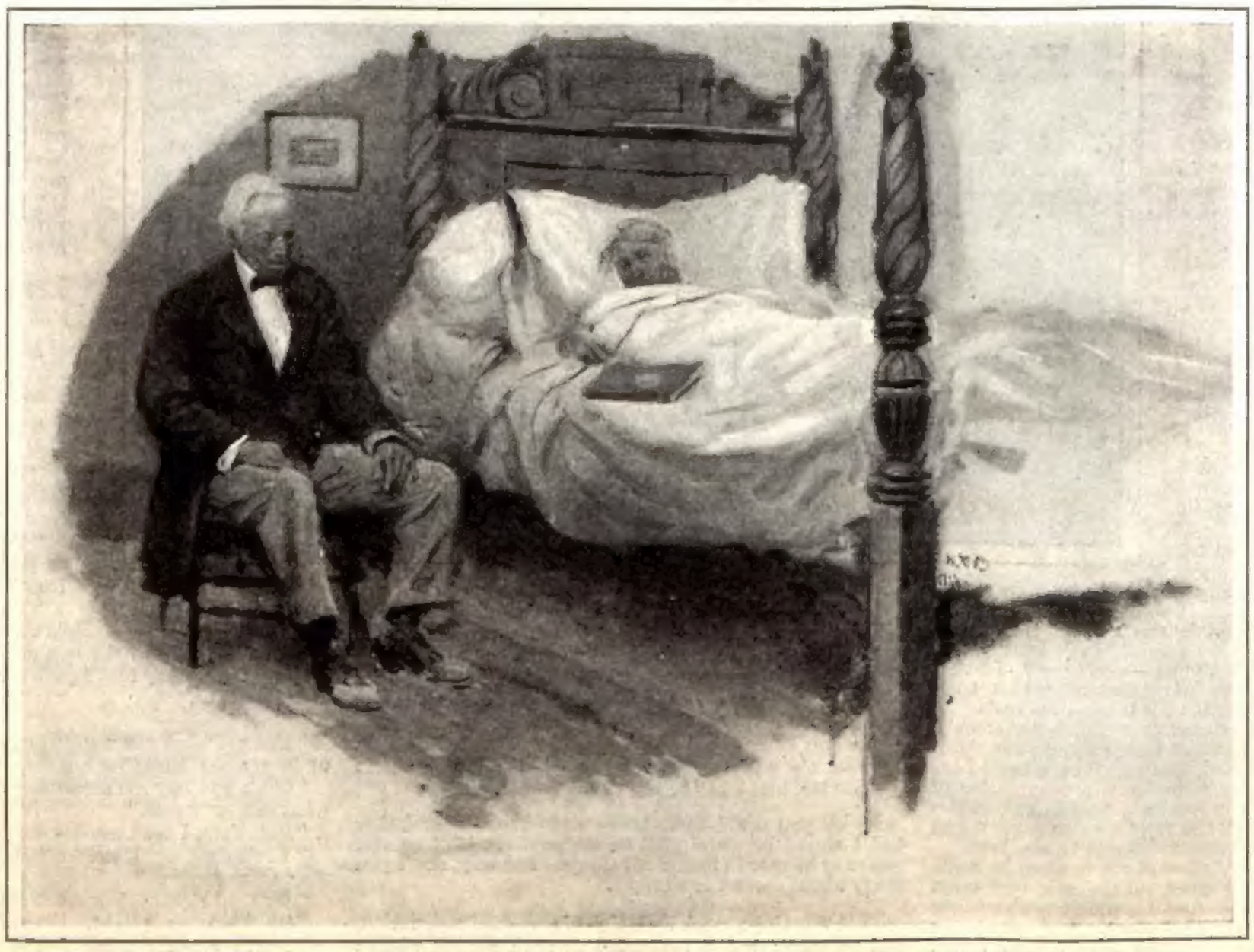
Then the birds came pouring in as if the town were another Oklahoma opened on signal. A winged horde of homesteaders swept down on the silent trees and eaves, and the air was alive with claim staking, claim jumping, mob justice, lynching, race war, class hatred—and the milder activities of flirtation and romance.

The old tree by the window was once more chosen by a young couple. They disdained to rent the ready-made mansion of a former season and built afresh on another bough, taking their material where they found it and climbing up and down aerial ladders from dawn to dusk. The man of the family busied himself chiefly as critic and supervisor. His squaw did the heavy labor.

By-and-by the loose straws of the neighborhood were a nest, with a very solemn-looking matron almost always at home. In the few intervals of her absence, Mrs. Anthon could see a cluster of round shapes, very small for eggs.

The young husband won her respect by his fidelity and his gallantry in bringing his lady her meals. This seemed to be his one excuse for existence, his one industry—birds not having yet reached the social state where one goes to a restaurant or telephones to a store and orders his meals sent in already predigested.

*(Continued on Page 42)*



*"I Had Been Feeling Right Poorly for Some Time and Then One Morning I Couldn't Get Up"*

# How the French Do Business

## The First Word: Ideas—By James H. Collins

DECORATION BY JAMES M. PRESTON

THE trade of France is like that of no other nation. We Americans prosper because we have a continent to develop, with boundless possibilities for creating new wealth. Most of our enterprise centers on providing goods for our lavish consuming public at home and in hauling things around our sprawling country. We pay our foreign bills chiefly with foodstuffs, cotton, coal, minerals and petroleum.

John Bull has no continent, but he does a tremendous business because he has been active in lending his capital to develop other countries. The world trades with him because it owes him interest on the mortgage. He has the best banking and shipping machinery. He is skillful at making good cloth, steel and other staples. Moreover, there are his colonies.

Germany has no colonies worth speaking of. Her banking and shipping are of very recent development. Her money has been so urgently needed at home that she has few foreign investments to bring trade; but Germany has built up a vast commerce with the world by means of aggressive salesmanship. No other country has such a force of drummers in the foreign field.

Now the Frenchman is on a basis quite different from all the others. His country has the richest soil in Europe, but is poor in coal and minerals. He has no prosperous colonies. He has lent millions to other nations, but in such conservative ways that his investments control little trade. His banking and shipping are not important factors in his foreign business. He utterly lacks the German genius for getting about the world and so has no salesforce abroad. Yet he exports two-thirds as much as England and stands fourth in world trade, coming right behind Germany. In estimated national wealth he beats Germany a trifle, coming third.

### French Monopoly of the World's Carriage Trade

THE Frenchman sits placidly in Paris and skims the cream off the world's "carriage trade," as it were, while he sips his *apéritif* at a sidewalk café. By far the finest sales he makes may not appear in his export statistics at all, because his customers are wealthy travelers who buy in Paris and take their purchases home themselves. Other nations underbid each other in price competition, but this seldom troubles the Frenchman. It is a prime merit that his goods are dear. He gets the best prices on earth and his customers cease comparing prices when they come to him, because his goods are incomparable.

In a gloomy street in the city of London a hard-headed Scotch bakery manager was buying chocolate. An Englishman, a German and a Swiss, each representing chocolate manufacturers in their respective countries, brought samples of their finest grades. They figured closely on prices and tried to persuade the manager that their chocolates were quite as good as the French brand he had been purchasing. He listened to them and was attracted by the marked differences in cost. He was a very canny Scotchman; but in the end he ordered more of the French brand, because it had a delicacy of flavor that no consideration of price and no salesman's argument could outweigh.

"There is no real difference," protested the salesmen. "We buy the finest beans obtainable. We use the best vanilla and sugar. Our process is the same. Ours is just as good."

"Dom it, man!" replied the Scotchman heatedly, "there's every difference! I dinna care what ye use; ye'd not touch the French chocolate for flavor in a hundred years."

There is that infinitely varied and exquisite product, the *article de Paris*. The Frenchman takes inexpensive materials—some pieces of wood, cloth and metal—and transforms them into a fan, which sells for a hundred dollars, or a thousand, and is handed down as an heirloom.

We sell him copper at fifteen cents a pound; and he practically transmutes it into gold, for we buy it back as a bronze or in the form of *bijouterie*.

The English, German and American mills figure closely on cotton cloth. The Frenchman gets out his pencil too; but, instead of putting down figures, he draws designs. We probably land the order on price. Then we spend some of our profit for his cotton cloth for the sake of the pictures he has woven into it.

Whatever the Frenchman makes is fairly certain to be vitalized with ideas. It may be a jeweled collar or a bronze, a sauce or a perfume, a piece of lace or a piece of millinery—he will put personality into it and artistic feeling.

France is a land of exquisite handicraft and unerring taste. The Frenchman is not always practical in his products and does not love factory production. His ideal is to make a few highly individual things for a few discriminating customers. Any one of them might be the basis of an industry in another country, but when it is suggested that he could make money turning them out cheaply in quantities, he says, "Oh, let the Germans do that!" and goes on to create something else.

### The Milliner's Artistic Temperament

FOR several centuries Paris has been the center of the world's culture; and its unsurpassed art collections in the Louvre and other great galleries furnish inexhaustible stores of materials for the Frenchman's characteristic creations. It is not the painter, sculptor and architect alone who draw upon these collections, but the modiste goes to them for suggestions for hats and the dressmaker for gowns; and the upholsterer, the jeweler, the enameler, the laceworker, bookbinder, silversmith, engraver, metal-chaser, and every sort of artist, designer and fine craftsman, for ideas in their own lines. The French Government has long fostered art and design.

In one of the odd corners of Paris there is a storeroom filled with statues bought by the Government from budding sculptors. The purchase is usually made through a little political influence, it is said—a form of honest graft that helps the young artist develop his talent. His statue is not quite good enough for Paris. So they put it away. By and by some town in the provinces wants a Jeanne d'Arc for a public square and the Government picks one from this accumulation of maiden statues. If there is no Jeanne in stock they send the next best thing.

The Frenchman is a creature of temperament, inspiration, moods. Even the French mechanic at the bench must be managed with sympathy. He wants his own way and his own time—and wants to be appreciated. If you take him out of a congenial atmosphere he is upset.

The *directeur* of a Paris millinery studio complained that it was unpleasant for him to sit in a certain office. A little detail in the decorations jarred upon his sense of completeness and harmony. What was this detail?

"You do not see! Why, the whole room is Louis Fifteenth. But that little ornament on the electrolier is Louis Sixteenth. They should never go together."

The millinery trade is quite typical of French industry. Paris is the center for feminine fashions. Vienna, New York, Berlin and London now adapt fashions for their respective needs, but it is said that practically every idea in women's dress can be traced back to Paris.

Each year some twenty thousand girls enter the Parisian millinery studios and workrooms. Of these a few hundred will become skillful craftswomen and a few dozen develop talent enough to rise to the proprietorship of some studio where model hats are made, to be copied by big establishments in other countries, or the less luxurious home trade supplied; but perhaps not more than one girl will reveal the genius of a *première* and become one of the dozen original creators of Paris hats, whose productions bring the prices of other art works and eventually influence the fashion of every country.

The *première* milliner looks far and wide for her ideas and at the same time pays little attention to what others are creating, or, indeed, to fashions at all, but searches instead for fresh ideas and materials. These often come from unsuspected sources. Not long ago, for instance, a Parisian *première* visited Montenegro, bringing home a trunkful of the wide felt hats worn there by peasants. This summer her clients will wear creations that echo the picturesque headgear of the Montenegrin muleteers, ornamented perhaps with the bright shells sewn on their mules' harness. Flower-makers work with the *première* to bring out her ideas, developing new things of their own, or counterfeiting natural blossoms and plants with the utmost fidelity. Neither of them gives any attention to cost, for their productions are sold only to wealthy customers who come to Paris and buy weeks after the humbler model houses have shipped their goods off to distant markets. The *première* never makes two hats alike and has no facilities whatever for reproduction of her work.

### The Country Cousin's Collar

IT IS the same in gowns. The Parisian *couturier*, who gets seventy-five dollars for an original shirtwaist, has no facilities for copying or duplicating; and the very essence of his practice is to bring out his creations in such a way that the Germans cannot telegraph details to Berlin and kill his work by marketing cheap reproductions.

The fold collar now worn by men everywhere gives an interesting insight into French methods.

This collar was known for years in the south of France. The Parisian could instantly detect the country cousin from Provence by his queer collar. Paris took it up as a novelty one season, but dropped it almost as quickly. A Boston tourist carried one of these collars home. Within a year the big factories were turning out millions. France furnished the idea, but it took our collar factories to spread it all over the world.

Another highly typical French industry is that which makes perfumes. This brings about a mingling of delicate chemistry with artistic feeling that is peculiarly French. Practically all the raw materials of good perfume are of

(Continued on Page 71)

# A STEP UP IN THE DRAMA

## By John Corbin

AT A DINNER lately given to Henry Arthur Jones, Augustus Thomas remarked that the drama, though the highest of all arts, is forever linked, like a Siamese twin, to popular amusement. Mr. Jones, in turn, made reference to those old playbills in which King Lear is preceded and followed by farces. In Shakspere's day the clown was right-hand man to the central figure of the profoundest tragedy, assisting at Cleopatra's death with peasant buffoonery, digging at Ophelia's grave with callous mockery. It was all quite convincing—what the distinguished playwrights said; but curiously enough Mr. Thomas now finds himself in the position of having given himself the lie. He has written a play that will wring the heart of any true spirited citizen.

Chrystal Herne With John Mason in *As a Man Thinks*

In this latest play, As a Man Thinks, he has made not the slightest artistic concession to the popular love of laughter, yet this play has achieved immediate and universal success. There are flashes of his familiar wit, to be sure, and the action never fails to be of absorbing interest; but from first to last he keeps his artistic purpose steadily in view. And that purpose is to drive home to the audience conceptions of human conduct that are of the loftiest significance—intellectual and spiritual. There have been times when, like these dramatists, the play reporter has felt obliged to give way to pessimism—and the earlier period of the present season was one of these. But now the confounding fact appears that, with the passing centuries, audiences—and dramatists with them—have grown in sobriety of intelligence.

Mr. Thomas is not alone in his embarrassing glory. As the season draws to a close there has appeared a galaxy of productions worthy of grateful recognition. A stroke of happy irony, however, has made his own play the most convincing refutation of the Siamese theory of the drama. Together with his earlier piece, The Witching Hour, it warrants the conviction that our native stage has reached a height that it has rarely touched before.

A German materialist has declared epigrammatically that it is food that makes the man—*Mann ist was er isst.* In Mr. Thomas' philosophy the determining factor is thought. Something of this kind was the theme of The Witching Hour; but there thought was conceived of as psychic, occult.

The present play deals with familiar, well-established phenomena of the mind and so gains in personal appeal no less than in plausibility.

### The Plot of Doctor Seelig

THE central figure is a wealthy Jewish physician, very ably impersonated by John Mason. It was Mr. Thomas' first intention to call the play The Jew; but he chose instead, and most wisely, the title of broader significance. In Doctor Seelig are united the noblest traits of his race—religion and philanthropy. There are two main currents to the action. Believing that it is the mission of his race to keep alive the idea of a single all-wise and all-powerful God, Doctor Seelig is opposed to intermarriage with Gentiles and has brought about an engagement between his only daughter and a brilliant young Jewish writer. But the girl has fallen deeply in love with a young American sculptor who ardently returns her passion. Which will conquer—the Jew's religion or his love for his daughter? At the same time a Gentile husband and wife, who are the doctor's patients and friends of his household, are in conjugal difficulties. The husband, who has already erred against wedlock and been forgiven, has lately repeated the offense. His wife, in a moment of revolt, has acted indiscreetly and been discovered in a situation which, though she is in fact innocent, formally compromises her. The husband believes the worst and takes measures to divorce her. Doctor Seelig attempts to enlighten them both with views of their problem which, if Hebraic, are also very modern.

The crux of the situation, from the point of view of both husband and wife, is the question of the double standard of morality for men and women. Allusion is made to a recent play, A Man's World, by Miss Rachel Crothers, in which the heroine stands by her conviction that what is sin for the goose is equally sinful in the gander. Having herself been thrown over on a false suspicion, Miss Crothers' heroine, in turn, throws over the young man she loves when she finds that he is actually guilty. In Mr. Thomas' play Doctor Seelig holds a contrary view, though his own wife, as well as the wrongly suspected Gentile, Elinor Clayton, is against him.

MRS. SEELIG: In our ancient law—from which all your ideas come—a man's past was his own. He was not forbidden as many wives as he wanted; but if a poor girl had made a mistake and concealed it from these lords of creation she was stoned to death, unless she was the daughter of a priest—in which case she was to be burnt alive. It's always been a man's world.

SEELIG (*to Elinor*): Elinor (*pause*), do you hear the rattle of the railroad?

ELINOR: Yes.

SEELIG: All over this great land thousands of trains run every day, starting and arriving in punctual agreement—because this is a woman's world. The great steamships, dependable almost as the sun—a million factories in civilization—the countless looms and lathes of industry—the legions of labor that weave the riches of the world—all—all move by the mainspring of man's faith in woman—man's faith.

ELINOR: I want him to have faith in me.

SEELIG: This old world hangs together by love.

MRS. SEELIG: Not man's love for woman.

SEELIG: No—nor woman's love for man; but by the love of both for the children.

ELINOR (*moved*): Dick!

SEELIG: Men work for the children because they believe the children are their own—believe. Every mother knows she is the mother of her son or daughter. Let her be however wicked, no power on earth can shake that knowledge. Every father believes he is a father only by his faith in the woman. Let him be however virtuous, no power on earth can strengthen in him a conviction greater than that faith. There is a double standard of morality because upon the golden basis of woman's virtue rests the welfare of the world.

The difference of opinion here developed arises obviously from a fundamentally different conception of the nature of the problem. Mrs. Seelig and Elinor regard women merely as individuals and take account only of individual standards of conduct and punishment. In this they follow Ibsen, the arch individualist, who, in explaining his purpose in A Doll's House, was the first dramatist to declare that the world is "a man's world" and to proclaim the injustice of the fact.

To Doctor Seelig, on the contrary, men and women are alike members of a vast and inclusive social order, and should be ruled by laws that regard not so much their individual rights as the welfare of the race present and to come.

The idea that the mainspring of the business world is man's faith in woman is original with Mr. Thomas, so far as I know, and will no doubt seem exaggerated—indeed, sentimental. The generally accepted idea is that, as Byron expressed it, man's life in the world is a thing apart from his love. A recent feminist has said: "For men, sex is a diversion, a nuisance, an art or, it may be, a duty—but a god to whom great sacrifice is due, never!" The world of art or of business is ruled by the love of money, the love of power, the love of "the game." Wife and family, the future of the race, have nothing to do with it. They might cease to be and the world machine would whir on as usual.

Catherine Calvert and Richard Bennett in *The Deep Purple*

It is far from the province of criticism to render judgment of the causes. But the fact is noteworthy that an American dramatist has squarely taken issue with Ibsen and his followers; that he has treated so modern and vital a subject sanely, cleanly, on the plane of the highest intelligence, and that in doing this he has aroused the interest and won the approval of the playgoing public at large.

There is no hint in the play of a wish to palliate the man's offense. Though different in kind and subject to different laws, it is still hideous—how hideous is shown not only in the wife's suffering but in the husband's own agony, which almost wrecks him physically. It is, in fact, his breakdown that gives Doctor Seelig occasion to enforce his doctrine of the healing power of thought. Having opened his mind to suspicion, the wretch has come even to doubt the legitimacy of his own child. He has driven both mother and son from his house and is living alone, a prey to a murderous passion against the man who, as he thinks, has violated his home. Here is one male creature at least of whom it cannot be said that his "love is from his life a thing apart"!

Doctor Seelig urges quiet, self-control. Anger and hatred, he says, secrete actual poisons in the system. It is a scientific fact, I am told, that little guinea-pigs, inoculated with this poison, give up their little guinea-pig ghosts! The bite of a blue-gummed negro is known to be poisonous; but this, Doctor Seelig says, is not because the negro's gums are blue, but because he is lower in the scale of life than red-gummed negroes—nearer the animals—and so a prey to more violent, more poisonous passions.

### An Old Sermon in New Guise

FROM this physical basis the thought of the Jew ascends into the realm of mind and spirit. The only power strong enough to drive out hate is love—the love that is forgiveness. Think charitably of your enemy and you have deprived him of his greatest power for evil—the power to poison you, mind and body. The man who returns evil for evil meets his enemy on the lowest level; but the man who deals generously with his enemy lifts himself to the highest plane of thinking and of living, and so wins peace. The sermon of this wise old Jewish physician, in a word, is the Sermon on the Mount; but it is the Sermon on the Mount in a new guise. Often repeated in the pulpit, those words of gold have for many of us somehow become dulled. The standard they raise seems an unlivable, impossible standard. Here, smelted from the actual life we see before us, coined into the words of counsel given by a friend in the hour of sorest need, they shine new and bright. The audience sits up, leans forward in its eagerness to hear them. And when one realizes that they are the same old words there comes a sense of having always been blind to them.

It is in some such manner that they work upon the murderous passion of the husband. He opens his heart to his child, his mind to his wife's plea of innocence; and in the end he deals kindly, generously, by the man whom, a little time ago, he desired to kill.

In the moment in which his good counsel triumphs Doctor Seelig is himself subjected to the ordeal by fire. His daughter has secretly married her young Gentile. And so he is brought face to face not only with the thwarting of his own personal will, but with the vast forces that are tending to break down the sacred

traditions of the Jew. In his own veins he feels the poison of hatred, in his own heart the bitterness of defeat. For a moment he stands silent, rigid. Only the twitching of the fingers of his clasped hands betrays his suffering. Then he smiles and reaches out his palm to his children in blessing. It is a moment of power for both dramatist and actor. Mr. Mason's rich voice and virile bearing have never been more happily in evidence than in the delivery of Doctor Seelig's plea for the larger motives in living; and now he rises to the heights of serene intensity and power.

Mr. Thomas has shown vast technical skill in weaving together the two main currents of his action, for both stories are intricate and complex. And he has been equally artful in developing the various ideas to which they give rise. There are, indeed, three themes in the piece, each one of which might well inspire a separate play. It is possible that a less complicated plot and a nearer approach to unity of theme would have been more effective. The play is half over before one can say with certainty what it is all about; and even thereafter one feels that the scenes are rather dry and bare where they might well have been rich in detail, full and free in their development. There is a minor technic in manipulating and a major technic in conceiving and handling a subject as a whole. In this major technic the play falls below the level of the masterpieces of Pinero and the Continental dramatists.

In the fullness and mellowness of the spirit that inspires it, however, As a Man Thinks stands on the very highest level of modern dramatic art. In a generation given over to a narrow individualism Mr. Thomas has written with the utmost breadth of mind; in a theater of which almost three-fourths of the patrons are women he has resolutely attacked the strongholds of modern feminism. And the spirit that has inspired him throughout has an experienced sanity, a hard-won command over the promptings of base passions, a mellowness and purity of spiritual life, for the like of which one may look in vain in the work of Pinero, of Sudermann, of Ibsen.

### *Machine Politics on the Stage*

IN THE three years since his graduation from Harvard, Mr. Edward Sheldon has produced three plays, all of them of distinguished quality—literary and dramatic—and all of them distinctly successful with the public. That alone is a notable achievement; but added to it is the fact that, like Mr. Thomas who has labored longest in service of our public, this youngest of our established dramatists is inspired by high intelligence and sensibility, and is sturdily masculine in his outlook upon life. In Salvation Nell he gave us a study of the slums and of the regeneration wrought in the heart of a man sprung from the depths of life. In The Nigger he grappled with the problem of a negro taint in the blood of a man supposedly white and, after sounding the depths of human suffering, brought the play to a close in a mood of exalted strength of the spirit. In The Boss he again shows the instinct for deeply dramatic themes and the power to present them with a full sense of their finer values. It amply confirms the impression that in Mr. Sheldon we have one of the very few strong and authentic dramatic talents that this country has produced.

Like its predecessors, The Boss is sometimes youthfully rough to the point of rawness. Its frankness in reproducing the language of local politics shocked the aldermen of Manhattan into a protest against profanity against profanity, that is, in the case of stage politicians. A more serious defect in the play is that in major technic, in even and sustained power in handling the idea as a whole, it falls far below The Nigger, even below Salvation Nell which was itself none too clear in its main outlines and development. Frequently the story is, if not impossible, thoroughly unplausible.

This is perhaps due to the fact that the play was written as a vehicle to introduce a star—Mr. Holbrook Blinn, who created the not dissimilar part of the slum hero in Salvation Nell. The motives of the secondary characters in the drama are so crudely stated as to appear forced and futile. The hero falls in love with a young gentlewoman engaged in tenement charity and makes use of a banking scandal that involves her father and brother to force her to marry him. A more craven and unconvincing couple of lay figures than the heroine's menfolks have seldom been presented on the stage; and the part of the heroine herself is so persistently subordinated to that of the Boss as to rob it of all acting value.

In the figure of Michael Regan, however, there is no compromise with truth. Having fallen in love with the girl, he goes about winning her as brutally and unblushingly as he would intimidate a board of aldermen. There is not a spark of real tenderness in his love—not a ray of generosity. He knows what he wants and he gets it.

There is one person, however, upon whom he has not counted—the man with the muckrake. Regan's own people revolt against his tyranny and are joined by the reformers. We see him fell with his fist, amid details of sickening brutality, a wretched workman who has dared to question what he is doing. A murder is committed by one of his heelers and is—not without reason—laid at his door. In an intensely original scene the archbishop confronts him with the authority of the Church. The two have been street boys together, and the wisely human prelate approaches the Boss on the plane of their common humanity. Little by little he makes felt the might of the Church. No medieval cardinal ever strove more adroitly, more resolutely, more powerfully, against a barbaric king. Regan jollies and blusters, fawns and threatens, and in the end lies like a Trojan—instinctively crossing himself in religious terror the moment the prelate has left him. In his rage against the city that has dared to thwart him Regan undertakes to shift the grain trade, on which the city thrives, to a Canadian port. The populace rise against him—a murderous mob. He faces them at his window and quells them.

There is, however, one thing he cannot quell his love for the young woman whom he has married, but who has never been his wife. The deeper he sinks in selfishness and brutality, the more hopeless grows the gulf between them and the more powerfully he realizes the agony of unrequited passion. Tenderness dawns within him, generosity, self-sacrifice. And so the way is cleared for a possible relationship between them.

If the play, as a whole, falls below Mr. Sheldon's level, the part of Regan emerges head and shoulders above any character he has hitherto drawn. As acted by Mr. Holbrook Blinn, it is a creation of exquisitely blended humor and passion, pathos and power. Here is an actor whose range is perhaps limited by his personality, but who is an artist and a man—every inch of him. And he will look long before he finds a vehicle better adapted to his abilities.

*John Mason as Doctor Seelig in As a Man Thinks*

*The Admiral and the Widow in Pomander Walk—George Giddens and Cicely Richards*

### *A Return From Realism to Romance*

DIFFERENT as they are in mood and in subject Pomander Walk and The Deep Purple owe their success to the same factor—excellence in the casting and stage management. They are produced by Liebler and Company—which is to say by George W. Tyler. Without any noise about art, and pretending only to be a commercial manager, Mr. Tyler has little by little become recognized as a producer of the soundest discernment and extraordinary skill. The company with which he surrounded Eleanor Robson was of the highest quality; and his subsequent productions, such as The Man from Home, The Fourth Estate and Alias Jimmy Valentine, have carried popular entertainment to the verge of fine art.

Pomander Walk is by Louis N. Parker, who had not been heard from here since John Drew and Maude Adams produced Rosemary, over fifteen years ago. To youthful observers of that time, eager partisans of the new realism, the play seemed childishly artificial and sentimental, for all its airy comedy and romantic charm. Veracity and intelligence are no less precious today; but somehow—perhaps we are all growing younger! there seems to be a larger place for dreamy tenderness and careless laughter.

*"Pomander Walk!—Where is it? Understand:*
*Out Chiswick way. Halfway to Fairyland."*

Throughout the three acts the stage shows the faces of five little suburban houses, fronting a green—or, as the English say, a crescent—which is a common park for them all. At one side the waters of the Thames flow back and forth with the tide. Here the residents of the Walk foregather, take tea in the gazebo, and live out the placid romance of their secluded lives. The period and costumes are Napoleonic. Half of the success of the piece has come from the picturesque novelty of the stage setting. It breathes the very air of Old World sweetness and delight! The people of the play are in keeping. Old and young, they have been thrust aside by the main currents of life, and revolve in their safe retreat like eddies in a sunny backwater.

There is an old admiral, retired on half pay—crusty, humorous and kindly; an antiquary, with his arms full of musty tomes and his mind in the dateless past; a butler, retired on his savings, who pretends that he is a gentleman and that he consorts with the wits of the time; a widow and her growing daughter, the heroine—to whom Pomander Walk is the sum total of the known world. A weather-beaten loafer sits all day on a post fishing in the Thames the chaste residents of the Walk call him the Eyesore.

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*Jane Cowl—Leading Woman With The Gamblers*

# The Broken Stirrup-Leather

## By Melville Davisson Post

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

When I Came Down at Daylight My Uncle Abner Was Reading by the Fire

I ALWAYS thought my father took a long chance, but somebody had to take it and certainly I was the one least likely to be suspected. It was a wild country. There were no banks. We had to pay for the cattle, and somebody had to carry the money. My father and my uncle were always being watched. My father was right, I think.

"Abner," he said, "I'm going to send Martin. No one will ever suppose that we would trust this money to a child."

My uncle drummed on the table and rapped his heels on the floor. He was a bachelor with a ruined love affair, it was said, and that was why he was so stern and silent, they used to tell me. But he could talk . . . and when he did, he began at the beginning and you heard him through; and what he said—well, he stood behind it.

"To stop Martin," my father went on, "would be only to lose the money; but to stop you would be to get somebody killed."

I knew what my father meant. He meant that no one would undertake to rob Abner until after he had shot him to death.

I ought to say a word about my Uncle Abner. He was one of those austere, deeply religious men who were the product of the Reformation. He always carried a Bible in his pocket and he read it where he pleased. When Abner first came into the hills the crowd at Roy's Tavern tried to make sport of him when he got his book out by the fire; but they never tried it again. When the fight was over Abner paid Roy eighteen silver dollars for the broken chairs and the table—and he was the only man in the tavern who could ride a horse. Abner belonged to the church militant, and his God was a war lord.

So that is how they came to send me. The money was in greenbacks in packages. They wrapped it up in newspaper and put it into a pair of saddle-bags, and I set out. I was about nine years old. No, it was not as bad as you think. I could ride a horse all day when I was nine years old—most any kind of a horse. I was tough as whit'-leather, and I knew the country I was going into. You must not picture a little boy rolling a hoop in the park.

It was an afternoon in early autumn. The clay roads froze in the night; they thawed out in the day and they were a bit sticky. I was to stop at Roy's Tavern, south of the river, and go on in the morning. Now and then I passed some cattle driver, but no one overtook me on the road until almost sundown; then I heard a horse behind me and a man came up. I knew him. He was a cattleman named Dix. He had once been a shipper, but he had come in for a good deal of bad luck. His partner, Alkire, had absconded with a big sum of money due the grazers. This had ruined him; he had given up his land, which wasn't very much, to the grazers. After that he had gone over the mountain to his people, got together a pretty big sum of money and bought a large tract of grazing land. Foreign claimants had sued him in the courts on some old title and he had lost the whole tract and the money that he had paid for it. He had married a remote cousin of ours and he had always lived on her lands, adjoining those of my Uncle Abner. I think it was this cousin who had been Abner's sweetheart; but I did not know this then. Such things were not discussed. Nobody cared to talk about the affairs of a man like Abner.

Dix seemed surprised to see me on the road.

"So it's you, Martin," he said; "I thought Abner would be going into the up country."

One gets to be a pretty cunning youngster, even at this age, and I told no one what I was about.

"Father wants the cattle over the river to run a month," I returned easily, "and I'm going up there to give his orders to the grazers."

He looked me over, then he rapped the saddle-bags with his knuckles. "You carry a good deal of baggage, my lad."

I laughed. "Horse feed," I said. "You know my father! A horse must be fed at dinnertime, but a man can go till he gets it."

One was always glad of any company on the road, and we fell into an idle talk. Dix said he was going out into the Ten Mile country; and I have always thought that was, in fact, his intention. The road turned south about a mile our side of the tavern. I never liked Dix; he was of an apologetic manner, with a cunning, irresolute face.

A little later a man passed us at a gallop. He was a drover named Marks, who lived beyond my Uncle Abner, and he was riding hard to get in before night. He hailed us, but he did not stop; we got a shower of mud and Dix cursed him. I have never seen a more evil face. I suppose it was because Dix usually had a grin about his mouth, and when that sort of face gets twisted there's nothing like it.

After that he was silent. He rode with his head down and his fingers plucking at his jaw, like a man in some perplexity. At the crossroads he stopped and sat for some time in the saddle, looking before him. I left him there, but at the bridge he overtook me. He said he had concluded to get some supper and go on after that.

Roy's Tavern consisted of a single big room, with a loft above it for sleeping quarters. A narrow covered way connected this room with the house in which Roy and his family lived. We used to hang our saddles on wooden pegs in this covered way. I have seen that wall so hung with saddles that you could not find a place for another stirrup. But tonight Dix and I were alone in the tavern. He looked cunningly at me when I took the saddle-bags with me into the big room and when I went with them up the ladder into the loft. But he said nothing—in fact, he had scarcely spoken. It was cold; the road had begun to freeze when we got in. Roy had lighted a big fire. I left Dix before it. I did not take off my clothes, because Roy's beds were mattresses of wheat straw covered with heifer skins—good enough for summer but pretty cold on such a night, even with the heavy, hand-woven coverlet in big white and black checks.

I put the saddle-bags under my head and lay down. I went at once to sleep, but I suddenly awaked. I thought there was a candle in the loft, but it was a gleam of light from the fire below, shining through a crack in the floor. I lay and watched it, the coverlet pulled up to my chin. Then I began to wonder why the fire burned so brightly. Dix ought to be on his way some time and it was a custom

He Rode With His Head Down and His Fingers Plucking at His Jaw

for the last man to rake out the fire. There was not a sound. The light streamed steadily through the crack.

Presently it occurred to me that Dix had forgotten the fire and that I ought to go down and rake it out. Roy always warned us about the fire when he went away to bed. I got up, wrapped the great coverlet around me, went over to the gleam of light and looked down through the crack in the floor. I had to lie out at full length to get my eye against the board. The hickory logs had turned to great embers and glowed like a furnace of red coals.

Before this fire stood Dix. He was holding out his hands and turning himself about as though he were cold to the marrow; but with all that chill upon him, when the man's face came into the light I saw it covered with a sprinkling of sweat.

I shall carry the memory of that face. The grin was there at the mouth, but it was pulled about; the eyelids were drawn in; the teeth were clamped together. I have seen a dog poisoned with strychnine look like that.

I lay there and watched the thing. It was as though something potent and evil dwelling within the man were in travail to re-form his face upon its image. You cannot realize how that devilish labor held me the face worked as though it were some plastic stuff, and the sweat oozed through. And all the time the man was cold; and he was crowding into the fire and turning himself about and putting out his hands. And it was as though the heat would no more enter in and warm him than it will enter in and warm the ice.

It seemed to scorch him and leave him cold—and he was fearfully and desperately cold! I could smell the singe of the fire on him, but it had no power against this diabolic chill. I began myself to shiver, although I had the heavy coverlet wrapped around me.

The thing was a fascinating horror; I seemed to be looking down into the chamber of some abominable maternity. The room was filled with the steady red light of the fire. Not a shadow moved in it. And there was silence. The man had taken off his boots and he twisted before the fire without a sound. It was like the shuddering tales of possession or transformation by a drug. I thought the man would burn himself to death. His clothes smoked. How could he be so cold?

Then, finally, the thing was over! I did not see it for his face was in the fire. But suddenly he grew composed and stepped back into the room. I tell you I was afraid to look! I do not know what thing I expected to see there, but I did not think it would be Dix.

Well, it was Dix; but not the Dix that any of us knew. There was a certain apology, a certain indecision, a certain servility in that other Dix, and these things showed about his face. But there was none of these weaknesses in this man.

His face had been pulled into planes of firmness and decision; the slack in his features had been taken up; the furtive moving of the eye was gone. He stood now squarely on his feet and he was full of courage. But I was afraid of him as I have never been afraid of any human creature in this world! Something that had been servile in him, that had skulked behind disguises, that had worn the habiliments of subterfuge, had now come forth; and it had moulded the features of the man to its abominable courage.

Presently he began to move swiftly about the room. He looked out at the window and he listened at the door; then he went softly into the covered way. I thought he was going on his journey; but then he could not be going with his boots there beside the fire. In a moment he returned with a saddle blanket in his hand and came softly across the room to the ladder.

Then I understood the thing that he intended, and I was motionless with fear. I tried to get up, but I could not. I could only lie there with my eye strained to the crack in the floor. His foot was on the ladder, and I could already feel his hand on my throat and that blanket on my face, and the suffocation of death in me, when far away on the hard road I heard a horse!

He heard it, too, for he stopped on the ladder and turned his evil face about toward the door. The horse was on the long hill beyond the bridge, and he was coming as though the devil rode in his saddle. It was a hard, dark night. The frozen road was like flint; I could hear the iron of the

"Straightway I Have Shot Athire Out of His Saddle"

shoes ring. Whoever rode that horse rode for his life or for something more than his life, or he was mad. I heard the horse strike the bridge and thunder across it. And all the while Dix hung there on the ladder by his hand and listened. Now he sprang softly down, pulled on his boots and stood up before the fire, his face—this new face—gleaming with its evil courage. The next moment the horse stopped.

I could hear him plunge under the bit, his iron shoes ripping the frozen road; then the door leaped back and my Uncle Abner was in the room. I was so glad that my heart almost choked me and for a moment I could hardly see everything was in a sort of mist.

Abner swept the room in a glance, then he stopped.

"Thank God!" he said; "I'm in time." And he drew his hand down over his face with the fingers hard and close as though he pulled something away.

"In time for what?" said Dix.

Abner looked him over. And I could see the muscles of his big shoulders stiffen as he looked. And again he looked him over. Then he spoke and his voice was strange.

"Dix," he said, "is it you?"

"Who would it be but me?" said Dix.

"It might be the devil," said Abner. "Do you know what your face looks like?"

"No matter what it looks like!" said Dix.

"And so," said Abner, "we have got courage with this new face."

Dix threw up his head.

"Now, look here, Abner," he said, "I've had about enough of your big manner. You ride a horse to death and you come plunging in here; what the devil's wrong with you?"

"There's nothing wrong with me," replied Abner, and his voice was low. "But there's something damnably wrong with you, Dix."

"The devil take you," said Dix, and I saw him measure Abner with his eye. It was not fear that held him back; fear was gone out of the creature. I think it was a kind of prudence.

Abner's eyes kindled, but his voice remained low and steady.

"Those are big words," he said.

"Well," cried Dix, "get out of the door then and let me pass!"

"Not just yet," said Abner; "I have something to say to you."

"Say it then," cried Dix, "and get out of the door."

"Why hurry?" said Abner. "It's a long time until daylight, and I have a good deal to say."

"You'll not say it to me," said Dix. "I've got a trip to make tonight; get out of the door."

Abner did not move. "You've got a longer trip to make tonight than you think, Dix," he said; "but you're going to hear what I have to say before you set out on it."

I saw Dix rise on his toes and I knew what he wished for. He wished for a weapon; and he wished for the bulk of bone and muscle that would have a chance against Abner. But he had neither the one nor the other. And he stood there on his toes and began to curse—low, vicious, withering oaths, that were like the swish of a knife.

Abner was looking at the man with a curious interest.

"It is strange," he said, as though speaking to himself, "but it explains the thing. While one is the servant of neither, one has the courage of neither; but when he finally makes his choice he gets what his master has to give him."

Then he spoke to Dix.

"Sit down!" he said; and it was in that deep, level voice that Abner used when he was standing close behind his words. Every man in the hills knew that voice; one had only a moment to decide after he heard it. Dix knew that, and yet for one instant he hung there on his toes, his eyes shimmering like a weasel's, his mouth twisting. He was not afraid! If he had had the ghost of a chance against Abner he would have taken it. But he knew he had not, and with an oath he threw the saddle blanket into a corner and sat down by the fire.

Abner came away from the door then. He took off his great coat. He put a log on the fire and he sat down across the hearth from Dix. The new hickory sprang crackling into flames. For a good while there was silence; the two men sat at either end of the hearth without a word. Abner seemed to have fallen into a study of the man before him. Finally he spoke:

"Dix," he said, "do you believe in the providence of God?"

Dix flung up his head.

"Abner," he cried, "if you are going to talk rot I promise you upon my oath that I will not stay to listen."

Abner did not at once reply. He seemed to begin now at another point.

"Dix," he said, "you've had a good deal of bad luck. . . . Perhaps you wish it put that way."

"Now, Abner," he cried, "you speak the truth; I have had hell's luck."

"Hell's luck you have had," replied Abner. "It is a good word. I accept it. Your partner disappeared with all

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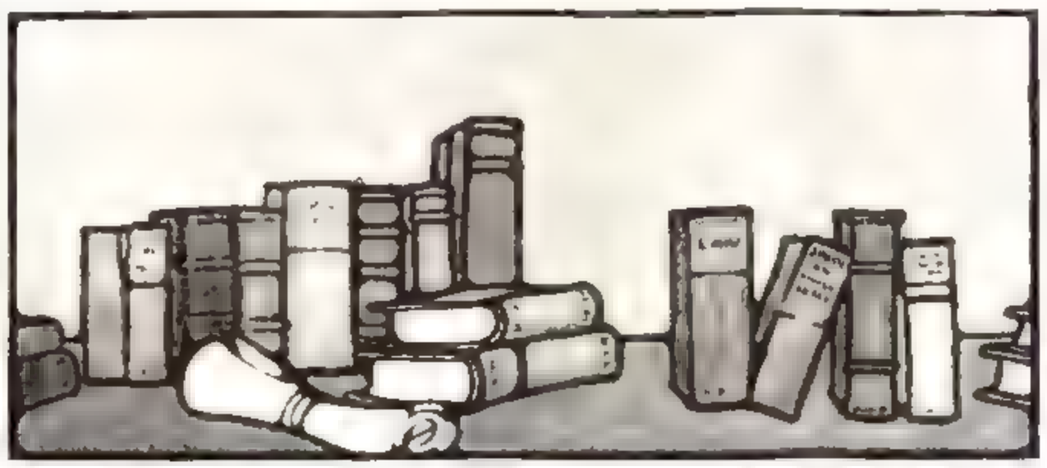
# NEW STATES' RIGHTS

## WHY THE RECALL SHOULD BE ONE OF THEM

By Senator
Jonathan Bourne, Jr.



OPPOSITION to the admission of Arizona as a state has made the initiative, referendum and recall a national issue -the recall feature of Arizona's constitution being the chief subject of controversy. I am one of those members of the United States Senate who believe not only that the people of Arizona have a right to determine what provisions their fundamental law shall contain, but also that the people of that territory acted wisely in framing and adopting a constitution containing the popular-government features against which such vehement protest has been made in Washington.

It was my pleasure to accept invitations from members of both political parties to aid in the campaign for selection of popular-government advocates as delegates to the constitutional convention. After that campaign had been brought to a successful issue and the constitution had been framed, I aided to the best of my ability in the campaign for adoption of the constitution. My views of its provisions and of the right of the people of the territory to adopt such a constitution as they pleased, were set forth in a letter addressed to Honorable George W. P. Hunt, president of the convention, on December 29, 1910—in which letter I said

"I am in receipt of your letter inclosing a copy of the constitution drafted by the Arizona constitutional convention, of which you were president; and I note your desire for an expression of my views regarding the same, my opinions being desired for publication. I have received letters from other prominent residents of Arizona making a similar request, and for convenience shall make my letter to you an answer to all and send each a copy of this letter.

"You say that a fight has developed against the adoption of the constitution by the people at the election of February ninth, and I am advised by others that the principal objection to it is the popular-government feature, comprising the initiative and referendum and the recall. One of your citizens informs me that the assertion has been made that the President will disapprove the constitution because these provisions have been incorporated in it; and, because of fear of such action on his part, some favor the rejection of the constitution by the people on February ninth, in hope of hastening statehood by such a course."

### *The Enemies of the Recall Provision*

"AT THE outset, let me say that the question whether the President will or will not approve the constitution should be wholly immaterial. The people of Arizona have wisely incorporated in their constitution provisions which permit them to control legislation and keep their public servants accountable to them. This principle is fundamentally and eternally right, and the people of Arizona should adhere to it even if they thereby forfeit statehood forever. They had better lose statehood than yield their right to control their state government. What a mockery it is to start a constitution with a preamble declaring, 'We, the people of Arizona, grateful to Almighty God for our liberties,' and then harbor for an instant the thought of surrendering or limiting that God-given liberty at the instance of any man who happens to occupy temporarily the office of President!

"Dictation from one man at Washington should be as distasteful to the people of Arizona as dictation from London was to the American colonists; and no sovereignty should be recognized except the sovereignty of the people who express their will through the federal and state constitutions and statutes. If the people of Arizona are so craven in spirit or so doubtful of their own intelligence and their own ability to govern themselves as to consider the elimination of the popular-government features of their new constitution, then I shall be doubtful of their fitness for statehood. Entertaining, as I do, these views of the right of the people of Arizona to control their own state affairs, I do not deem it proper to discuss the possibility of the disapproval of the constitution by the President.

"As already stated, in my opinion the people of Arizona acted wisely in making the initiative and referendum and recall a part of their constitution. I am informed that during the campaign for the election of delegates to the constitutional convention a prominent federal official went to Arizona and endeavored to prevent the election of delegates favorable to these features of popular government, and that funds from unknown sources were supplied to defray the expense of employing outsiders to canvass the territory in opposition to the initiative and referendum in particular. Letters were published in Arizona over the signature of a discredited machine politician in Oregon advising the people of Arizona to 'avoid the initiative as you would the plague.' Notwithstanding these influences, be it said to the credit of your people, they elected delegates favorable to popular government; and, as a consequence, your proposed constitution reserves to the people the power to control legislation and to discharge unfaithful public servants.

"The action of your people was guided largely by the experience of the people of Oregon, who have now enjoyed popular government for eight years. You were wise in following such guidance, for in the past eight years the people of Oregon have voted upon a total of sixty-four measures submitted to popular vote and have not made a single mistake; while they have in numerous instances secured advanced legislation which they could not secure from the legislature and have defeated a number of unwise acts passed by the legislature.

"The Oregon system, which your constitutional convention adopted in part, is not a theory; it is a demonstrated success. That our people are satisfied is proved conclusively by their action in the recent election, when, by a vote of twenty-three thousand for to nearly sixty thousand against, they defeated an act of the legislature calling a constitutional convention to revise the constitution, the understanding being that such convention would probably eliminate the initiative and referendum or limit its use. Instead of consenting to a diminution of their power, the people voted to increase their power by adopting an initiative measure proposed by myself, giving the people an opportunity in the direct primaries to express their choice for party candidates for President and Vice-President, and to select delegates to national conventions and nominate candidates for Presidential electors. Hereafter, the people of Oregon and not the political bosses will instruct delegates to national conventions whom to support for party candidates for President and Vice-President. In my opinion the people of other states will demand and secure similar power—in which event the steam roller will be relegated to the political scrapheap and its operators to the shadow of things forgotten.

"I am advised that your recall clause is deemed objectionable because it applies to the judiciary as well as to legislative and executive officers. In this particular it is the same as our Oregon recall provision – and Oregon has not found it unsatisfactory. I am sure there is no man on the bench in Oregon who would hesitate to submit his record for honesty and efficiency to the people whom he serves; and I hope you will never be so unfortunate in Arizona as to place upon the bench a man who would have less confidence in the honesty and fairness of the people or the honesty and efficiency of his own service.

"I see no reason why a man who occupies a judicial position should be governed by laws and standards of public service different from those which apply to legislative or executive officers. Judges are but human. We sometimes elect legislators to the bench, send former judges to the legislature and place judges in executive positions, even elevating them to the highest executive office in the land. Does a man change his standards of ethics when he changes his office? I think not. A man who is dishonest or incompetent in an executive or legislative office will as likely be dishonest or incompetent in a judicial office. A man who would use his power as an executive in an improper manner or for improper purposes would exercise judicial power in the same way. In any branch of the Government he is a servant of the people, not their master; and he should be subject to dismissal by the people after fair opportunity to be heard upon his record."

### *The Public Temperate and Long-Suffering*

"OPPONENTS of the recall represent that under its provisions public officials will be subjected to constant harassment and obliged to bear the expense and endure the trouble of frequent campaigns. Experience in Oregon disproves this. The world's history shows that the people are long-suffering and will bear many ills rather than enforce a change. No attempt has yet been made to recall a state or county officer in Oregon and there have been very few instances in which the recall has been exercised against city officers. The people are always advocates of a square deal and will not give their approval to efforts to recall an officer for factional or selfish reasons.

"You and others have asked for my opinion of your constitution in general; but from letters received I judge that the only question raised is in regard to the popular-government features, and hence I have confined my attention to these.

"You will understand that I cannot answer the question that has been asked me regarding the probable action of the President, except to give my personal opinion. I believe that, when the people of any proposed state have deliberated and decided what form of constitution they wish to adopt, no President will set up his judgment against the judgment of the entire people of the commonwealth—especially when the people have decided that they wish to retain control of legislation rather than turn it over entirely to legislatures too often influenced by selfish interests antagonistic to extension of the people's power."

Vehement objection is made to the admission of Arizona because its constitution contains the recall provision. The particular point of objection is that the recall applies to the judiciary as well as to executive, administrative and legislative officers. The great fear is that constant accountability to the people of the state will exercise an improper influence upon the courts.

To my mind this objection is ridiculous. If the people of Arizona or any other state are competent to elect their

judges, and can be trusted to act fairly and honestly in the election, they can also be trusted in the exercise of the recall power. The Arizona constitution, like that of most other states, provides for the election of judges by the people. Those who oppose the power of the people to recall a judge should—in order to be consistent—also oppose the power to elect judges in the first instance.

The people of a state or district elect a man to a judicial position because they believe he will serve the general welfare. They elect him in anticipation of good service and they would recall him only for demonstrated bad service. The assumption that the people would recall a judge without reason for the gratification of spite or while they were under the impulse of passion is without justification. The American people never act in such a way when given an opportunity to act in a lawful and considerate manner.

Men who profess opposition to the recall as applied to the judiciary for fear judges will be improperly influenced by public opinion do not seem to realize that they are offering a greater insult to the judiciary than the advocates of the recall could possibly offer. Advocates of the recall have confidence in the judiciary in general; but they recognize the fact, demonstrated by experience, that human frailty exists in judges as in other men. There have been some men in the judiciary just as corrupt as some men in the executive or legislative branches of the Government. There have also been honest men in the judiciary who were incompetent.

To assert that judges are above corruption or improper prejudice and that they are always efficient public servants is too absurd for serious consideration. The men who sit on the bench today were boys when we members of the legislative branch of Government were boys. They were no better or worse on the average than we. In childhood and young manhood we mingled on an equality, enjoyed the same sports, received instruction in the same schools, were taught the same religious principles, were subjected to the same temptations, indulged in the same vices and cherished the same ambitions. Upon what reasoning, then, can it be asserted that the boy who studied law and found such favor in the eyes of the political boss as to secure a nomination for the bench is superior, in either efficiency or honesty, to his brother who entered business and was slated by the same boss for a position in the executive or legislative branch of the Government? Let us look at this subject from a common-sense viewpoint.

There hangs no halo of sanctity around the head of the judiciary, except as unthinking men are wont to concede a sacredness which the legal profession has assumed for occupants of the bench. Judges, like all other men in public or private life, are generally honest. Their failure in individual instances to serve faithfully the people by whom they are employed is due to the same cause to which may be attributed similar failure on the part of other public servants. This cause is the unrepresentative system by which they are chosen. Concessions to the political boss or special interest to which he is obligated for his nomination is usually the beginning of misfeasance in office. The first false step, taken as an expression of gratitude for favors rendered, is an easy one, because gratitude, in the opinion of the political boss, is the most important element in the character of a public man.

Opponents of the extension of the recall to the judiciary profess great fear that judges will listen to what they call public clamor and will render decisions against justice, in order to avoid popular displeasure.

How strange that this fear of improper influence has been so long suppressed! In every state where the convention system is in vogue, political machines exist, with political bosses in control. The political bosses maintain their machine organizations by means of funds contributed by individuals having special interests to promote or protect. Where the convention system exists, the successful candidate for nomination or judicial position must have the active or passive support of the political boss. Special privilege is as much interested in the judiciary as in any other branch of Government. Though it may be true that in most cases there is no express agreement between the political boss and the candidate for a judicial nomination, any man with the least knowledge of human nature knows that the political boss will aid in securing the nomination of the candidate who seems most likely to be satisfactory to his backers.

Under that same convention system the man once elected judge must look to the political boss for his renomination for a second term. Will any one say that a judge who will listen to popular clamor will not also yield to the wishes and interests of the political boss? And, if the judge must be subject to influences controlling his election or retention in office, which presents the greater danger: the influence of popular will or the influence of the political boss?

It is useless for men to hold up their hands in horror and assert that the judiciary is above the influence of the political boss. If the judiciary is above that influence it is

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# Taking Pace From Father Time

## How Keg Rearick's Pa Caught Up With Progress at Siwash

By GEORGE FITCH

ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY

HONESTLY, Bill, it's so hard to keep up to date these days that sometimes I'm afraid to go to sleep at night for fear I'll find myself in an ethnological museum when I wake up the next morning, with people making funny cracks about the strange clothes I was wearing when they caught me.

I'm not constitutionally a back number myself either. I come as near wearing next year's styles as most fellows, and I had my wrist broken cranking an automobile before most Americans believed the things would go. I was tired of this hand-chopped furniture fad years ago, and if you hand me any slang that I can't catch on the fly you'll have to make it up right now. But there's no use talking. No one man can keep up with this world all by himself. Sometimes I get to thinking I'm so far ahead that I can afford to sit down and get a breath or two, and when I get up I have to eat dust for the next year trying to catch up.

Take colleges, for instance. I've been conceited enough to think that these flappy little college boys, with their front hair brushed back down on their necks, couldn't show me anything that I wasn't tired of. I've kept up to date on college things, I've always flattered myself. You might lose me now and then on some new way of abusing lettuce during a salad course, perhaps, but as far as looking startled at anything that might be said or done around a college campus goes, I've had a notion that I wasn't in the learning class which shows how much I knew about it. This morning a gosling from the old school a sophomore came in and visited with me for a few minutes, on the strength of the fact that he knew my baby brother in high school. We hadn't talked a minute before he handed me "pragmatism" and "zing-slingers." While I was rolling my eyes and clawing for a foothold he confessed that he was the best glider in college. When I remarked that I had been somewhat of a glider myself, but that I had preferred the twostep, he laughed and explained that he was captain of the aviation team—that they had three gliders and were finishing a monoplane that had a home-made engine with concentric cylinders. Can you beat it? There I was, Petey Simmons' best friend, and personally acquainted with eleven thousand forms of college excitement, listening to an infant with my mouth open and stopping him every few words to say "land sakes," "dew tell" and "what d'ye mean by that?"

I Lost That Engagement Because the Family Decided the Hired Girl Could Do It Better

I never was so humiliated in my life, but there's no getting around the truth. I've been ten years out of college, and when I go back they'll pull the grandfather clause on me and wheel me in early nights. I'm a back number and I know the symptoms. When that young sophomore told me the boys of Eta Bita Pie had just spent twenty dollars apiece on a formal dance and house party, I put up the same kind of a lecture to him that my father gave me when I explained that we simply had to spend five dollars apiece on our party, or belong in the fag end of the last century. And I suppose when my father's crowd blew in a couple of dollars for a load of wood, his father reminded him that when *he* went to college they didn't coddle themselves with fires in their dormitories. And I suppose that some day this sophomore will be telling his son that when he was in college a simple little home-made aeroplane furnished amusement for twenty fellows, and that they never dreamed of dropping over to the coast in their private monoplanes on Saturdays for a dip in the surf. Oh, well, it's human nature and natural law, I suppose. No use trying to put a rock on the wheels of progress—and there's no use of trying to ride the darned thing either. It'll throw you every time.

When I went to college, Billy—loud pedal on that "I"—things were different. We didn't spend our time fooling with gliders or blow ourselves up monkeying with pragmatism. We attended strictly to business. We were there for educational purposes and we had no time to chase humming birds and chicken hawks. Why, the gasoline money of a young collegian today would have paid my board bills then! We didn't go to Japan on baseball tours, or lug telescopes around South America when we ought to have been studying ethics. We lived simply and plainly. There wasn't an automatic piano in a single frat house when I was in college, and as for wasting our money on motion-picture shows and taxicabs—nonsense. We'd have died first.

You see I'm getting into practice. Some day I'll have a son, I hope, and he'll go back to Siwash. Just wait till he comes home at the end of the first semester and tries to put across any bills for radium stickpins and lookophonic conversations with the co-eds at Kiowa. I'll pull a When-I-was-at-Siwash lecture on him that will make him feel like a spider on a hot stove. If I've got to be a back

number I want to be cramped right back far enough to have some fun out of it. I'll make him sweat as much lugging me up to date as I had to perspire in the old days to illuminate things for Pa.

After all, there is no question at college more serious than the Pa question, anyway, Bill. It was always butting into our youthful ambitions and tying pig iron to our coat-tails when we wanted to soar. It's simply marvelous how hard it is to educate a Pa a hundred miles or more away into the supreme importance of certain college necessities. It isn't because they forget either. It's because they don't realize that the world is roaring along.

I can see it all since this morning. Take my father, for instance. There was no more generous or liberal a Pa up to a certain point. He wanted me to have a comfortable room and vast quantities of good food, and he was glad to pay literary society dues, and he would stand for frat dues; but when it came to paying cab hire, you could jam an appropriation for a post-office in an enemy's district past Joe Cannon in Congress more easily than you could put a carriage bill through him. He just said "no" in nine languages; said that when he went to Siwash—"and it turned out good men then, too, young fellow"—the girls were glad to walk to entertainments through the mud; and when it was unusually muddy they weren't averse to being carried a short distance.

*I Was a Shy Young Thing at the Beginning of the Summer, Who Believed That Strangers Would Invariably Bite When Spoken To*

I believe I would have had to lead disgusted co-eds to parties on foot through my whole college course if I hadn't happened across an old college picture of father in a two-gallon plug hat. That gave me an idea. I put in a bill for a plug hat twice a year and he paid it without a murmur. Plug hats had been the peculiar form of insanity prevalent at Siwash in his day and he thought they were still part of the course of study.

I got along much easier than many of the boys too. Allie Bangs' Pa made him buy all his clothes at home, for fear he'd get to looking like some of the cartoons he'd seen in the funny papers. Prince Hogboom was a wonder of a fullback, and his favorite amusement was to get out at night and try to pull gas lamps up by the roots. He was a natural born holy terror, but his father thought he was fitted by nature to be a missionary, and so Hoggie had to harness himself up in meek and long-suffering clothes and attend Bible-study class twice a week. The crimes he committed by way of relieving himself after each class were shocking. Then there was Petey Simmons, who was a perpetual sunbeam and greatly beloved because it was so easy to catch happiness from him. And yet Petey went through school with a cloud over his young life, in the shape of a Pa who gave him a thousand dollars a year for expenses and wouldn't allow a single cent of it to be spent for frivolity. And he had a blanket definition for frivolity that covered everything from dancing parties to pie at an all-night lunch counter. By hard work Petey could spend about four hundred dollars on necessary expenses, and that left him six hundred dollars a year to blow in on illuminated manuscripts, student lamps, debating club dues and prints of the old masters. He had to borrow money from us all through the year, and then hold a great auction of his art trophies and student lamps, before vacation came, in order to pay us back.

But all of these troubles weren't even annoyances beside what Keg Rearick had to endure. Keg had the worst case of "Pa" I ever heard of. He was a regular high explosive—one of these fine, old, hair-triggered gentlemen who consider that they have done all the thinking that the world needs and refuse to have any of their ideas altered or edited in any particular. Keg had had his life laid out for him since the day of his birth, and when he left for Siwash—on the precise day announced by his father eighteen years before—the old man took him by the ear and discoursed with him as follows:

"My son, I am about to give you the finest education obtainable. You are to go down to Siwash and learn how to be a credit to me. Let me impress it on you that that is your only duty. You will meet there companions who will try to persuade you that there are other things to be done in college besides becoming a scholar. You will pay no attention to them. You are to spend your time at your books. You are to lead your class in Latin and Greek. Mathematics I am not so particular about. You are to waste no time on athletics and other modern curses of college. I shall pay your expenses and I shall come down occasionally to see how you are progressing. And you know me well enough to know that if I find you deviating from the course I have laid out in any particular you will return home and go into the store at six dollars a week."

That's the way Keg always repeated it to us. With that affectionate farewell ringing in his ears he came on down to Jonesville; and when we Eta Bita Pies saw his honest features and his particularly likable smile, we surrounded and assimilated him in something less than fifteen minutes by the clock. And then his troubles began. Keg's father had come down the week before school and had selected a quiet place about three miles from the college—out beyond the cemetery in a nice lonely neighborhood, where there was just about enough company to keep telephone poles from getting despondent. Moreover, he hadn't given Keg any spending money.

"Education is the cheapest thing in the world," he roared. "You don't have to keep your pockets full of dollars to live in the times of Homer and Horace. I've told them to let you have what you need at the bookstore. For the rest, the college library should be your haunt and the debating society your recreation." If ever any one was getting knowledge put down his throat with a hydraulic ram, it certainly was Keg Rearick.

It isn't hard to imagine the result. Keg toiled away three miles from anything interesting and got bluer and gloomier and more anarchistic every day. Wouldn't have been so bad if nobody had loved him. Lots of fellows go through college with no particular friends and emerge in good health and spirits. But we had courted Keg and had tried to make it impossible for him to live without us. We liked him and we hankered for his company. We wanted to parade him around the campus and confer him upon the prettiest co-ed in his boarding hall, and teach him to sing a great variety of interesting songs, with no particular sense to them, and snatch off two or three important offices around school. Instead of that he only got to say "howdy" to us between classes, and the rest of his time he spent Edward Payson Westoning back and forth from his suburban lair, without a cent in his pockets and the street-car motormen giving him the bell to get off of the track into the mud every other block.

We very soon found this wasn't going to do. Keg's spirits were down about two notches below the absolute zero. If this was college life, he said, would somebody kindly take a pair of forceps and remove it. It ached. The upshot was we made Keg steward of the frat-house table, which paid his board and room and moved him into the chapter house. He objected at first, because of what his father would say when he heard of it. But he finally concluded that anything he might say would be pleasanter than going all day without hearing anything, so he surrendered and came along.

The first night at dinner, when we pushed back our chairs and sang a few lines by way of getting ready to go upstairs and chink a little assorted learning into our headpieces, Keg cried for pure joy. He buckled down to work the way a dog takes hold of a root, and inside of a week he couldn't remember a time in his young existence when he had been unhappy. He was tossing out Greek declensions to the prof like a geyser, and Conny Matthews, our champion Livy unraveler, had shown him how to hold a Latin verb in his teeth while he broke open the rest of the sentence. And, besides that, we had introduced him to all the nicest girls in the college and had assisted the glee club coach to discover that he had a fine tenor voice. He was a sure-enough find, and fitted into college life as if it had been made to measure for him.

Of course all this pleasantness had to have a gloom spot in it somewhere. Rearick's father furnished the gloom. He was certainly the most rambunctious, most unreconstructed and most egregious Pa that ever tried to turn the sunshine off of a bright young college career. Regularly once a week a letter would come to Keg from him. It always began, "When I was in college," and it always wound up by ordering Keg to eat a few assorted lemons for the good of his future. He was to go to morning prayer, regularly—there hadn't been any for twenty years. He was to become as well acquainted as possible with his professors, because of the inspiration it would give him—fancy snuggling up to old Grubb. He was to take a Sunday-school class at once. He was to remember above all things that though it was a disgrace to waste a minute of the precious college years it was equally a disgrace to go through college without being self-supporting. He should by all means learn to milk at once. He, Keg's father, had been valet to a couple of very fine Holstein cows while he was in college, and he attributed much of his success to this fact. He would of course pay Keg's expenses while he had to, but he would hold it to Keg's discredit. He must at once begin to find work.

This last command impressed Keg deeply, for he had been sailing along with us without a cent. He'd been earning his board and room, of course, but that was already paid up for a month out on the edge of the planet; and as it was the first time the family that owned the house had ever got a student boarder they firmly declined to rebate. It's pretty hard to butterfly joyously along with the fancy-vest gang without any other assets than unlimited credit at the bookstore, so Keg began to prowl for a job. Presently he picked up a laundry route. The laundry wagon was a favorite vehicle on which to ride to fame and knowledge in those days. By getting up early two mornings a week and working late nights, Keg managed to put away about six dollars and forty-five cents a week, providing they all paid their laundry bills. He was so pleased and tickled over the idea that he wrote to his father at once explaining that he now had plenty of work, but had had to move downtown in order to do it.

Did this please old pain-in-the-face? Not noticeably. There had been no such things as laundry wagons in his day. Students were lucky if they had a shirt to wear and one to have washed at the same time. He wrote a letter back to Keg that bit him in every paragraph. Keg was to give up the frivolous laundry job and get some wood to saw. That and tending cows were the only real methods of toiling through college. No, Keg's father had received his board and room for milking cows and doing chores, and he had sometimes earned as much as three dollars a week after school hours and before breakfast sawing cord-wood at seventy-five cents a cord. It was healthful and classic. He would send his old saw by express. And he was further to remember—there were about four more pages to memorize, a headache in every page.

*"My Son, I am About to Give You the Finest Education Obtainable"*

Good old Keg did his best to be obedient, but he had no chance. In the first place, cord-wood was phenomenally

scarce in Jonesville, and anyway, people had a vicious habit of hindering the cause of education by sawing it at the wood-yards with a steam saw. There were plenty of cows in the outskirts but they were either well provided with companions for their leisure hours, or their owners declined to allow Keg to practice on them – he knowing about as much about a cow as he did about a locomotive. And so he dawdled on with us at the chapter house, gulping down Livy, getting a stranglehold on Homer, and pulling in six or seven dollars a week at his frivolous laundry job, some of which cash he was saving up for a dress suit. And then, one day, Pa Rearick blew in for another visit and caught his son playing a mandolin in our lounging room far, far from the nearest cyclone cellar.

To judge from the conversation that followed we couldn't help hearing it although we went out-of-doors at once one might have thought that Keg had been caught in a gilded den of sin, playing poker with body-snatchers. Pa Rearick simply cut loose and bombarded the neighborhood with red-hot adjectives. That he should have brought up a son to do him honor and should have found him dawdling his college moments away with loafers; fawning on the idle sons of the rich; tinkling a mandolin instead of walking with Homer; wasting time and money instead of trying to earn his way to success "Bah," likewise "Faugh," to say nothing of other picturesque expressions of entire disgust from all of which one would judge almost without effort that Keg was in very bad, and in all over.

I suppose Keg attempted to explain. Possibly some people try to argue with a funnel-shaped cloud while it is juggling the house and the barn and the piano. Anyway the explanations weren't audible. Presently Pa Rearick announced, for most of the world to hear, that he was going to take his idle, worthless, disgraced and unspeakable nincompoop of a son back to his home and set him to weighing out dried apples for the rest of his life. Then up rose Keg and spoke quite clearly and distinctly as follows:

"No, you're not, Dad."

"Wh-wh-wh-whowhowwy not!" said Pa Rearick, with perfect self-possession but some difficulty.

"Because I like this college and I'm going to stay here," said Keg. "I'm standing well in my studies and I'm learning a lot all around."

"All I have to say is this," said Pa Rearick. I really haven't time to repeat all of those few words, but the ukase, when it was completely out, was the following: Keg was to have a chance to ride home in the cars if he packed up within ten minutes. After that he could walk home or dance home or play his way home with his mandolin. And he was given to understand that, when he finally arrived, the nearest substitute to a fatted calf that would be prepared for dinner would be a plate of cold beans in the kitchen with the hired man.

"You may stay here and dawdle with your worthless companions if you desire," shouted Pa Rearick to a man in an adjoining county. "The lesson may be a good one for you. I wash my hands of the whole matter. But understand. Don't write to me for a cent. Not one cent. You've made your bed. Now lie on it."

With which he went away, and we tiptoed carefully in to rearrange the shattered atmosphere and comfort Keg. We found him looking thoughtfully at nothing, with his hands deep in his pockets, from which about six dollars and seventy-five cents' worth of jingle emerged now and then. We waited patiently for him to speak. At last he turned on us and grinned pensively.

"Do you know, boys," he said, "as a bedmaker I can beat the owner of that prehistoric old corn-husk mattress out in the suburbs with one hand tied behind me?"

. . . . . .

Of course it is a sad thing to be regarded with indignation and disgust by one's only paternal parent, but Keg bore up under it pretty manfully. He dug into his work harder than ever and he was a good student. Latin words stuck to him like sandburs. That wasn't his fault, of course. Some men are born with a natural magnetism for Latin words; and others, like myself, have to look up *quique* as many as nine times in a page of Mr. Horace's celebrated metrical salve-slinging. Keg went into a literary society, too, and developed such an unholy genius at wadding up the other fellow's words and feeding them back to him that he made the Kiowa debate in his freshman year. He also chased locals for the college paper, made his class football team, got on the track squad and won the freshman essay prize. In fact, he killed it all year long and likewise he trained all year long with his idle and vicious companions—meaning us.

It beats all how much benefit you can get from training with idle and vicious companions, if you are built that way. Of course we taught him how to play a mandolin, and how to twostep on his own feet exclusively, and how to roll a cigarette without carpeting the floor with tobacco, and how to make a pretty girl wonder if she is as beautiful as all that, without really saying it himself, and dozens of other pretty and harmless little tricks. But that wasn't half he picked up while he was loafing away the golden hours of his college course in our chapter house. Conny Matthews, whose hobby was Latin verse, plugged him up to sending in translated sonnets from Horace for freshman themes. Noddy Pierce showed him how to grab the weak point in the other fellow's debate and hang on to it through the rebuttal, while the enemy floundered and struggled and splattered disjointed premises all over the hall. Allie Bangs had a bug on fencing, and because he and Keg used to tip over everything in the basement trying to skewer each other, they got to reading up on old French customs of producing artistic conversations and deaths and other things; and eventually they wrote one of those "Ha" and "Zounds" plays for the Dramatic Club. In fact, there's no limit to what you can absorb from idle and vicious companions. In one term alone I myself picked up banjo playing, pole vaulting, a little Spanish, a bad case of mumps, and two flunks, simply by associating with the Eta Bita Pie gang twenty-seven hours a day.

But nobody had to show Keg how to get jobs after his first experience. He had a knack of scenting a soft financial snap a mile away to leeward, and working his way through college was the least of his troubles. It used to make me tired to see the nonchalance with which he would sleuth up to a nice fat thing like a baseball season program, and put away a couple of hundred with a single turn of the wrist and about four days' hard soliciting among the long-suffering Jonesville merchants. I never could do it myself. I had the popular desire to work my way through school when I entered Siwash, and I pictured myself at the end of my college career receiving my diploma in my toil-scarred fist without having had a cent from home. But pshaw! I was a joke. I mowed one lawn in my freshman year, after hunting for work for three weeks; and I lost

*Keg's Father Had Sometimes Earned as Much as Three Dollars a Week Sawing Cord-Wood*

that engagement because the family decided the hired girl could do it better. After that I gave up and took my checks from home like a little man. In Siwash it is all right to get sent through school, and nobody looks down on you for it. The boys who make their own way are very kind and never taunt you if you have to lean on Pa. But all the same you feel a little bit disgraced. Why, I've seen a cotillion leader run all the way home from a downtown store where he clerked after school hours, in order to get into his society harness on time; and when the winner of the Interstate Oratorical in my freshman year had received his laurel wreath and three times three times three times three from the crazy student body, he excused himself and went off to the house where he lived, to fill up the hard-coal heater and pump the water for the next day's washing.

As I started to say, some time ago, Keg proved to be a positive genius in nailing down jobs. He hadn't been with us three months until he had presented his laundry route to one of the boys. He didn't have time to attend to it. He had hauled down a chapel monitorship that paid his tuition. He got his board and room from us for being steward, and how he ever got the fancy eats he gave us out of four dollars per week per appetite is an unsolved wonder. He made twenty-five dollars in one week by introducing a new brand of canned beans among the hash clubs. He took orders for bookbinding on Saturdays, and sold advertising programs for the college functions after school hours. More than once I borrowed ten dollars from him that year, while I was living on hope and meeting the mailman halfway down the block each morning just before the first of the month. And I wasn't the only man who did it either.

Perhaps you wonder how he had time to do all this and to mix up in all the various departments of student bumptiousness, besides absorbing enough information laid down and prescribed by the curriculum to batter an "E" out of old Grubb, who hated to give a top mark worse than most men hate to take quinine. But that's the way it goes at all colleges. No one has time to do anything but the busy men. In every school there are a few hundred joyous loafers who hold down an office or two, and make one team, and then have only time to take a few hasty peeps at a book while running for chapel; and there are a dozen men who do the debating and the heavy thinking for half a dozen societies, and make some athletic team, and get their lessons and make their own living on the side—and who always have time, somehow, to pick up some new and pleasant pastime, like reading up for an oration on John Randolph, of Roanoke, or some other eminent has-been. When I think of my wasted years in college and of how I was always going to take hold of Psych and Polykon and Advanced German, and shake them as a terrier does a rat, just as soon as I had finished about three more hands of whist – oh, well, there's no use of crying about it now. What makes me the maddest is that my wife says I'm an imposingly poor whist player at that.

Keg went home with one of us for the semester holidays. And at commencement time he wrote an affectionate letter home to his volcanic old sire, and told him that he was going to stride forth into the unappreciative world and

(Continued on Page 73)

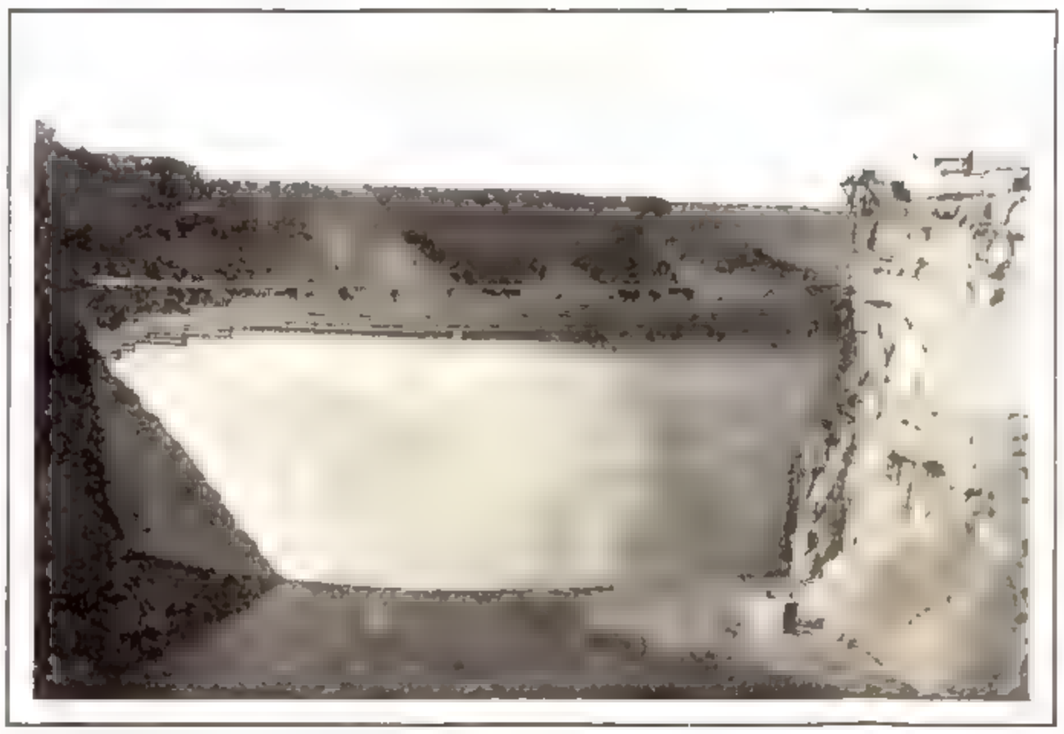
*He Hurried Up the Steps, Took One Look, and Yelled "Dad"*

# Getting Rich Quick in Apples

## Some Angles of the Industry—By Emerson Hough

OUT on the Blackfoot Reservation, in Montana, there is a man who is half Mandan Indian, half white and all good fellow. Something of a character in Western history, he is an old Indian trader, reservation merchant, rancher and hustler. His name is Joe Kipp and you could not have a better friend. Now not long ago Joe, in order to be strictly up with the trend of modern thought, procured for himself a nice, new, shiny automobile, one of the first to find its way among the Blackfeet; and on a bright, sunshiny morning he started out for his first ride across the Western prairies. He did very well and was firmly seized of the belief that the automobile had the bronco lashed to the mast, until he came to the edge of a steep-cut bank, over which he took a long flying leap, alighting some forty yards farther on and thence caroming against the more prominent features of the adjacent landscape. If it were possible to kill Joe Kipp—which it is not—he would have been killed. In the circumstances, all he did was to sit up on the greensward—or brownsward—rub his head and remark: "She's got too many triggers, you know. Must have pulled the wrong trigger, you know."

Sometimes there are several unfamiliar triggers on almost any new implement, instrument or industry. She may run all right when in the proper hands; but for the beginner she has a wheen of strange and unexpected tactics, tantrums and triggers that are not slated as features of the regular performance. Let us not be too hastily prejudged. If one does not join in the full pæan of universal acclaim as to the new business of irrigation apple-raising, none the less one may admit that the industry is a perfectly good one. It may be all that and still go off in unexpected places.



It Cost $1,750,000

### In Pursuit of the Pillar of Fire

WE ARE all more or less familiar with certain phenomena of the current proposition of getting rich in apple lands. We are told that it requires but ten acres—unless we happen to have the price of twenty; that on each acre there may be planted eighty to one hundred trees, each of which in the fourth year will bring in from two to five dollars a tree. We know—from the illustrated folders—that meantime one can plant between the rows of his apple trees less regal fruits such as potatoes, squashes, celery, beans, and the like, and that these will suffice to pay deferred notes, principal and interest. In general, we are assured that, after the fourth year of merely casual risk and a wholly incidental investment on our part, we shall have within permanent reach health, wealth, independence and long life. You have seen pictures of all these things, showing landscapes literally full of apple trees, apple trees literally full of apples, the whole operated by joyous maidens, swains and others, merrily handling the luscious fruit in what is declared to be and seems to be the easiest and most attractive of all large-paying enterprises. You have seen, of course, the tables of incomes and returns; noted the quotations of enormous values an acre; have heard of the tremendous prices that have been received for this or that small tract in the better-known fruit districts of the West.

And, best of all, gentle dweller of the city, you have very likely believed that much of this good fortune might come to yourself while you remained for the time at home, engaged in your former occupation. By paying this or that small sum annually or monthly, you were convinced that in a few years you could have your orchard handed over to you loaded with fruit—rich, beautiful, abounding; and thereafter could settle down with all your problems solved, to enjoy thenceforth and permanently, by reason of further wholly casual labors of a few maidens, swains and others of your own or adjacent families, that certain cinch in life called *otium cum dignitate*, as we say on the Midway in Chicago.

Now, part of that may come true for a city man; much of it has been known practically to come true. If it could come true in half the cases where such promises were made the apple industry would be the one industry in the country worth considering. Us for it, my brother, if just all the little incidentals would work out fifty per cent pure, and we never got hold of the wrong trigger.

Now, one of the most cruel things in any situation of general enthusiasm is the fact that many men on both sides of the game of optimism and enthusiasm are perfectly honest in their beliefs and the statements of their beliefs. A great many persons believe that some miracle of modern progress has been wrought of late. We are so constructed that we do not withhold our credence from incredible things. We want to believe. A great many of us want that miracle—nay, indeed, need that miracle. Following the pillar of fire of late lurid literature, thousands of men and millions in money have gone West in the last few years. The apple phenomenon is one of the most singular ones of the day. It would be too much of an impeachment of the intelligence and honesty of the entire country to say that there is no good mingled with the occasional errors that have existed in connection with that phenomenon. We have, in the United States, about four million and a half of unemployed persons. Of those who are employed there are hundreds of thousands who can barely make a living in the cities. Half in hope, half almost in despair, a great many of these, so far as they are able, are trying to get into some means of livelihood that looks decent, not too difficult and even partially profitable. The apple business has appealed to many of these despairing souls.

Against this enthusiasm, against this hope, one must with reluctance set the great confusion that the irrigation industry in this country still experiences. The development of the West by irrigation up to about 1902 was largely by private enterprise. The early settlers had little capital and they selected the easiest points, laying out the simplest ditches possible. As the Western movement increased, water applications increased also, and in time exceeded the supply of water. There has been litigation since then; and it is said that the cost for protection of water-rights in the West has equaled if not exceeded the original cost of the ditches. The little ditches paralleled each other and wasted the water. They did not reach the high and better lands, whose irrigation required more extensive investment of capital. To unite or consolidate all these small ditches has been impracticable, although it might be better were many of them abandoned and if the waters of all were stored by a comprehensive system.

### Complications in Computations

LARGE canals do away with the waste of water and bring into reach the upper benches and slopes. As these benches are those most affected by the apple grower, we find in the apple industry, as in the alfalfa and grain propositions, a general tendency toward control by large corporations. Complications of one sort or another exist in practically every important river valley in the West. The United States Government figures that fifty per cent of the irrigation enterprises fail in their first stages and need

Flume Across Burnt Fork Bottom, Bitter Root Valley

Getting Water on the Benches

reorganization. The Government has sometimes bought, at one-third of their original cost, canals that were first laid out by private individuals. Farmers sometimes buy at receivers' sales on such a basis that bondholders are left without security. There are many parallel and warring water-filings and ditches; and this whole situation means delay, litigation and sometimes failure. Incidentally it sometimes means literature that is practically swindling literature, although not criminally actionable. Abundant instances of fakes in the name of a new industry could easily be adduced.

*Digging Potatoes on Irrigated Bench Land*

This is part of the industrial waste of a new business. In very many instances—one would like to say in most instances—irrigation enterprises have been undertaken and carried out in good faith, even at greater cost than was originally contemplated. Both capitalists and small investors have sometimes fallen victims to the allurements of a new business that seemed so attractive, easy and very profitable. The essential truth of this to remember is that in many districts the apple business of today is largely not a thing of today, but of tomorrow—perhaps even the day after tomorrow. Also, it affords proof of the singular truth, over which one cannot cease to marvel, that men who would scorn to jeopard their reputations by commercial dishonesty in selling any sort of merchandise will do almost anything in order to sell land, which ought to be the most sacred commodity in the world and the one most rigorously guarded in this America of ours.

### *Traps and Pitfalls of the Apple Industry*

THERE are some few tests that may be applied to any proposition by the investor in any form of realty. As a general rule, it is well to beware of small payments at short intervals. It is safer to go in under a big company known to have abundant capital for carrying out its project; yet it is desirable to inquire into the apparent intent of any such company. If the wish is merely to conduct a big real-estate enterprise, with little care for the future, the buyer might well hesitate. Is the enterprise one for scalping or for developing? Are most of the stockholders of the company developing orchards of their own? Is there a clean commercial pride in the success of the enterprise as well as in the financial returns? Many things are to be done between the time of raw lands and that of finished orchards. A great system of cooperation has to be worked out. After the settlers have taken over their lands, they must in turn organize a company of their own, itself subject to all the angles of the human equation. And after them must come the fruit association, the wars over prices and transportation and the like, which are as certain in the apple business as they were in the orange industry. What, then, is the ultimate prospect of a successful example of industrial cooperation in this company whose lands you contemplate buying?

It is probable you will have to choose between some companies of large resources. There is little room for individual initiative in the apple-orchard proposition of the West today. As already noted, the small water-rights are mostly taken up or are in trouble. Moreover, if you buy an old orchard you take a very considerable risk of getting poor fruit and uncommercial varieties. The advantages lie with the investor who goes in under a big and scientifically conducted company. There he is asked to take the "standard planting" of those varieties known or supposed to be suited to the locality. He is asked to use methods that have been found desirable in that country. In general, he is in charge of the expert of the company, and is given the benefit of the wisdom and experience of many men. He must plant as does his neighbor, cultivate as does his neighbor, and grade his product as does his neighbor. Any fine apple district is very jealous of the grades of its fruit; and, in short, there are few fruit associations that will let the shipper please himself in this matter. Thus in Hood River, Oregon, a while ago, there was a farmer who shipped half a dozen crates of cull strawberries in a car that went to Fargo, North Dakota. Complaint was made, the shipment was identified by the numbers on the boxes and the man was warned by the local fruit union. Proving stubborn, he was told that no more of his fruit would be shipped in any case. As a consequence, he was obliged to sell his farm and leave the country. He could not make a living there. Self-protection required this action on the part of his neighbors. Individual initiative is not wanted in too great quantities in the West of today.

*Sunnyside Golf Links, Bitter Root Valley, Montana*

There are several things that may easily be looked into, but they are quite often forgotten. For instance, does the ditch of the company have plenty of water for all the land it is irrigating or intends to irrigate? You need expert counsel on this, for by looking at the enterprise on the ground you probably can tell nothing about it yourself. Suppose the company is selling apple lands at five hundred dollars an acre and starts out with water enough for twenty thousand acres. The temptation, if the land market is good, is to put on another ten thousand acres and sell that land also. Has the company water enough for it all? You must care for yourself in this. Also learn whether the water-right has been adjudicated and whether it is legally divisible among others under the same watershed. Water is precious and many claim it. The courts decide how much each company shall have. Now, what is enough, not for part but for all the lands that your company may try to irrigate?

Again, does the water actually run on the land which you are offered? You should satisfy yourself about this absolutely and not take any promises whatever about a future date. The best way, of course, is to see the water actually on the ground. If you cannot wait for this, as certainly and as always you should, have an engineer run levels for you. It is worth the expense, as many a man has found. Don't plant any crop and don't pay any money until you know that the water is on your ground or can be put on your ground. This simple rule, if followed, would have saved millions of dollars in settlers' money in the last five years in the West.

Don't buy your land by blueprint map. The map and the ground itself may look quite different. Usually you are charged, in these high-priced lands, on the basis that planting ground for so many trees represents an acre, the rough or impossible ground being deducted from each contract or charged for in the price. See for yourself that these deductions are made and that they are sufficient. If you are buying planted ground see whether or not all the trees are planted where they will grow in the future, where they will not be washed out by the water or destroyed for any other reason. You ought to be charged only for trees that really are going to be producing trees.

### *Danger From Frost and Alkali*

DON'T necessarily buy the most level and handsome looking piece of ground. Within half a mile there may be several grades of soil and several other differences in characteristics. If your tract is a high mountain valley it is the lowlying flats near the watercourses that are most apt to get frost in the spring. The knolls and benches, although higher in elevation, are less apt to be visited by frost. Have the expert show you an orchard that is provided with good water drainage and good air drainage. The latter is something of which perhaps you have never heard.

Lowlying lands sometimes are injured very much by deposits of alkali from waters that seep under them or are run on the surface. You should see that your tract is not liable to this danger. Again, although there may be no danger from alkali, there very frequently is danger from too much subirrigation. In one of the best fruit districts of the state of Washington they are now digging a very expensive drainage ditch to get water off the ground that has been soaked too much by the surplus flooding in irrigation.

Since your company is asking you to make the standard planting, see to it that you get standard planting in your nursery stock. All young trees look pretty much alike to you and when they are four years old it is too late to make any changes. Have the orchardist in charge show you the record of the planting. Such things have happened as odds and ends of nursery stock having been sold as parts of the standard planting.

*Apple Country—Twelve Miles South of Hamilton*

If possible look into the history of the locality in which you are investing, in case it is not a known and proved fruit district. How long has your country been a proved fruit district and what varieties have been established there in confidence? Nor should you place too much confidence in the trees of an old district now being rejuvenated. Sometimes such trees in a dry country show very heavy blossoming in the spring, but produce very little fruit. If you are so foolish as to buy by folder, and if you

believe all you see in the pictures, at least satisfy yourself that the pictures were made on or adjacent to the holdings of which you intend to take a part. This caution is not so needless as at first might be thought, although it sounds a trifle rude. In a recent land show an exhibit, half consisting in apples raised in an entirely different part of the country and bought from the car, was said to be one of the features; and this allegation was commonly made, known and accepted in that part of the West that furnished the real apples to this and, as was stated, to other exhibits also.

Be calm as possible when confronted by the alluring figures of the prospectus. Many mines have been sold in Arizona on the strength of the profits of the Calumet and Hecla, in Michigan, although there is quite a strip of country between. Sometimes good orchards have brought in twenty-five hundred dollars an acre—or even more. It does not necessarily follow that your proposed orchard ever will do so. There was a man in one apple district who had such an orchard; and, after harvesting his crop, he offered to sell the tract at one thousand dollars an acre. Was he foolish? He did not think so. He did not know what the next year would be, nor the average of ten years, nor the average of all his trees. As a matter of fact, apples seem to go in cycles of from three to five years, according to some old orchardists. Moreover, sometimes these high prices for an acre do not mean actual acres. A few good trees are counted and the rest is done by multiplication on paper. Sometimes, also, the maximum figures of the maximum years are thus quoted. Remember always the law of averages, so beneficial to the investor. Don't let hope blind your judgment.

What will be the probable prices you will obtain for your fruit? Perhaps you have had offered you in literature of the company only the maximum prices of the past few years. These splendid examples of fancy fruit from the West have struck the Eastern market much as a novelty and they have brought tremendous prices. High-grade apples in 1909 brought two dollars and a half to three dollars and thirty-five cents or more a box—and there was abundant demand. In the fall of 1910 there were some cars of a noted Western district that sold in New York as low as a dollar and thirty-five cents a box. There was no one who could tell the reason for this, for the market did not seem glutted and the fruit was of the highest possible quality and in perfect condition.

### *Matters for the Investor's Scrutiny*

SHOULD you go in for fancy fruit or the more common varieties? That is a hard question to answer. Nearly all of the developing districts have gone in for the fancy grades—Red McIntosh, Spitzenburg, Northern Spies, Jonathans, Newtown Pippins, and so forth. These irrigated apples are large in size and beautiful in color, and their showy nature insures a sale up to the natural demand of the world's markets for fancy fruit. What that demand is going to be in the future no man is today in a position to state.

Some have said that possibly these splendid apples from the Northwestern states are too big and too good. They argue that a café owner does not want to sell a man, even at twenty-five cents, a baked apple that swells him up and leaves him unable to eat—barely able to navigate, and indisposed to buy anything else thereafter. The medium apple—some say around a hundred and forty to the box—is mentioned by the more cautious as desirable for the average market. No one can tell about that either. Heretofore the European market has absorbed our fancy fruit and many believe it will continue to do so. Tasmania is now, however, putting out a good grade of apple which comes on the market in April. The market of the future and the taste of the future—the whims and vagaries of the future—are all things difficult to foresee.

What is going to be the future supply of apples and will the industry be liable to overproduction? One of the favorite arguments of the land salesman is that not half so many apples are raised today as there were fifteen years ago. Is this argument for or against the industry? The cold and unsympathetic statisticians of the United States Government declare that, of all the new orchards now being planted in the Northwest, not more than twenty-five per cent—some say not more than ten per cent—ever will grow up to be commercial orchards. Is this an argument pro or an argument con? The land salesmen are apt to point with enthusiasm to these statements and do not pause to reconcile them with their other claim that every man who goes into apples is bound to be rich before long.

Now, in spite of all these and some other adverse facts, the possibilities in the apple business do figure out handsomely. They are almost as handsome on paper as the old cow-business used to be. We could start with one "dogie" heifer and, applying a geometrical rate of fecundity, could build up a pyramid of bovine figures that would stagger the imagination. Much Eastern imagination got staggered. Some made money in cows; some did not. The glory of the cow-business is gone. If there were absolutely no foundation for this, and if it were all a gamble, there would not be so many shrewd men putting their money into large apple enterprises. There are hundreds of millions of dollars invested today in development enterprises in Montana, Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Colorado, Utah. Some of these are gravity systems of irrigation, some are artesian, some are pumping schemes. All of them base themselves upon the hope of great profit in the near future. There must be some such profit possible, at least for the expert and scientific orchardist who also is a good business man and an industrious worker. But are you and I, non-residents, of the elect?

Is irrigation always necessary in the apple business? As to the Northwestern coast, it may be said that lands east of the Cascade Mountains, or at least in the dryer valleys, require irrigation. The rainfall is heavy west of the Cascades, and in the better-class fruit districts there irrigation is not always practiced—rarely so, except on light and easily dried-out soils. The growth of fruit is slower in an unirrigated country, but it is apt to be of splendid appearance, of fine flavor and of good keeping quality. Irrigated apples may have very fine color and classify as fancy—and still not keep quite so well. The irrigated orchard is apt to make wood faster than the unirrigated and to bring in returns on the investment quicker. The usual statement in apple literature is to the effect that you begin to take down money at the end of the fourth year. Conservative orchardists and most experts say that the fifth or sixth year is far safer to depend upon, even under irrigation. In the rainfall countries of the Western coast they depend upon the seventh and eighth years. Now, as you must figure on paying interest on your money for this term, and as you must also provide a living for yourself meantime, this wait of four to eight years comes in the nature of something not wholly welcome to the eager investor.

Of course there is challenge of this statement, as there are challenges ready for almost any statement not wholly in accord with what we may call the current optimism of the Western promoter. Let us hear the other side. A promoter of good standing in Washington said: "From a seven-year-old orchard I expect and have known a yield of seven hundred boxes an acre. For an orchard ten years old, you could count on a thousand boxes an acre. If I get only seventy-five cents to a dollar and a half a box I am making big money, for it costs me only thirty-five cents a box to make apples. In my belief the fancy market must drop back to the common before long. At least I figure on lower prices. We ought to get seventy to one hundred boxes from our trees at the end of the fourth year. That is the year which we set as the first producing year for apples. The peaches come in the third year."

How can some sort of line be had on the most conservative possibilities of this industry? We are told that the profit in any business depends:

1. On the amount of capital invested in the business.
2. The period that must elapse before production can begin.
3. The normal risk inherent to the enterprise.
4. The prospective life of the enterprise.
5. The probable competition, market and price fluctuation in the product.
6. The allowance to be made for depreciation in the value of the property or in depreciation in or antiquation of machinery and appliances.
7. The nature of the undertaking as to whether cumulative or wasting.
8. The residual value of the assets.

The foregoing tests were applied by a writer who was studying the fair profits in mining.

It seems fair to apply some of these rules to our proposed investment in apples. Let us say it will take four years before we get returns. Let us figure the cost of our land, cared for by the company for four years, at four hundred to five hundred and fifty dollars an acre. The price slants up sharply for each deferred year, because the company is going to hold that land at about eight hundred dollars an acre at the fourth or fifth year, at least, in order to maintain the whole theory of great values on which it works. Figure your investment at ten acres. That allowance is not large enough, but it is about as much as the average city investor of small means can swing. Say the land cost five thousand dollars—two thousand down; three thousand at six per cent. Interest, then, starts in at a hundred and eighty dollars a year. You must remember, also, that if you retained all your money and invested it at five per cent you would have two hundred and fifty dollars a year coming in and nothing going out.

### *Pests and Blights That Must be Reckoned With*

WHAT is the normal risk? It is not good judgment to believe merely the rose-colored statements that tell you there is no risk. No one can predict what damage may be done by insect pests in any district. No one could tell that the San José scale was coming; yet it did come. Not long ago it made its appearance in a Virginia orchard twelve years of age, and all the Albemarle Pippins of that orchard had to be cut down. No one knew what the trouble was, and it was an outsider from the Northwest apple country who told them. Again, pear blight, or fire blight, is something which sometimes gets into an orchard in the Northwest. It is rapidly fatal. The only remedy is surgery—and surgery with antiseptic tools at that. Once a pest of this virulent nature gets a headway, the law may require that your orchard be burned. If you do not attend to it the inspector will do so and charge up the cost to you. Moreover, in even normal conditions, spraying is needful four to five times a year in most districts.

You must remember that the danger of borers in an orchard is something to be figured on. They kill off these pests wholesale by the use of carbon dioxide at times. If yours be a non-resident investment how can you be sure that all these things are done as they should be? That is part of your risk. Again, bad pruning may be done by your manager, in ignorance or carelessness. That is part of your risk. As to these things, no rule can be laid down; and no one can tell what pests the future may bring forth.

The amortization value of the orchard, as to its time limitation, somewhat resembles that of a mine. Some apple trees in Africa have lived to be over a hundred and fifty years of age. Most of those in unirrigated countries may be counted on to live forty years. Irrigated trees do not live quite so long. This, however, is something that should not trouble much the middle-aged man or the young man. The orchard will increase in value under proper care for a long term of years.

As to the residual value of your land, in case of any disaster from storms, pests or otherwise, you can figure what it will be worth, say, for producing alfalfa under irrigation. Perhaps that might be set down to be one hundred dollars an acre.

Now what can really be counted upon as returns for the land between the rows of the trees during that long wait for your first orchard

(Continued on Page 48

*How it Looks to Gentle Annie in the Springtime*

# THE GLORY OF CLEMENTINA

"I Told You I Was Going to Take Up the Study of Criminology. It's a Useful and Fascinating Science"

By WILLIAM J. LOCKE

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR I. KELLER

TO MY nephew Ephraim, for his soul's good, I bequeath my cellar of wine, which I adjure him to drink with care, thought, diligence and appreciation, being convinced that a sound judge of wine is or is on the way to becoming what my nephew is not, a judge of men and affairs."

Quixtus stared at the ironical words written in Matthew Quixtus' sharp, precise handwriting, and turned with a gray face to the lawyer who had pointed them out.

"Is that the only reference to me in the will, Mr. Henslow?" he asked.

"Unfortunately yes, Doctor Quixtus. You can see for yourself." He handed Quixtus the document.

Matthew Quixtus had bequeathed large sums of money to charities, smaller sums to old servants, the wine to Ephraim and the residue of his estate to a Quixtus unknown to Ephraim, save by hearsay, who had settled thirty years before in New York. Even Tommy Burgrave, with whom Matthew Quixtus had been on good terms, was not mentioned; but he had quarreled years before with his niece, Tommy's mother, for making an impecunious marriage and, to do him justice, had never promised the boy anything. The will was dated a few weeks back and had been witnessed by the butler and the coachman.

"I should like you to understand, Doctor Quixtus," said Henslow, "that, until we found that envelope, I had no idea that your uncle had made a fresh will. I came here with the old one in my hand, which I drew up and which has been in my office safe for fifteen years. Under that, I need not tell you, you were, with the exception of a few trifling legacies, the sole legatee. I am deeply grieved."

"Let me see that date again," said Quixtus.

He pressed his hands to his eyes and thought. It was the day before his arrival on his last visit.

The telegram announcing Matthew Quixtus' sudden death had brought a gleam of light into a soul that for a week had been black with misery. It awakened him to a sense of outer things. A sincere affection for the old man had been a lifelong habit. It was a shock to realize that he was no longer alive. Besides, having always unconsciously taken a child's view of death, he felt genuinely sorry for his uncle's sake—that he should have died. Impulses of pity, tenderness, regret, stirred in his deadened heart. He forthwith set out for Devonshire and, when he arrived at Croxton, stood over the pinched, waxen face till the tears came into his eyes.

He had summoned Tommy Burgrave, the only other member of the family in England; but Tommy had not been able to attend. He had caught cold while painting in the open air and was in bed with a slight attack of congestion of the lungs. Quixtus was alone in the great house. With the aid of Henslow he made the funeral arrangements. The old man was laid to rest in the quiet churchyard of Croxton. Half the county came to pay their tributes to his memory and shook Quixtus by the hand. Then he came back to the house and, in the presence of one or two of the old servants, the will was read.

It had been dated the day before his arrival on his last visit. The thing had been written and signed and witnessed and sealed, and was lying in that locked drawer in the library all the time the old man was welcoming him, flattering him, showing him deference. All the suavity and deference had been mockery. The old man had made him a notorious geck and gull.

His pale blue eyes hardened and he turned an expressionless face to the lawyer.

"I'm afraid it would not be possible," said Henslow, "to have the will set aside on the ground of, say, senility on the part of the testator."

"My uncle had every faculty at its keenest when he wrote it," said Quixtus, "including that of merciless cruelty."

"It was a heartless jest," the lawyer agreed.

"If you will do me a service, Mr. Henslow, you might be kind enough to instruct one of the servants to pack up my bag and forward it to my London address. I am going now to the railway station."

The lawyer looked at his watch and put out a detaining hand.

"There's not a decent train for two or three hours."

"I would rather," said Quixtus, "ride a tortoise home than stay in this house another moment."

He walked out of the room and out of the house; and after waiting at the station, whence he dispatched a telegram to his housekeeper, who was not expecting him back for two or three days, took the first train—a slow one—to London.

In his corner of the railway carriage the much-afflicted man sat motionless, brooding. Everything had happened that could shake to its foundations a man's faith in humanity and swallow it up in abysmal darkness. Suddenly, as though by a prearranged design—as we know was the case with his forerunner in the Land of Uz—cataclysm after cataclysm had revealed to him the essential baseness, treachery, cruelty, of mankind; for in his eyes these were proved to be essential qualities. Had they not been revealed to him—not by fitful gleams, but in one steady, lurid glare—in the nature of those who had been nearest to him in the world Angela, Will Hammersley, Marrable, Huckaby, Vandermeer, Billiter, Matthew Quixtus? If the same hell-streak ran through the souls of these, surely it must run through the souls of all the sons and daughters of Adam.

Now here came the great puzzle. Why should he, Ephraim Quixtus—so far as he could tell—vary from the unkindly race of man? Why, hitherto, had baseness, treachery and cruelty been as foreign to his nature as an overpowering inclination toward arson or homicide? Why had he been unequipped with these qualities which appeared to serve mortals as weapons wherewith to fight the common battle of life? The why, he could not tell. That he had them not was obvious. That he had gone to the wall through lack of them was obvious too. Instead of the dagger of baseness, the sword of cruelty, the shield of treachery—all finely tempered implements of war—he had been fighting with the wooden lath of virtue and the brawn-buckler of trust.

Armed as he should have been, he would have outmaneuvered Marrable at his own game, kept his wife in chaste and wholesome terror of his jealousy, sent Huckaby & Co. long since to the limbo where they belonged, deluded his uncle into the belief that he was a devil of a fellow—and now be standing with flapping wings and crowing voice triumphant on this dunghill of a world. But he had been hopelessly outmatched. Whosoever had taken upon himself the responsibility of equipping him for the battle of life had been guilty of incredible negligence. But on whom could he call to remedy this defect? Men called on the Unknown God to make them good; but it would be idiotic as well as blasphemous to call on Him to make one bad. How, then, were the essential qualities of baseness, treachery and cruelty to be captured and brought into his armory? Perhaps the Devil might help! But we are so matter-of-fact and scientific in these days that even the simple soul of Quixtus couldn't quite believe in his existence.

If he had lived in the Middle Ages—so in scholarly gloom ran his fancy—he could have drawn circles and pentagrams and things on the floor, and uttered the incantations, and all the hierarchy of hell would have been at his command—Satanas, Lucifer, Mephistopheles, Asmodeus, Samael, Azaziel, Beelzebub, Azazel, Macathiel. Quixtus rather leaned toward Macathiel; the name suggested a merciless, bowelless, high-cheekboned devil in a kilt.

Impatiently he shook his thoughts free from the fantastic channel into which they had wandered and brought them back into the ever-thickening slough of his soul. The train lumbered on, stopping at pretty wayside stations, where fresh-faced folks with awkward gait and soft, deep voices, clattered cheerily past Quixtus' windows on their way to or from the third-class carriages, or at the noisier, bustling stations of large towns. Now and then a well-dressed traveler invaded his solitude for a short distance; but Quixtus sat in his remote corner, seeing and hearing nothing; brooding on the baseness, treachery and cruelty of mankind. He had come to the end of love, the end of trust, the end of friendship. When the shapes of those who were still loyal to him flitted across his darkened fancy he cursed them in his heart. They were as corrupt as the rest. That they had not been found out in their villainy only proved a thicker mask of hypocrisy. He had finished with them all. If he had been a more choleric man, gifted with the power of picturesque vehemence of language, he might have outrivaled Timon of Athens in the denunciations of his fellows.

It must be a relief to any one in such a frame of mind to stand up and, with violent gestures, express his views in terms of sciatica, itches, blains, leprosy, venomed worms and ulcerous sores; and to call upon the blessed, breeding sun to draw from the earth rotten humidity and below his sister's orb to infect the air. He knows exactly what he feels, gives it full artistic expression and finds himself all the better for it. But Quixtus, inarticulate, had no such comfort. Indeed, he could hardly have expressed the welter of horror, hate and misery that was his moral being in any form of speech whatever. As the train rumbled on, the phrase "Evil, be thou my good!" wove itself into the rhythm of the machinery. He let it sing dully and stupidly

in his ears; and his mind worked subconsciously back to Macathiel.

As yet he had imagined no future attitude toward life. His soul was in a state of negation. The insistent invocation of evil was but a catchword irritating his brain and having no real significance. At the most he envisaged the future as a period of inactive misanthropy and suspicion. He had as yet no stirrings to action. On the other hand he did not, like Job after the first series of afflictions, rend his clothes, shave his head and bear his reverses with pious resignation.

The train arrived an hour late—as slow trains are apt to do—and it was nearly half past eleven when he reached his house in Russell Square. He opened the door with his latch-key. The hall was dark, contrary to custom. He switched on the light and, turning, saw that the letter-box had not been cleared. Mechanically he took out the letters and, beneath the hall lamp, glanced at the outside of the envelopes. Among them was the telegram he had sent from Devonshire.

Even a man wallowing in the deepest abysses of spiritual misery needs food; and when he finds that a telegram ordering supper—for his return was unexpected—has not been opened he may be pardoned purely material disappointment and irritation. Mrs. Pennycook, the housekeeper, must have profited by his absence to take a holiday. But what business had she to take a holiday and leave the house uncared for at that time of night? For, if she had returned, she would have lit the hall light and cleared the letter-box. He resigned himself peevishly to the prospect of a biscuit and a whisky and soda in the little back room where he ate his meals.

He strode down the passage to the head of the kitchen stairs and opened the study door. A glare of light met his eyes—and a moment afterward something else. This was Mrs. Pennycook in an armchair, sleeping a bedraggled sleep, with two empty quart champagne bottles and an empty whisky bottle by her side. He shook her hard by the shoulders, but beyond stertorous and jerky breaths the blissful lady showed no signs of animation.

It was then that a constricting thread snapped in Quixtus' brain. It was then, as if by a trick of magic, that all the vaguely billowing horrors, disillusions, disgusts, resentments, hatreds, coördinated themselves into a scheme of fierce vividness.

Now, when a little thread snaps in a man's brain after a period of stress, all sorts of extraordinary things may happen.

Just as the boils made Job, who had borne the annihilation of his family with equanimity, open his mouth and curse his day, so did a drunken servant who neglected to give him his supper awaken Ephraim Quixtus to the glorious thrill of a remorseless, relentless malignity.

He threw up his hands and laughed aloud—peals of unearthly laughter that woke the echoes of the empty house; that woke the canary in its cage by the window, causing it to utter a few protesting "cheeps"; that arrested the policeman on his beat outside; that did everything a human laugh can do in the way of noise, even stimulating the blissful lady to half open a glazed eye for the fraction of a second. After his paroxysm of laughter had subsided he looked at the woman for a moment and then, with an air of peculiar malevolence, took a sheet of notepaper from a small writing table beneath the canary's cage and wrote on it:

"Let me never see your face again. E. Q."

This, by the aid of a hairpin that had fallen into her lap, he pinned to her apron. Then, with another laugh, he left her beneath the glare of the light and went out into the street. He was thrilled, like a drunken man, with a new sense of life. Years had fallen from his shoulders. He had solved the riddle of the world. Baseness, treachery, cruelty—he felt them pulsating in his heart with a maddening joy of existence. Evil was his good. He was no longer even a base, treacherous and cruel man. He was a devil incarnate. The long, exultant years in front of him would be spent in deeds of shame and crimes and unprecedented wickedness. If there was a throne to be waded to through slaughter, through slaughter would he wade to it. He would shut the gates of mercy on mankind. He held out both hands in front of him, with stiffened, outspread fingers. If only there was a human throat between them how they would close around it! How he would gloat over the dying agony! Caligula was the man for him. He regretted his untimely death. What a colleague could have been made of the fiend who wished that the whole human race had one neck, so that it could be severed at one blow!

"What on Earth Do You Know About It? Just Tell Me—are You a Woman or am I?"

He had reached this stage in his exultant reflections when he found himself outside a restaurant, which he had never entered, at the Oxford Street end of the Tottenham Court Road. He remembered that he was hungry; that a newborn spirit of wickedness must be fed. He went in, unconscious of the company or the surroundings, and ordered supper. The waiter said that it was nearly closing time. Quixtus called for a plate of cold beef and a whisky and soda. He devoured the meat ravenously, forgetful of the bread by his side, and drank the drink at a gulp. Having lit a cigar, he threw half a sovereign on the table and walked out. He walked along the streets heedless of direction—down Shaftesbury Avenue, across Piccadilly Circus, blazing with light, through Leicester Square, along the still hurrying Strand to Fleet Street noiseless and empty—his brain on fire, weaving exquisite fabrics of devilry.

Suddenly he halted on a glorious thought: Why should he not begin there and then? The whole of London, with its crime and sin and rottenness, was before him. He retraced his steps to the Babylon of the West. What could he do? Where could he find adequate wickedness? When he reached Charing Cross again it was dark and deserted. A square mile of London has every night about an hour of tearing, surging, hectic life. Then all of a sudden the thousands of folks are swept away to the four corners of the mighty city—and all is still.

A woman, as Quixtus passed, quickened her pace and murmured words. Here was a partner in wickedness to his hand; but the flesh of the delicately fibered man revolted simultaneously with the thought. No. That did not come within his scheme of wickedness. He slipped a coin into the woman's palm—because she looked so forlorn—and went his way. She was useless for his purpose. What he sought was some occasion for pitilessness, for doing evil to his fellow creatures. A fine rain began to fall, but he heeded it not, burning with the sense of adventure. A reminiscence of Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde crossed his mind. Hyde, like Caligula, was also the man for him. Didn't he once throw a child down in a lonely street and stamp on it?

He walked and walked through the now silent places; and the more he walked the less opening for wickedness did he see. The potentialities of Babylon appeared to him overrated. After a wide and aimless détour, he found himself again at Charing Cross. He struck down Whitehall; but in Whitehall and Parliament Street the stately palaces on each side, vast museums of an empire's decorum, forbade the suggestion of wickedness. The belated omnibuses and cabs that passed along were invested with a momentary hush of respectability. He turned up the Thames Embankment and saw the mass of the great buildings, with here and there patches of lighted windows showing above the treetops of the gardens, the benches below filled with huddled, sodden shapes of human misery, the broad, silent thoroughfares, the parapet, the dimly seen river below—a black mirror marked by streaks of light, reflections from lamps on parapet and bridges, the low-lying wharves on the opposite side swallowed up in blackness—and no attractive wickedness was apparent. Nor was there any on the great bridge, disturbed only by the slow wagons—mountains high—bringing food for the insatiable multitude of London and lumbering on in endless trail with an impressive fatefulness; nor even at the coffee stall at the corner of the Waterloo Bridge Road—its damp little swarm of frequenters clustering to it like bees, their faces illuminated by the segment of light cast by the reflector at the back of the stall, all harmlessly drinking cocoa or wistfully watching others drink it.

For a moment he thought of joining the swarm, as some of the faces looked alluringly foxy and vile; but the inbred instinct of fastidiousness made him pass it by. He plunged into the unsavory streets beyond. They were still and ghostly. All things diabolical could no doubt be found behind those silent windows; but at two o'clock in the morning sin is generally asleep—and sleeping sin and sleeping virtue are as alike as two pins. Meanwhile the fine rain fell unceasingly and the earnest seeker after wickedness began to feel wet and chilly.

This is a degenerate age. A couple of centuries ago Quixtus could have manned a ship with cutthroats, hoisted the skull and crossbones and become the terror of the seas. Or, at a more recent date, if he had been a Corsican he could have taken his gun and gone into the *maquis* and declared war on the island. If he had lived in the fourteenth century he could have become a *condottiere*, after the fashion of the gentle Duke Guarnieri who, wearing on his breast a silver badge with the inscription, "The Enemy of God, of Pity and of Mercy," gained for himself enviable unpopularity in northern Italy. As a Malay he could have taken a queerly curving, businesslike knife and run amuck, to his great personal satisfaction. In prehistoric times he could have sat for a couple of delicious months in a cave polishing and sharpening a beautiful axhead; and, having fitted it to its haft, he could have gone forth and—probably skulking behind trees, so as to get his victims in the rear—have had as gorgeous a time as was given to prehistoric man to imagine. But, nowadays, who can do these delightful, vindictive and misanthropical things with any feeling of security? If Quixtus, obeying a logically developed impulse, had attempted to slaughter a young man in evening dress in Piccadilly he most indubitably would have to be hanged, to say nothing of being subjected to all the sordid procedure of a trial for murder.

Nor is this all. Owing to some flaw in our system of education, Quixtus had not been trained to deeds of violence; no one had set before him even the theoretical philosophy of the subject. You may argue, I am aware, that we use other weapons now than the cutlass of the pirate or the stone ax of the Quaternary age; we have the subtler vengeance of voice and pen, which can give a more exquisite finish to the devastation of human lives. But I would remind you that Quixtus, through the neglect of his legal studies and practice, was ignorant of the ordinary laws of chicane and of the elementary principles of financial dishonesty that guided the nefariousness of folks like "Gehenna Unlimited."

It must be admitted, therefore, that Quixtus entered on his career of depravity greatly handicapped.

The gray light of a hopeless May dawn was just beginning to outline the towers and spires of Westminster against the sky when Quixtus found himself by the Westminster Hospital. He was damp and chill, somewhat depressed. The thrill of adventure had passed away, leaving disappointment and a little disillusion in its place. He was also physically fatigued, and his shoulders and feet ached. One ghostly hansom cab stood on the rank, the horse drooping its dejected head into a lean nosebag, the driver asleep inside. Quixtus resolved to arouse the man from his slumbers and, abandoning the pursuit of evil for the night, drive home to Russell Square; but, as he was crossing the road toward the vehicle, a miserable abject, starting up from the earth, ran by his side and addressed him in a voice that scarcely rose above a whisper:

"For Gord's sake, guv'nor, spare a poor man a copper or two. I've not tasted food for twenty-four hours."

Quixtus stopped, his instinctive fingers diving into his pence pocket. Suddenly an idea struck him.

"You must have led a very evil life," said he, "to have come to this stage of destitution."

"Whatcher gettin' at?" growled the applicant, one eye fixed suspiciously on Quixtus' face, the other on the fumbling hand.

"I'm not going to preach to you—far from it," said Quixtus; "but I should like to know. You must have seen a great deal of wickedness in your time."

"If you arsk me," opined the man, "there's nothing but wickedness in this blankety-blank world."

He did not say "blankety-blank," but used other and more lurid epithets which, though they were not exactly the ones that Quixtus himself would have chosen, at least showed him that his companion and himself were agreed in their fundamental conception of the universe.

"If you will tell me where I can find some," he said, "I will give you half a crown."

A glimmer of astonished interest lit up the man's dull eyes. "Whatcher want to know for?"

"That's my business," said Quixtus.

The cabman, suddenly awakened, saw the possibility of a fare. He clambered out of the vehicle.

"Cab, sir?" he called across the road.

"Yes," said Quixtus.

"'Arf a crown?" said the battered man.

"Certainly," said Quixtus.

"Then I'll tell yer, guv'nor. I've been a bookie's tout—see? Not a slap-up bookie in the ring, but an outside one—one what did a bit of welshing when he could see? And what I say is that I seed more wickedness there than anywhere else. If you want to see blankety-blank wickedness you go on the turf." He cleared his throat, but his whisper had grown almost inaudible. "I've gone and lost my voice," he said.

Quixtus looked at the drenched, starved, voiceless, unshorn horror of a man, standing outcast and dying of want and wickedness in the gray dawn, under the shadow of the central symbols of the pomp and majesty of England.

"You look very ill," said he.

"Consumpshon," breathed the man.

Quixtus shivered. The cabman, who had hastily dispossessed the dejected horse of the nosebag, had climbed into his dickey and was swinging the cab round.

"I thank you very much for your information," said Quixtus. "Here's half a sovereign."

Voicelessness and wonder provoked an inarticulate wheeze like the spitting of a cat. The man was still gaping at the unaccustomed coin in his hand when the cab drove off; but Quixtus had not been many minutes on his way when a thought smote him like a sledge-hammer. He brought his fist down furiously on the leather seat.

"What a fool! What a monumental fool I've been!" he cried.

He had just realized that the Devil had offered him as pretty a little chance of sheer wickedness as could be met with on a May morning, which he had not taken. Instead of giving the man ten shillings he ought to have laughed in his face, taunted him with his emaciation and driven off without paying the half crown he had promised. To have let the very first opportunity slip through his fingers! He would have to wear a badge like that of the gentle Duke Guarnieri to keep his wits from wandering.

When he reached home he looked for a moment into the little room at the head of the kitchen stairs. The blissful one still slept, a happy smile on her face and the paper pinned to her apron.

There was surely some chance of wickedness here! Quixtus *furens* scratched an inventive head. Suppose he carried her outside and set her on the doorstep? He regarded her critically. She was buxom—about twelve stone. He was a spare and unathletic man. A great yawn interrupted his speculations and turning off the light he stumbled off sleepily and wearily to bed.

*VI*

THE blissful one carried out her master's written injunction. He did not see her face again. She packed up her trunks the next morning and silently stole away with a racking headache and a set of gold teaspoons which she took in lieu of a month's wages. The vague female awakened Quixtus and prepared his breakfast. When he asked her whether she could cook lunch she grew pale, but said that she would try. She went to the nearest butcher, bought a fibrous organic substance which he asserted to be prime rump steak and, coming back, did something desperate with it in a frying-pan. After the first disastrous mouthful Quixtus rose from the table.

"I give it to you for yourself, my good woman," said he, priding himself on his murderous intent. "I'll get lunch elsewhere."

He went back to his club, for the first time in many days; and this marked his reappearance in the great world.

He was halfway through his meal when a man, passing down the room from pay-desk to door, caught sight of him and approached with extended hand.

"My dear Quixtus! How good it is to see you again!"

He was a bald, pink-faced little man, wearing great, round gold spectacles that seemed to be fitted on to his smiles. Kindliness and the gladness of life emanated from him as perfume does from a jar of attar of roses. His name was Wonnacott and he was a member of the council of the Anthropological Society. Quixtus, who had known him for years, scanned his glad, cherubic face and set him down as a false-hearted scoundrel. With this mental reservation, he greeted him cordially enough.

"We want you badly," said Wonnacott. "Things aren't all they should be at the Society."

"The monkey's tail peeping out between their coat-tails?" Quixtus asked eagerly.

"No. No. It's only Griffiths." Griffiths was the vice-president. "He knows his subject as well as anybody, but he's a perfect fool in the chair. We want you back."

"Very good of you to say so," replied Quixtus; "but I'm thinking of resigning from the Society altogether, giving up the study of anthropology and presenting my collection to a criminal lunatic asylum."

Wonnacott, laughing, drew a chair from the vacant table next to Quixtus' and sat down.

"Why —— What?"

"We know how primitive man in most of the epochs slew his enemies, cooked his food and adorned or disfigured his person; but of the subtle workings of his malignant mind we are hopelessly ignorant."

"I don't suppose his mind was more essentially malignant than yours or mine," said Wonnacott.

"Quite so," Quixtus agreed; "but we can study the malignancy, the brutality and bestiality of the minds of us living people. We are books open for each other to read. Historic man, too, we can study from documents—Nero, Alexander the Sixth, Titus Oates, Sweeny Tod the Barber ——"

"But, my dear man," smiled Wonnacott, "you are getting into the province of criminology."

"It's the only science worth studying," said Quixtus. Then, after a pause, during which the waiter put the Stilton in front of him and handed him the basket of biscuits: "Do you ever go to race-meetings?"

"Sometimes. Yes," laughed the other, startled at the unexpectedness of the question. "I have my little weaknesses, like other men."

"There must be a great deal of wickedness to be found on racecourses."

"Possibly," replied Wonnacott apologetically, "but I've never seen any myself."

Quixtus musingly buttered a piece of biscuit. "That's a pity—a great pity. I was thinking of going on the turf. I was told that nowhere else could such depravity be found."

One or two of Wonnacott's smiles dropped, as it were, from his face and he looked keenly at Quixtus. He saw a hard glitter in the once mild china-blue eyes and an unnatural hardness in the setting of the once kindly lips. There was a curious new eagerness on a face that had always been distinguished by a gentle repose. The hands, too, that manipulated the knife and biscuits shook fervently.

"I'm afraid you're not looking very well, my dear fellow," said he.

"Not well?" Quixtus laughed, somewhat harshly. "Why, I feel ten times younger than I did this time yesterday. I've never been so well in my life. Why, I could ——" He stopped and regarded Wonnacott suspiciously. "No. I won't tell you what I could do."

He drank the remainder of his glass of white wine and threw his napkin on the table. "Let's go and smoke," said he.

*(Continued on Page 56)*

*"If You Arsk Me, There's Nothing but Wickedness in This Blankety-Blank World"*

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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## What Comes After Diaz?

MODERN accounts of Mexico often begin to this effect: "The constitution was adopted in 1857 and is closely modeled upon that of the United States." Many intelligent observers agree that the inhabitants of Mexico, consisting largely of Indians and half-breeds, among whom reading and writing are comparatively rare arts and whose political experience is strictly limited to fighting, are quite incapable of working such a constitution; so that whoever succeeds Diaz will be obliged to govern according to his own lights, as Diaz did. Whether such a government is good or bad is merely a matter of luck.

The successor of President Diaz may find it impracticable to put the constitution into effect, because the people lack sufficient political experience and intelligence to work such a constitution successfully; but they will never gain that experience under a system like that of Diaz, which rigidly excludes them from politics. If the successor excludes them because they are inexperienced he, like Diaz, will leave them just where he found them in the grand particular of ability to protect themselves, except spasmodically, at rare intervals, by resort to arms. For a hundred years the Mexicans have been demonstrating that they know how to fight; and the last century of Mexican history shows that ability to fight, without some political ability, does a people little good. After each victory they remain, as before, subject to whatever mere luck may bring them of good or bad in a ruler. Excluding a people from politics, as Diaz did, because they are politically inexperienced, is of a piece with keeping a child out of the water because he doesn't know how to swim.

## No State Income Tax

ONE argument against ratification of the constitutional amendment for a Federal income tax is that this mode of taxation should be reserved for use of the states; but Professor Seligman, in his comprehensive history of the subject, has shown that taxes on incomes cannot be levied successfully by a state.

More than a hundred years ago England discovered that, by taxing incomes at their source instead of at their destination, the efficiency of an income tax was doubled; and under present conditions the stoppage-at-source method is relatively even more efficient. By far the greater part of the English income tax is now collected at the source of the income. Railroads, banks and other corporations, in paying dividends and bond interest, simply deduct the income tax—thereby beneficially relieving the recipient of the income from the temptation to dodge his taxes. This is the only way in which an income tax could be levied successfully in the United States—as the sad record of our attempts to tax personal property in the hands of its owners conclusively proves.

No state, however, can tax the incomes of its citizens at the source, because the source too generally lies outside the state's jurisdiction. New York, for example, cannot require the Steel Trust, which is a corporation of the state of New Jersey, or the Union Pacific Railway, which is a corporation of the state of Utah, to collect a tax levied at Albany. A state attempt to tax incomes would simply repeat, in greater degree, the failure of state attempts to tax concealable personal property.

Five states now have income tax laws. Virginia last year collected a little over a hundred thousand dollars. In Massachusetts' statutes a remnant of an income tax remains, but the yield is so trivial that the tax reports do not state it. At last reports, North Carolina's income tax yielded thirty-seven thousand dollars, South Carolina's eleven thousand, and Oklahoma's three thousand. Only the Federal Government can levy an income tax effectively.

## The Poor Man's Vote in England

MANY months ago Chancellor Lloyd George foreshadowed the scheme of state-aided insurance for working people against sickness and unemployment, which is embodied in the bill that he recently introduced. The measure is complementary to the old-age pension plan, which his party carried through Parliament two years ago. It makes insurance against sickness compulsory upon all who earn less than eight hundred dollars a year; and this will apply, it is estimated, to nearly fifteen million wage-earners. The indemnity consists of two dollars and a half a week over a period of three months, if illness lasts that long, and of a dollar and a quarter a week for life in case of total disability. Over half the indemnity fund is to be raised by assessments of eight cents a week upon the insured, the employer contributing three cents and the Government two cents.

This, like the old-age pension plan, is described as a bid for the poor man's vote, and it is significant that the Conservative party acquiesces in both the insurance and the pension schemes.

State pensions for the aged and state-aided insurance against sickness and unemployment are undoubtedly socialistic, and as such may arouse the gravest apprehension in conservative minds. On the other hand, Great Britain is an exceedingly rich country and for a great many years has been steadily growing richer. In a little over ten years taxed incomes have risen from two and a half billion to more than five billion dollars; exports of merchandise have risen from below a billion and a half to more than two billion and a half; bank deposits have increased over fifty per cent. In the last year the state of trade has been especially flourishing; but, in spite of all that, an enormous number of wage-earners and voters are so little provided against old age, sickness and unemployment that they jump at the chance of a two-dollar-and-a-half weekly indemnity, to the payment of which they themselves contribute more than half.

## The Idiotic Indictment

MURDER has been written of as a fine art, but it remained for the United States to treat it as a sport. In many of the states an indictment for murder contains nearly enough words to fill a column of this weekly and sounds like the conversation of an idiot. Here is a sample:

"That the said J. F. G. a certain pistol then and there charged with gunpowder and leaden bullets, which said pistol he, the said J. F. G., then and there in his right hand had and held, then and there unlawfully, purposely and of deliberate and premeditated malice, did discharge and shoot off to, against and upon the said F. M., with the intent aforesaid, and that the said J. F. G., with the leaden bullets aforesaid, out of the pistol aforesaid, by the force of the gunpowder aforesaid, by the said J. F. G., then and there discharged and shot off as aforesaid, him, the said F. M., in and upon the upper right side of the back of him, the said F. M., then and there ——"

This isn't as idiotic as it looks, however. It is part of our sporting theory of justice, which makes a murder trial a game of skill and finesse between opposing counsel. By the slightest deviation from statutory form one side may lose the game. Convictions for the most abhorrent crimes have repeatedly been set aside because of trivial verbal omissions in the indictment.

Had the murder referred to in the above quotation occurred in Canada, the indictment would have read simply: "The jurors of our lord the King present that J. F. G., on the sixth day of August, one thousand nine hundred and eight, at the city of Winnipeg, in the Province of Manitoba, murdered F. M." Canadian procedure concerns itself with the murder; ours, in many jurisdictions, concerns itself with the legal sport, whether the murderer is punished or not being a secondary consideration.

## Applause for a Trust

THE annual report of the International Harvester Company shows that in 1910 its sales, for the first time, exceeded one hundred million dollars, having almost doubled in the last five years. Of far greater importance than that, however, is the following statement:

"During the year the company put into operation a comprehensive plan for compensating its employees for injuries resulting from industrial accidents. This plan is based upon the principle that the industry should bear the burden of industrial accidents and that compensation should be paid promptly to all injured employees, or in case of death to their dependents, according to a fixed scale, regardless of legal liability. The company has thus been a pioneer in attempting to solve the difficult problem of avoiding the waste, delays, injustices and antagonisms incident to personal-injury litigation."

The compensation is moderate, consisting of three years' wages in case of death, four years' wages in case of total blindness, or loss of both feet, or both hands, or one foot and one hand—and so on down. This is far better, however, than the barbarous old contingent-fee system, under which lawyers' and court costs absorb two-thirds to three-quarters of all the money that is disbursed on account of industrial accidents; and the fake damage claim stands quite as good a show as the honest one.

This company is a trust, but in this compensation matter it is fifty years ahead of nearly all our sovereign states.

## Getting Wise Too Late

IF THE House of Lords, in 1908 or even 1909, had brought forward a proposal to reform itself upon the radical lines laid down in Lord Lansdowne's recent bill, the offer almost certainly would have been accepted with joy; and in all probability it would have preserved the Upper Chamber in its ancient equality with the Commons for many years. For at least forty years before 1908, leading statesmen of England had been declaring that the House of Lords should be reformed. If a Conservative peer in 1908, however, had proposed that membership of the Upper House be reduced to three hundred and fifty, of whom only one hundred should be chosen by the Lords themselves, he would probably have been judged insane by his fellow peers; and when Lord Lansdowne offers that proposal in 1911 the victorious Liberals greet it with open derision. They will accept nothing less, practically, than complete subjugation of the Upper House.

Most of the troubles of which history is a record arise from the regrettable fact that power and privilege so indurate human nature that it cannot be reformed with anything except a club or an ax. A contingent in the United States Senate is standing, as to the tariff, exactly where it stood two or twenty years ago.

## The Price of Farm Products

WHEAT futures, at this writing, are about sixteen cents a bushel lower than a year ago, corn about ten cents and oats nine cents, while hog products show a decline of more than one-third. These facts have been mentioned over and over again in Congress as dire examples of what a threat of tariff revision in general and Canadian reciprocity in particular is doing to the farmer.

One year ago wheat futures were about eight cents a bushel lower than at the corresponding period in 1909, corn seven cents lower and oats eleven cents. High tariff Republicans were then in full control of Congress and their overthrow was, at most, an uncertain contingency; also, hog products were decidedly higher than they had been the year before.

We produced last year about five billion bushels of wheat, corn and oats against an average of about four and one-third billions in the three preceding years. The corn crop alone—which is the raw material of pork and beef products—was half a billion bushels above the average of the two preceding years. Grain prices are affected by prospects; and this spring the crop prospect is high.

If Congress has control over any marines who would believe the yarn that its action is depressing farm prices it should immediately discharge them.

## Free Trade in Farm Pests

OUR customs laws have been so busy protecting the farmer by putting high duties on the things he buys that they have quite overlooked the opportunity to protect him in a humbler but more profitable way. One result, says Mr. Marlatt, of the Department of Agriculture, in the National Geographic Magazine, is that the United States has become a sort of dumping-ground for infected nursery stock. Austria-Hungary, France, Germany, Holland, Switzerland and Turkey have absolutely prohibited the entry of nursery stock from this country.

We have imported, duty free, the Hessian fly, the codling moth, the gipsy moth, the cotton-boll weevil, the San José scale and a choice assortment of other pests, which have caused farmers and orchardists almost incalculable loss. In a single year the Hessian fly has destroyed wheat that would have been worth a hundred million dollars at harvest. The average annual loss from the cotton-boll weevil is estimated at twenty-five million dollars. Fully as great is the loss to orchardists from the codling moth and San José scale, while the New England states are now spending over a million dollars a year in efforts to exterminate gipsy and brown-tail moths. A properly enforced quarantine inspection law in the past, says Mr. Marlatt, would have excluded many of these imported pests.

# WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

## Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

### A Long Silence Broken

WITH a self-restraint that was admirable Senator John D. Works, of California, arose, after fifteen and a half days of his Senatorship had passed leadenly over his head, and set the Senate right on several important matters—notably the initiative, the referendum and the recall.

Last words, it seems, are the intimate specialty of Senator Works; and from this time out we may reasonably expect a large quantity of last-wording will be done by him, it being the Senator's firm conviction—as it appears—that any last word he does not enunciate is spurious, not guaranteed under the Constitution, in contravention of the Dred Scott decision, the principles as laid down in the Standard Oil contention, the farmers' free list and the rules of the national board of baseball control.

Hence there were those who marveled at the repression of the Senator during those fifteen and a half days. How came he to remain silent so long, with all this final and definite knowledge sloshing around in him? The most plausible reason assigned was that the Senate was in session but eight times—including the one when the Senator came forth—in those fifteen and a half days, and then but briefly, but that did not cover the case wholly, for the Senator was sworn in on April fourth and might have begun instructing the Senate within a few minutes after that epochal event, his name beginning with W, thus putting him in the last batch of new Senators who appeared before the Vice-President and affixed themselves firmly to the payroll by taking the oath.

He did not do it. Instead, he sat silent for seven sessions of the Senate, for nine or ten hours, when he might have been talking—held himself in heroic curb, so to speak. Then, with no other thought than to guide the wavering steps of some of those statesmen who have been there only twelve or eighteen years; with no other ambition than to mark out a path for his colleagues; with no thought beyond the ultimate regeneration of that body and no plan except to be the beacon, to show them the right, to enumerate the mistakes of the past hundred years or so and, in general, to impart to the Senate a few much-needed bits of advice, suggestion and admonition, he arose—with no other thought, as I have said, except the thoughts alluded to above and the pardonable curiosity to see how his name would look in the dispatches and in the Congressional Record.

Grateful for the benefits being bestowed, all those Senators who could not find anybody to talk to in the cloakrooms, who had had their luncheons, who had no letters to write or constituents to see, and no other excuse for absenting themselves from the chamber, listened to the Senator's exposition of the Arizona constitution and the initiative, the referendum and the recall. Pleasantly pedagogical, his address was received with marked attention—as all Senators hanker for instruction from the newer members—and with especially marked attention by Senator Heyburn, of Idaho. It would, of course, be beside the mark to say Senator Heyburn was jealous—no Senator could be jealous, except of the traditions and conventions and reputation and a few other things of the Senate. Nor does the Senator from Idaho lend himself physically to the suspicion of jealousy, he being of full habit and a jolly dog—ha-ha!

#### Warned Off the Premises

NOTWITHSTANDING, it did seem that the Senator from Idaho perceived to a degree that here was a trespasser on his preserves, for the Senator from Idaho for several years past has had the exclusive pedagogic privilege of the Senate. He has been the chap to tell all and sundry when they were wrong and how to be right; and more particularly as regards the burning questions that come up now and then concerning the Civil War, the Senator being firmly of the opinion that the war is not yet over. So, when the Senator from Idaho saw the Senator from California impinging on his specialty—instruction and advice—he sat uneasily until the Senator from California made some reference to the Lorimer case and "the ingenious method of counting the vote" thereon.

It so happened that the Senator from Idaho was one of the most ingenious in counting said vote, he serving on the subcommittee of the Committee on Privileges and Elections that investigated Lorimer's election; and he arose with stately mien and shouted hoarsely: "Hold!" Works held. "I rise," said Heyburn, "to a point of order. I desire to call the Senator's attention to the rule forbidding a Senator in debate to impute to another Senator or to a Senate committee motives unbecoming to a Senator." Mr. Works disclaimed. Mr. La Follette and Mr. Cummins helped him disclaim, and then it was decided no point of order had been raised and Works proceeded; but Heyburn had delivered his warning. Henceforth Mr. Works will not have the pedagogic field to himself. Institutions—nay, citadels—like Heyburn cannot be displaced so casually.

It was but a moment before the Senator from California was in his stride again. He warned the Democratic party, the Republican party, all other parties and everybody not included, with a warning as comprehensive as it was startling—that if all whom he warned do not heed the warning and conform to public sentiment on these great questions, "they will be consumed by the fire of public condemnation, and a new party will be built on their ashes, a party that will represent the people and not the interests!" which seemed to be a right solemn warning, as warnings go. Still, it will not be long before Senator Heyburn, who is a pretty nifty and portentous warner himself, does some admonishing of his own brand; and, until we get that and have time to strike a general average, we shall be somewhat in the dark as to what really is going to happen.

The new Senator from California is a genial gentleman who has rarely, in all his more than sixty years, had any doubt about his own conclusions. He is as definite as a sunset. Many a man has thrown himself against Works in argument, only to be thrown back, shattered if unconvinced.

However, he is a deceptive person. Pleasant of face and robust of figure, he gives an impression of easy complaisance. Stroking his lip with a long forefinger, he says: "I am open to enlightenment." Having laid this trap, he waits for the unwary dissenter to enlighten him. That has never happened yet. It is mere persiflage, for Works always has all the light there is.

He was a judge before he ran for the Senate. Born in Indiana, he fought in the Civil War, enlisting as a boy of fourteen or fifteen. He saw service, too, and is the only veteran of the Civil War among the new Senators who took their seats on April fourth last. He was admitted to the bar soon after he was twenty-one and moved to San Diego when he was thirty-six. He served in San Diego on the bench of the Superior Court and then moved to Los Angeles. He has always had an idea that he is fitted for public life, and has been a candidate for several offices, serving for a time in the city council of Los Angeles, if I am not mistaken.

When Senator Flint announced he would not be a candidate for reelection—maybe before—Works decided he would like to be a Senator. At about the same time the same feeling surged over A. G. Spalding, the former baseball pitcher and present baseball purveyor, who has been living in California for some years. They had a dingdong race of it in the primaries, Spalding carrying more counties than Works and Works getting the most districts; but when it came to the legislature Works easily disposed of Spalding—batted him out of the box, as one might say—and took the toga.

Works is an ardent progressive—one of the steadfast thirteen Insurgents on the Republican side of the Senate—is for popular government, a conservationist and general uplifter. He is a sturdy, combative, able citizen, and a fighting person who wades in at every opportunity. Wherefore, when he wades into the Honorable Weldon B. Heyburn—as he soon will let us all hope, in the interest of happy discord, that the water will be fine and the results enlivening.

*He Was a Fighting Man at Fifteen*

### The Hawk and the Tarpon

THE late Senator Vest, of Missouri, was very feeble for several years before his death, but attended to his senatorial duties notwithstanding. He and the present Senator Stone had been political opponents, and Vest knew Stone was waiting for his seat.

Vest and the late Senator Quay, of Pennsylvania, were close friends. Once, when Vest was quite ill, Quay took him and Amos Cummings, then in the House, down to Quay's fishing place in Florida.

Quay and Cummings went out fishing for tarpon one morning and took Vest along in the stern of the boat, propped up with pillows, for the ride and air. Quay caught a big tarpon and, pulling in, threw the fish on the shore. Then they pulled out again and Quay and Cummings devoted themselves to fishing. Presently they heard a little cackling laugh from Vest. They looked back and Vest pointed to a big fish-hawk that had been circling round and had made a descent on the tarpon. The tarpon, instead of being dead, was very much alive; and as the hawk descended the big fish gave the bird a wallop with its tail that surprised that marauder very much.

"Ha! ha!" cackled Vest. "That's the way with me and Bill Stone. He's been circling round for two years, thinking he could get his claws into me; but when he tries it he'll find I've got a punch left in me, like that tarpon over there."

### A Pointer for Mme. Marchesi

A WASHINGTON policeman found a negro, at two o'clock one morning, acting rather suspiciously in the neighborhood of some of the big houses on Massachusetts Avenue.

"Here, you!" shouted the policeman. "What are you doing here?"

"Nothin'."

"Well, I think you are. Explain now or I'll pull you in."

"Boss," said the negro, "I ain't doin' nothin'! You see, I sings tenor in our church choir."

"Well, what's that got to do with your being here?"

"A heap, boss—a heap. I sings tenor in our church choir an' th' man what sings bass is sick."

"Come along," said the policeman.

"Hol' on, boss—hol' on! Th' man what sings bass is sick an' I's gotter take his place in th' choir; so, singin' tenor as I does, I's out here catchin' cold, so I kin sing bass."

### Gavit's Surprise Party

TEN citizens of Arizona came to Washington to see if they could do anything to help along the admission of Arizona as a state. They wore the regulation hats, with the four dents in the crown, and bore a letter of introduction to John P. Gavit, the Washington manager for the Associated Press.

Gavit was glad to see them. His letter intimated that it might be a good plan to extend a little hospitality to the Arizonians, and he led them to the nearest place where hospitality of the kind he imagined was meant was procurable.

"What'll it be, boys?" asked Gavit cheerily, thinking to hear from his companions a unanimous demand for red liquor.

Instead, each of the ten decorously took a cigar.

# A WOMAN PIONEER

## The Country of the Vine—By Maude Radford Warren

ILLUSTRATED BY P. V. E. IVORY

MY STAY in Utah was shortened by the fact that Mrs. Findley married her neighbor, Mr. Ritchie, and that Paula Gale wrote me that she needed me. Opportunity had come to her through the circumstance that her half-brother had died, bequeathing her his vineyard in Napa Valley, California. She wanted me to come and stay with her on any terms I liked and for as long as I liked.

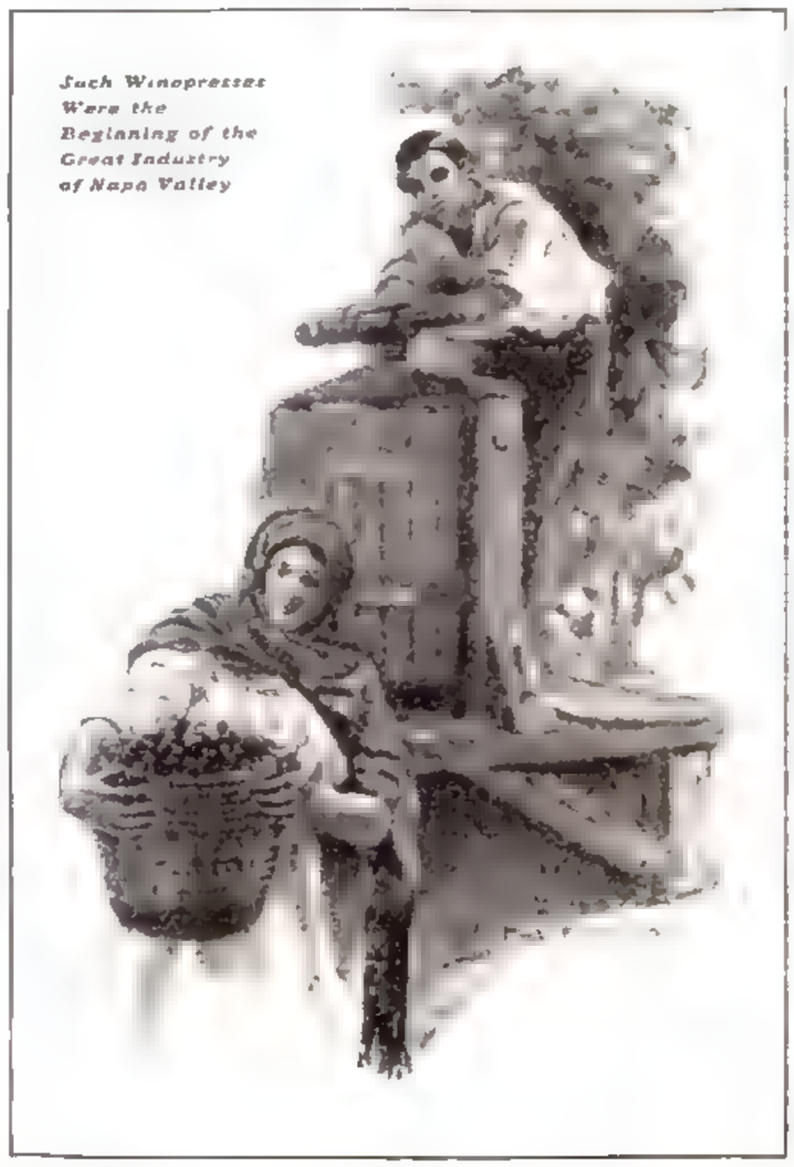
Her appeal was compelling; and besides, after my many months of strenuous work, I wanted something gracious and soft. I had heard of Napa Valley; for who has not read Stevenson's description of the country around Mount St. Helena? I wanted to look down from the mountain and see the snow-white fog, brilliant under the rising sun, flowing out to the ocean over the floor of the valley, green with its orchards and vineyards, starred with white azaleas and blue mountain lilacs. I longed for purple grapes and a serene sky, a quiet dwelling and easy ways.

Paula wrote me an enthusiastic description of the valley, which extends from the foot of Mount St. Helena to San Pablo Bay, a distance of thirty-five miles, varying in width from one to five miles, flanked by wooded mountains and divided into fertile and well-cultivated farms. Until Paula met me at San Francisco and we were well on our way to Napa, I had never really thought about grapes except as a fruit properly to be eaten in private, on account of one's appendix. I was so delighted to see Paula her old radiant self that it was not until I overheard some man in the seat behind us talking of grapes and phylloxera and cellars and percentage of sugar that I began to think of the business side of our meeting.

I turned away from her pretty, satisfied face and looked out of the window at the loaded vines. She rattled on of the picturesque beauty of California and the vineyards. After 1769, the Spanish ranchers, the padres and the Indians grew a few grapes. Then came the emigrants—Germans, Swiss, Hungarians and Italians—who founded the real industry and carried on the labor; later still entered the Mexicans, Japanese and Chinese, who do much of the harvesting—an interesting march of the nations.

Napa Valley had been settled some eighty years before by Spanish-Americans. Then the Germans had come in and had started the vine-growing and constructed the cellars, many of which are still standing. They had brought in Italians as laborers, who had proved not so enterprising as themselves, but more thrifty. Today many of these Italians, or their children, have small vineyards of from ten to twenty acres on the cheap hill-lands. They work hard, live on half what Americans do, and save money. The larger holdings are in the hands of Americans and German-Americans.

Behind all Paula said was a flavor of romance. Here in the old days, when the settlers were few, the rich men owned great stretches of land and lived lives that even death and sorrow touched only lightly. Theirs was the mood of the drawing room, and their houses were full of laughter. They rode far to games and dances; they loved well; and they spent money freely on themselves, their guests and the stranger at the gate. For the entertainment of these they crushed the grapes by hand in little winepresses. Such winepresses were the beginning of the great industry of Napa Valley. Money grew scarcer and men planted more vineyards and built many winecellars. There was stone, which is still to be had for nothing, from which were made houses and cellars and well-curbs. Redwood and oak, pine, cedar and maple offered themselves for wood; and for beauty there were the green and brown madroña, which Bret Harte calls the Robin Hood of the forest, birch and ash and manzanita. The period of rainbow pleasures was succeeded for a few decades by this era of cheerful industry, when misfortune came in the eighties through the insect pest, phylloxera. There are some words the very sound of which invokes a great *hinterland* of sorrow. And phylloxera has that potency in nearly every large grape-growing section of California, with the exception of the south. At least thirty thousand acres of vineyard were killed, with a direct and indirect loss of not less than twenty million dollars.



*Such Winopresses Were the Beginning of the Great Industry of Napa Valley*

*Some are Farmers' Daughters, or Girls From the Neighboring Towns, Who Want a Little Extra Money*

### The Grape Growers

THE loss was appalling, but the spur of need brought its beneficent effects. For years, experiment stations have been established and specialists have studied phylloxera, with the result that they have discovered how to delay the spread of the disease and what vines, given favorable conditions of soil, will resist it. Destruction goes on, partly because of the planting of non-resistant vines or of resistant vines not adapted to the conditions, and partly from other faults of management. The total annual yield of grapes shows a relatively small increase from year to year notwithstanding the large acreage that has annually been set out afresh. Yet, in spite of this partial defeat, the success is considerable. California produces approximately all the raisins, three-quarters of the wine and a large share of the table grapes of the United States. In all there are two hundred and seventy thousand acres: one hundred and fifty thousand in grapes which produce some forty-five million gallons of wine; eighty thousand acres in raisins; and forty thousand acres in table grapes—an investment of over one hundred million dollars.

All this Paula told me as the train carried us through the wonderful country where the ripening grapes plumped out from between green leaves, while beyond rose the suave and soothing green hills, and above all brooded a perfect blue sky.

As we approached Napa, Paula told me that her neighbor, Mr. William Pynsent, was going to meet us and drive us home. She spoke with such studied naturalness that I immediately became much interested in this neighbor. This interest was not diminished by her biography of him: he had made his money in a mine, lost most of it in oil, and had come back to the land with what he had left, buying a vineyard devastated by phylloxera, which he had replanted. While he was waiting for it to grow up he was writing sentimental love stories, of which he sold one in three; and at that he considered he did better than gambling in oil.

He was on the step of the train before it stopped—a big, dark-eyed, black-haired man, showing his Cornish blood in his coloring. He greeted Paula with a kind of slow emotion and showed me a quite warming friendliness. Presently we were driving behind his splendid team of horses along a reddish road, between soft lifts of green and amber growths.

The houses we passed were nearly all painted white, with porches or pillars, and frequently with some sort of garden in front, set out with palms and other trees. Unlike the other states from which I had come, people here apparently had had time to beautify their homes. Paula's house was a long, low, one-story structure, with pink roses climbing up the doorposts and pink geraniums making a hedge against the veranda railing.

"Oh, how lovely!" I cried.

I decided that, since I was in the grape business, I wanted to understand grapes from the ground up. It is curious to reflect how many new facts, some useful and some not—and many entirely unrelated—one can draw in from the atmosphere about one. I went to Paula's vineyard with something of a holiday spirit in my heart, which was increased by the soft, scented, sun-warmed air of

Napa Valley and by the opulence of the vine harvest. Yet within a fortnight I was at home in the valley and looked on Napa as my metropolis. I could talk like any native about its admirable shipping facilities, its factories employing about a thousand hands, its tanneries, one of which was the largest on the Pacific Coast, and its cannery. Its newspapers and banks, churches and hotels; its schools and libraries; its chamber of commerce, ready to give free factory sites; its fraternal halls and clubhouses; its private hospital and public bath—all began to take on, for me, a personal note. Its growth in forty years to only seven thousand inhabitants had been slow, but there was a solidity about it—solidity, not dullness.

I had not only realized the possibilities of my immediate horizon, but I had necessarily absorbed something from the wider horizon. I knew that our valley had produced forty-eight thousand tons of grapes the preceding year and seven million gallons of wine, the product of some sixty wineries; and that the fermenting capacity a day of the wineries had to be large on account of the shortness of the season. Despite my prohibition proclivities, I knew the difference between dry wines and sweet wines, and had learned that Napa County and the other counties contiguous to the Bay of San Francisco produce good dry wines because the sea fogs modify the temperature and the grapes ripen at a point of sugar and acidity suitable for advantageous fermentation. I knew that in the interior counties, where the effect of the climate is to make the percentage of sugar high and of acid low, sweet wine is produced; and the adjustment of production and tillage and freight is such that the profit is no more than five dollars an acre. I knew that in this sweet-wine district, where the individual acreage is very large, winemaking is conducted on a large scale and the wineries are equipped for the rapid working up of grapes. Some of them have a capacity as high as seven hundred and fifty tons a day.

Though William Pynsent's vineyard was beginning, Paula's presented the finished product. She had come into it without any particular study about it and so she did not afford so good an opportunity for tutelage as he did, since he had chosen vineyard culture out of a variety of possible occupations with the land.

"Somehow I can't seem to get away from the earth," he said. "I took its risks in mining and oil, and won and lost. Now I am prospecting with these little pockets of air and soil and sunshine that produce the grape, and am taking the risks and the certainties. There's risk in it all. Of course your judgment is less likely to play you false in regard to crops than it is in regard to mining and oil. On the other hand, you have to use your judgment oftener when you dig the earth by the sweat of your brow; and the sun and the wind and the insects may come in to offset your judgment."

### *In the Vineyard*

WHEN he began to tell me about his experiences in search of suitable land I could not help marveling at the bad judgment of many prospective settlers. It almost seems as if they either don't want to think or prefer to be deceived. So many of them come from other places, risking all their little capital and not only the future of themselves but of their children in some experiment that on the very face of it seems foolhardy. Suppose a family is allured by the thought of a life in California amid flowers and sunshine the year round, without snow or sleet or slush, and with just frost enough to be healthful. The produce to raise in such a country is grapes or fruit of some sort. They send for literature. From that time on some of them show not much more common-sense than does the youth who is in love with a commonplace maiden, whom he dowers with the alchemy of his own visions. They read over in a prospectus a sentence something like this: "Good land can be purchased that, with water, will grow anything anywhere under the sun, all the way from ten dollars to two hundred dollars an acre." They lose sight of the vagueness of "anything anywhere"; they lose sight of the significance of that little buried phrase, "with water" sometimes the water is not to be got without incalculable labor and sometimes is not to be got at all. After they have read over such an advertisement a few times they not only believe it but they think that in their hands the ten-dollar land will be almost as productive as the two-hundred-dollar land, because they are going to fertilize thoroughly and work hard and show superior intelligence.

Perhaps one member goes to the district under consideration to look the ground over. The real-estate dealers who have land to sell naturally show him the bright side of the proposition. The growers of grapes or other fruit whom he consults, and who have themselves succeeded, are impelled to be encouraging and also to boom the country. With no intention to mislead, these men have forgotten a good deal of their own initial failure or loss; the balm of success has healed their early wounds. Besides, they often take it for granted that the questioner knows of items of expense of which he is ignorant. A prospective settler may forget that, besides the land, he must have horses and tools; or, if he remembers this, he may forget that horses have to be fed while they are working; and, if they are to pay for themselves, ways must be discovered of using them when the plowing and cultivating of their owner's farm are over. Another settler, who buys raw land and plants it in orchards or vines, may lose sight of the fact that he has to have some definite means of living while his vines and trees make ready to bear. When a walnut grove is growing up, the ground between the trees may be used for vegetable gardens; but vines are egoists and want all the richness of the earth for themselves alone. Another settler may buy a vineyard and not know that half of it is dying through phylloxera, which means that all of it will die. Or he may take a speculator's word for it that his vineyard is planted with resistant stock; and in a year or two he will find that the stock is non-resistant and that the pests have begun to destroy it hopelessly.

*The Growers Were Holding a Vintage Festival, With Songs and Floats and Pageants*

In Lodi, at the time of the greatest boom, several men planted and put out vines and charged two hundred and fifty dollars or three hundred dollars an acre for the land, promising ten tons to the acre, which would sell at thirty dollars a ton. Strangers came and bought; and in many cases, as the grapes were not showing, they had no means of knowing that the vines would prove to be of a poor variety, feeble in bearing.

Still another settler may buy a vineyard that is bearing well but is so far from the market that by the time he has driven his perishable grapes to the cellars he will have lost through decay a good percentage of his gain. And, when they do fail, settlers often neglect to pick up the pieces and begin again sensibly; for California is such an opulent country that she can nearly always promise a persevering man ultimate success of some sort. It all goes to show that people who exact the land to support them must exert all the common-sense they have to keep their heads from being inflated by dreams. It is only the steady ones who succeed. And it is only fair to my sex to say that, on the whole, women show more caution than men. Perhaps romance dies more quickly in them; hard work and children to provide for are shrewd training for recognizing the main chance. At any rate, they often hold back the men—wet-blanketing, it is called—until the value of their judgment is seen; and then their foresight is called nothing at all, but ignored. Many women, indeed, are too cowardly and many men properly cautious; but, on the whole, among immigrants and settlers the voice of the woman is sensible and potent. And it is only when both men and women are ready to think long and carefully, and to study their new conditions, that they can assure themselves of success.

### *Profitable Crops on High-Priced Land*

WILLIAM PYNSENT was of the thinking sort. He had decided that if he bought more than twenty acres the land would own him. To his notion, real living and making money were not essentially the same thing. He saw that if he had four hundred acres of vineyard, with his own cellar, he would probably make a great deal of money. In that case he would not only have to borrow a good deal of capital but he would have to hire a manager, a few cellarmen and other assistants; and he would have to establish a market for his wine and in various ways saddle himself with heavy responsibility. He wanted to work, but he wanted his work to affect his nervous system as play would; and so he settled on twenty acres. This he knew he could take care of himself with occasional help in pruning, plowing, cultivating and picking.

He paid two hundred dollars an acre for land three miles from the city of Napa. He could have had hill land at less than half the price, but then its tonnage to the acre was more than one-third less than that of valley land. He could have got it cheaper if he had chosen it nearer St. Helena or Calistoga, but he chose his situation with reference to transportation. From Napa there is water transportation to San Francisco, as well as two steam roads and an electric road. This competition means that freight charges cannot become too high. He rented from Paula the use of two horses, two plows, a weed-cutter, a harrow, a cultivator and hoes, because he needed the rest of his capital for planting and bringing into bearing his resistant vineyard. This cost nearly two hundred dollars an acre, so that his capital invested was just short of eight thousand dollars. As his vines were going to be low-pruned, he did not need stakes.

He expected to get from four to five tons of grapes an acre, which would cost twenty dollars to cultivate and harvest. He expected to sell at from ten dollars to fourteen dollars a ton. This would give him an interest of some eight per cent on his investment, not counting his own labor—not an exceedingly high rate; but, on the other hand, all of his estimates were conservative. Grapes had once sold for thirty dollars—not so long since for twenty dollars; an acre had been known to produce ten tons of grapes. Who had not heard of the fortunate Calistoga man who raised ten tons on each of his twenty acres for three years, selling at between twenty and thirty dollars a ton, and so making a fortune? Besides, one of these days Pynsent would keep a cow and chickens and bees, and make a vegetable garden that would reduce his cost of living and perhaps provide other sources of income. Certainly he had considered his case very carefully.

He loved his land and he had a vivid way of talking about it. As he walked over it with me he made me see how it had been laid out—the seventeen men who handled the long planting chain—two to stretch it and the others to plant the vines eight feet apart, so that there should be six hundred and eighty vines to an acre. He made me see

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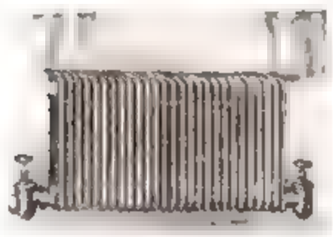

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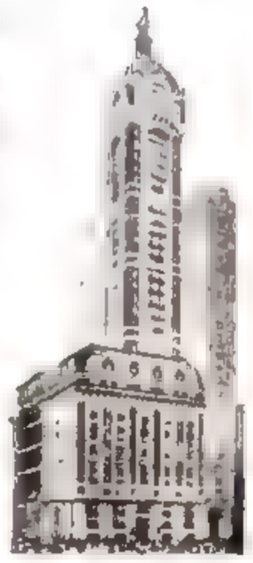

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these workers in the act of setting the vines in the holes, trampling down the bottom soil and leaving the top soil loose; and then, a fortnight later, irrigating the vines. He made even the technical terms interesting—field grafting and bench grafting; and viniferous stock, which is the vine as it comes from the seed—preaching that bench grafting is better and in the long run less expensive than field grafting. He instructed me that a man might plant as many as one hundred and twenty different kinds of vines, and that the variety of vines had something to do with the kind of wine, but not everything. Three or four different kinds of grapes go into Burgundy, for example; Paula's twenty acres produced five different grades of wine. He talked as if he were a mother with a new baby, of the care he must show in training the vine the first year of its growth—staking and tying and pruning, so that it would not produce grapes before the third year and would be bearing full crops by the sixth year.

And, indeed, vineyards do call for almost as much care as human nurseries. They must be pruned not earlier than December, and preferably in January and February, before the sap comes up in the vines. In March the plowing begins; and when the earth is settled it is done all over, and then sometimes repeated in the autumn, for the moisture must be kept on top. In June the vine-grower must break off superfluous shoots. He must sulphur, and must be eternally on guard against mildew, which would ruin his crop. He must fight away the vine hopper, a sort of green fly that takes the sap from the vine. He must pray to be guarded from coulure, or the falling of grape flowers and the imperfect growth of grapes; and from the frost, which once in a while damages his crop; and from the heavy northern wind, which breaks the vines down; and from the hot northern wind, which burns them; and from too much rain, which hinders their development and makes them soggy. The point is to achieve, if possible, on each acre five tons of grapes that have a high percentage of sugar.

### *In the Picking Season*

If William Pynsent's vineyard was my instrument for learning the theory of grapes, Paula's served as an object-lesson for the harvest. When I went to Napa Valley the grapes were almost ready to pick. In the sweet-wine districts crushing begins as early as August twentieth, but in Napa about September first, continuing into October. A few second-crop grapes are crushed as late as November. Now and then a man drove about in a buggy, critically looking at the various vineyards. Paula explained that he was some prospective buyer, perhaps intending to offer a dollar or two more a ton for a crop than the grower's usual patron would give. As a rule, the growers go to the same buyer year after year and are not to be coaxed away by the prospect of a few extra dollars. This is partly business sense, for they see the advantage of a permanent market; and it is partly the result of neighborly feeling. Some men have yearly contracts, and these are considered safer for both parties.

One morning I woke up to find that the law of supply and demand was at work again and that the pickers had come. There is always a battalion of temporary people to be counted on in Napa. During three months of the summer they come to pick the fruit—cherries and prunes, apricots and pears. Some of them are San Francisco people, some of them are farmers' daughters, or girls from the neighboring towns, who want a little extra money. Some are nomads, who spring up overnight, pitch tents in the parks and outskirts of the town, and work outdoors and in the canning factory until it is time to idle away the winter.

Paula's pickers were a sufficiently motley squad: there was a French widow, with three quick children; there were a few Americans, some Portuguese and Italians and French; two or three Chinese, whose fingers were very agile; two Greeks, and one Japanese.

Each picker was given a row, at the end of which was a box holding forty or fifty pounds, according to the quality of the grapes. Paula paid her people four cents a box for their work. Some growers pay a dollar or a dollar and a quarter for an eight-hour day; others pay from a dollar and a half to two dollars a ton, according


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And all were bright and clever
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to the crop. A fast workman in a ten-hour day will average nearly three dollars. Even William Pynsent and I, who were not experts, made two dollars the first day we tried. The "picking" is done with knives, each laborer supplying his own.

Grapes brook no delay. The grape boxes are piled on wagons and driven straight away to the cellars. A few small growers have their own wine-cellars; for an enterprising man with even twenty acres may make twelve thousand gallons of wine, and sell it in the rough in San Francisco [illegible] expense of the middleman. In Napa, however, most growers deliver direct to some large cellarer, the agreement being that all grapes must be sound, marketable and in good condition at the time of delivery. Sometimes the prices are not fixed when the hauling begins, but it is generally known approximately what the grapes will bring. In some places they have gone as low as five dollars a ton. This past season the price was ten dollars and it is not expected to fall much below that sum, though it may go higher. Some years ago grapes sold for twenty dollars a ton and a few shrewd growers made ten-year contracts at that price; but such days will scarcely come again.

### *How Prices are Fixed*

When the grapes are brought to the cellar they are weighed and sent right to the elevator and then to the crusher, where they are tested for sugar. The grower must guarantee twenty-two per cent of sugar and he loses a dollar a ton on each percentage of sugar that is lacking. Anything lower than eighteen per cent is used for brandy. Each cellarer does a different business. It costs money to keep wine, and the cost tends to increase, though the price does not. Cooperage has to be considered, evaporation takes place, the wine has to be handled and cared for—and there is always a chance that something will go wrong. A head cellarman and several assistants must be employed; during vintagetime even a small cellar must use about ten men. Consequently, many cellarers like to get rid of their wine at once. In some cellars they merely crush the grapes, put them in fermenting tanks and sell the wine to the California Wine Association. Others mature it and sell it in the open market to the trade or to wholesalers in San Francisco and the East. Some trust to the jobbing trade, for then they get a better price; some bottle the wine. Just as the grower usually has a regular buyer, the cellarer has his regular market, to which are adapted the conditions of his wine-cellar.

Life, I found, moved less briskly in California than in Idaho, or even in Utah. Business was carried on successfully enough, but there was a certain mood of apathy that I encountered occasionally among the growers. I met it while I was making up my mind that there are three forces that affect the economic end of the grape industry in Napa Valley. The most important is the California Wine Association, otherwise called the Trust, a concern that possesses vineyards of its own—notably the Italian-Swiss vineyard at Asti—but also buys from other wineries and very largely from grape-growers. It is supposed by some growers to keep down the price of grapes at the present time, and by some wineries that sell to it it is said to be giving uncommonly low prices for wine. On the other hand, there are many growers who admit overproduction and grant that the Wine Association is not tyrannical, but is really governed by the law of supply and demand. Its power, too, is curbed by the second economic force—some half dozen independent growers who followed an example set by the independents of southern California. It is said that the California Wine Association fixes the price that is to be paid a ton for grapes and that the independents conform to this or else give more. It is also said that, though the Association can put wine on the market more cheaply than the independents, the trade is willing to pay more to the independents, for the quality of their wine is always high. There are some malcontents who believe that in spite of this competition the Wine Association and these independent dealers do fix the price of grapes and wine, regardless of the supply and demand; but, on the whole, the relations between growers and buyers have improved and the tendency is to believe that the buyer pays in proportion to what he gets.

The third and rather feeble force that affects the industry is the Napa Valley


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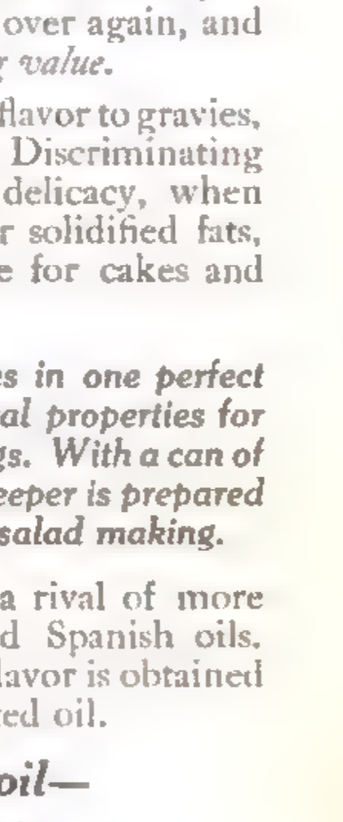


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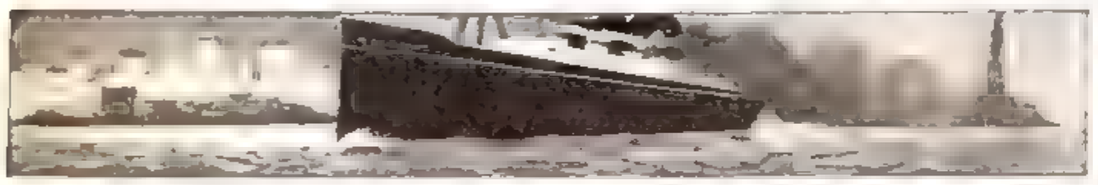

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In Canada, $2.25 up
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Grape Growers' Association, originated for the purpose of helping the state association to advertise California wine.

They seem to have lacked efficient leaders and they have been deceived often enough to have waxed suspicious. A good many growers refuse to contribute unless they can be assured that they will get back their money and satisfactory interest with it. A good many more are not in touch with what is going on in the world of grapes. Many a grower sits down and waits for the Lord to give him a heavy crop, without as much reference to the market or the future as is prudent. Yet, in other parts of California, growers of fruit combine so effectively that their cooperation has a definite economic value; they have found a means of keeping up the price of the fruit and of having a sure market.

It is, of course, neither to the interest of the independents nor to that of the California Wine Association to advise the growers to be anything but intelligent in raising crops and advertising wine. It can be pointed out that the two sporadic efforts they made at cooperation failed. On the other hand, one wonders that they do not see for themselves an example in the cooperative wineries in the Lodi region. There the growers, aggressive and far-sighted, have built three wineries and in three years have cleared the cost of their initial expenses and made a fair profit besides. They have sold lower than the Trust, which has had to meet their prices. They face the accusation from some opposing interests that their wine is inferior; but it goes on selling.

### *The Risks of Grape-Growing*

If phylloxera threatens the grower at one end overproduction threatens him at the other. Table grapes, indeed, are not overproduced; but they are costly to pack and ship, and there is some hazard in their marketing. Raisins are plentiful; and it is hoped that, since in England people eat five pounds a head, Americans will raise their average of one pound a head. Wine especially is being overproduced, in spite of the relatively small increase of vineyards from year to year; and the only solution seems to be to increase the market. Things looked rather well three or four years ago. The California Wine Association was doing a flourishing business; then came the prohibition movement and the panic, with the result that the Association became overstocked. Today the prices of wine and grapes are low. Temporary relief may come from the fact of the shortage of grapes in Europe during the past season, but this may not happen again for years. There is not much chance to export on account of the duty; so far, the tariff has been in favor of the importer rather than the producer, though the Payne tariff seems to be working out so as to protect native wines.

Export into Canada is possible; and the completion of the Panama Canal will help considerably, because wine can then be shipped by water—not only to Cuba but also to New York.

The wine men complain that New Yorkers are not loyal; that they ask for imported wine, and that what is given them is frequently the home-grown product with a false French label. On the other hand, there are people who believe that the growers are not encouraged to produce quality rather than quantity and that wine men should pay less attention to making minimum grades of wine and more attention to the high grades.

In spite of the contentment of Paula and of William Pynsent with their lot, I decided that if I were a man or a woman pioneer, wishful to make my fortune in California, I should hesitate about tackling grapes. The land is costly, and if the vines are new the waiting is long.

Besides that, the growers must have a great deal of scientific knowledge and special viticultural information about soil and varieties of stocks—and their adaptation to localities.

If I had moderate capital I should choose general farming, or market gardening, or small fruit raising, or chicken raising. It is an absurd fact that nearly all vegetables and berries are shipped into Napa. Eggs cost forty to fifty cents a dozen; and there is a story of one man who sold five hens and a rooster for fifty dollars.

**Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Maude Radford Warren. The sixth will appear in an early number.**

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We shall send you this box of twelve sheets of paper [illegible] to match. Ask for a Fancy [illegible] and [illegible] Keith's name and [illegible] for postage. Ask dealers to show you the paper.

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"Brief Lewis-Suit"
for Summer
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# The Senator's Secretary

ONCE again the people of the United States and the dependencies of said association of imperial commonwealths, together with residents of the remainder of the world, have been exhaustively informed—or will be when the franking out of speeches is over—concerning the American tariff.

This latest enlightenment took place during the discussion—they, being humorists, called it debate in the House—of the Democratic bill to put various articles on the free list, the double purpose being to elucidate, in a way, the Democratic attitude on the tariff and to take the curse off reciprocity, for which the Democrats were very strong. It may appear to the average American that this discussion—or debate—of the tariff has been a bit overdone since Mr. Taft became President in 1907; for most of the time since the Congress has been in session and a great portion of that period has been devoted to yawping about the tariff in various guises or disguises. However, inasmuch as Mr. Taft desired an extra session for the purpose of passing a reciprocal trade agreement with Canada, and inasmuch as he had the power to call that extra session, the Democrats went a step or two farther and put in a few tariff notions of their own and the result is that this summer will probably be largely given up to talk concerning ad valorems and similar strange beasts, all to the end that a Democrat may be elected President in 1912 or a Republican reelected—whichever way it may fall out.

There always are many intense souls in the United States to whom talking tariff is a recreation and a balm; but, to the ordinary citizen, the consumer, who has been voting either one way or another on tariff questions since the Civil War and has observed that whatever happened he got the worst of it, the tariff is nothing particular to talk about. However, when a citizen, responding to the call of his neighbors in his Congressional district, or calling on them to respond to his call, gets to Washington he immediately qualifies as a tariff expert and seizes every opportunity that may arise to talk on his favorite topic.

Passing over the fact that there is more humbug talked about the tariff by bigger humbugs than on any other subject of political and national importance whatsoever—which is a pretty large statement, as reading the Congressional Record will prove—it always appears to the tariff-makers that the country is wildly anxious to hear what they have to say for or against the sacred cause of protection. There is no way of stopping them. If a tariff measure should be reported to the House, and a rule brought in to pass it without debate, there would arise a howl that could be heard as far as Patagonia over this infringement on the rights of statesmanship. It makes no difference that these three hundred and ninety-one tariff talkers, who have just been yammering about the tariff for twelve days and who are due to yammer for weeks longer, told all they knew about the tariff, and a heap more, less than two years ago, and soaked the country with this mass of information and misinformation. Just as soon as there is another chance they are eager to go at it again.

### *Words by the Trillion*

Nor does it make any difference to them that there hasn't been a tariff speech in thirty years that changed or made fifteen votes. Every man who gets up in the House or Senate and proceeds to unwind a lot of figures and statistics, and alleged facts and theories and conditions and prophecies and warnings, knows that he isn't getting anywhere; that all who listen to him and all who do not—by far the larger number—know how they are going to vote before the speaking begins and are not changed on a schedule or an item by all the oratory that can be thrown at them. Nevertheless, there have been trillions of words talked about the tariff in Congress and there will be trillions more talked. Then, when every larynx is raspy, when every voice is hoarse, when every statistic is quoted and every theory is spun, the vote will be taken and the lineup will be exactly as it would have been if there hadn't been a word spoken or a speech made.

There never was a more perfect demonstration of that than during the twelve days of debate on the farmers' free list measure, officially known as House Resolution 4413, to place agricultural implements and other articles on the free list. Each day, during the pendency of that bill, Mr. Underwood solemnly moved that the bill should be taken up, and the motion was agreed to. Whereupon, the House resolved itself into a Committee of the Whole House on the State of the Union for the consideration of the measure, and the oratory began. Whereupon, also, none but the orators remained in the House or near it, the rest escaping immediately through the many avenues of escape from the House to cloakrooms, offices, golflinks, baseball games, theaters or wherever fancy led. Men who were down to talk had to stay to get their talks off their heaving chests; but so soon as they had concluded, had made skeletons of their remarks, they escaped too—and the last man on the day's program usually spoke to the stenographer, the weary Alexander, selected to preside, Underwood who, in charge of the bill, had to be there, and the official stenographer, together with forty or fifty persons in the gallery who came in out of the wet.

### *Applause to Order*

For twelve days the perspiring orators yowled and yapped about the tariff, their ideas about it, or such ideas as they had been able to borrow or their secretaries had been able to borrow for them; and only when Uncle Joe Cannon, or Underwood, or Ollie James, or Jim Mann, had his say was there more than a handful of members listening. The orator who had an audience of thirty on the floor was fortunate. The usual number of "debating" Representatives, seeking to do the greatest good to the greatest number, anxious to be convinced on this momentous question and eager to vote right, was ten during the course of any speech. Once in a while a man dropped in; but more frequently several dropped out. It was as fantastic a performance as can be imagined. There was Rucker, of Missouri, for example, who made a very good Democratic tariff speech with nobody present but the stenographer and three members.

Still, they howled and hallooed for twelve days. Nothing was gained. Not a vote was changed. Then, why? For home consumption. The hoary old fake of home consumption made them do it. They had to make speeches and get them into the Record, so they could frank them out to the folks back in the districts and show the folks what tremendous oratorical guns they are and how straight they stand on the tariff. And that wasn't the only fake about it. Most of them made merely skeleton speeches, rattled on for a time and then held their remarks for revision. Carefully revising those remarks and adding to them, they marked in the "applause" and "laughter" and "great applause" and "long and continued applause," and then they were ready to show the folks what exceedingly important personages they are, and how well versed on the tariff and various incidental matters of national import. The mails are cluttered with these speeches going back home.

Take any day of that debate—May fifth, for example. This is the way a page of the Congressional Record looks:

"MR. DALZELL. Mr. Chairman, I yield thirty minutes to the gentleman from Massachusetts. (Mr. Wilder.)

"(Mr. Wilder addressed the committee. His remarks will appear hereafter.)

"MR. UNDERWOOD. Mr. Chairman, I yield to the gentleman from Indiana. (Mr. Dixon.)

"(Mr. Dixon, of Indiana, addressed the committee. His remarks will appear hereafter.)

"MR. UNDERWOOD. Mr. Chairman, I yield to the gentleman from Georgia. (Mr. Bartlett.) (Applause.)

"(Mr. Bartlett addressed the committee. His remarks will appear hereafter.)

"MR. UNDERWOOD. Mr. Chairman, I yield twenty minutes to the gentleman from Florida. (Mr. Clark.) (Applause.)

"(Mr. Clark, of Florida, addressed the committee. His remarks will appear hereafter.)

"MR. DALZELL. Mr. Chairman, I yield thirty minutes to the gentleman from Nebraska. (Mr. Sloan.)

"(Mr. Sloan addressed the committee. His remarks will appear hereafter)."


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Put a cushion of live rubber under your heels and

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And so on for a page or two. And the remarks appeared "hereafter"—anywhere hereafter, from a few days to a fortnight, and when they did appear they contained such padding as necessary, such appendices as were needed, such elaboration as was desirable and such additions of "applause" and so forth as the vanity of the speaker demanded. Of course there was applause. If any Representative is kind enough to sit in his seat and listen to a colleague maunder through half an hour of tariff turbidities it is reasonable to expect that he is kind enough to applaud at stated intervals. If not it is easy enough to put in "applause" at places where undoubtedly there would have been applause had there been anybody to applaud. Still, they occasionally overdo it. One rising young statesman on the Democratic side put in sixteen times the words "Applause on the Democratic side" and two notes of "Laughter" on the first page of his speech as it appeared in the Record.

What an enormous fake it is! The Congressional Record, during a debate of this kind, isn't a record of what happened in the House at all, but a mere repetition of "His remarks will appear hereafter"; and the remarks that appear "hereafter," to the extent of fifty or seventy-five per cent, never were delivered anywhere. The scheme is to impress constituents in the districts with the fact that their Representative is taking an important part in the debates in Congress; that on such and such a day he delivered a weighty speech and was wildly applauded. Of course they know their speeches, whether delivered or half delivered, or stuffed in under "leave to print," never had any bearing on what happened to the bill. They know nobody in Congress listened to them and that nobody but the stenographers and the proofreaders ever read their speeches entire—except themselves, perhaps; but they load up the mails, under the franking privilege, and the folks back home think that John or Henry or William is a big chap down there in Washington.

### *Things That Never Happened*

And ninety-nine out of a hundred of these faking statesmen, either publicly or privately, have denounced and do denounce the press of this country for its unreliability, its tendency to fake, and for the publication of articles that do not represent things as they really are. Any time it becomes necessary to tell the truth about one of these patriots, they go straight up in the air and denounce the "venal and corrupt" public press and the "faking correspondents." And there never was a publication in this country of any standing whatsoever that printed so many things that never happened as the Congressional Record, maintained by these patriots at the public expense and circulated at the public expense. As a record of what happens in Congress, it is a fraud. A member gets up and makes a speech or has a colloquy and passes word to the stenographers that the copy must be revised. So the stenographer delivers to him a transcription of his notes and the member revises and rewrites and edits and amends and pads—fixes over and strikes out—and then his stuff is printed and is franked out to the folks at home as what he really said on an important topic.

This has been going on for years, of course, and will go on for years to come. The debate on the farmers' free list was so perfect an illustration of the fake and the fraud of it all that it seemed pertinent to call attention to the subject at this time. Still, it may be just as well. If the Congressional Record did carry, as spoken, the speeches of the bulk of the members of the House, for example, the people would have even more reason for wondering what is the use of Congress than they have now.

### *Too Much*

RECENTLY, at a dinner given in his honor by his college fraternity, at the University of Texas, Christy Mathewson told of a "black hand" letter he once received in New York. It demanded his presence at a certain address in Brooklyn and suggested that he bring along five hundred dollars. "No," said Christy, when asked if he acceded to the request; "I didn't do it. Not," he hastened to add, "that I minded the five hundred at all, but I drew the line at going to Brooklyn."

# The Newlyweds

are starting off on their wedding trip. The trunks are crowded full of new and wonderful clothes. Teasing friends have slyly attached the tell-tale "Just Married" tags and streamers as the carriage rolls away.

But what a pity if the trunks should get smashed by ruthless baggage-men, and the bride's finery should be ruined or exposed to curious eyes!

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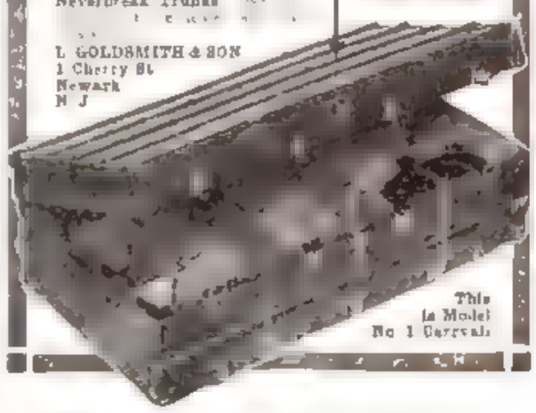

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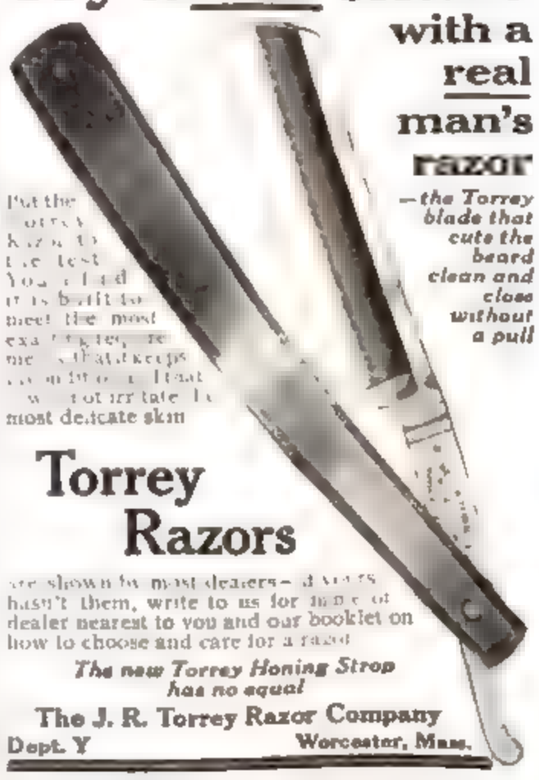

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are shown by most dealers—if yours hasn't them, write to us for name of dealer nearest to you and our booklet on how to choose and care for a razor.

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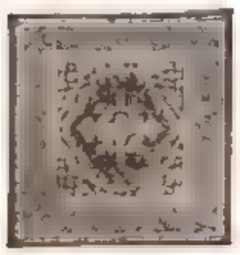

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# Out-of-Doors

## *Polo and How It is Played*

POLO is a most exclusive and a most spectacular sport—and also a very expensive sport. A great many heroes in popular novels have played polo; and, indeed, without the game and its aristocratic devotees fiction would suffer a severe loss. At the same time, almost any sort of a man who has the price can associate with several other men who also have the price, and mix it up in interesting if not exclusive form wherever there is plenty of room and plenty of good cowponies. You will see a good many polo fields in western Canada, but the game is not yet to be called popular or generally understood in our Western states, although some think it is now upon the eve of a boom.

If polo is ever to become anything like as popular as baseball it is time it took a start, for it was begun some centuries ago. We are credibly informed in a volume dealing with the classical poetry of Japan that polo was played before the Mikado on the fields of Kasuga, twelve hundred years ago. Its Japanese name was *dakiu*, and no doubt it afforded the ancient Samurai all the facilities for showing their courage and courtesy, which it has offered participants ever since. It is a rough game and one needs to be plucky to play it well. No doubt, when an ancient Samurai was swiped in the mouth with a mallet twelve hundred years ago, he politely removed his teeth, bowed and told the honorable swiper to take the money, as any gentleman does today. It is good form in polo to get an arm broken; and the hero in the average popular novel nearly always wins the game for his side after having both his collar-bones broken and a leg or so disfigured. Only his clean-cut, finely chiseled features come through undamaged. The polo player must not mind trifles.

There is no doubt regarding the oriental origin of this polite contest. Sir Anthony Shirley, who visited the Shah of Persia in 1599 or thereabout, was entertained by the Shah and his courtiers, who played for him the first game of polo he had ever seen. England did not take up the sport, however, until 1854, when General Sherer witnessed the game in India, in the Manipur Valley. It occurred to him that it would be a good game to abolish ennui in the British army in India. It was soon instituted at Lahore, Cawnpur, Delhi, Madras, Calcutta and Puna, and since that time has become one of the accepted institutions of the British officer, if not of the British soldier, ranking next to pigsticking in India.

### *The Younger You Begin the Better*

Polo did not get into England proper until 1869, when it was introduced by officers of the Tenth Hussars. They used their regular cavalry horses and found it difficult to turn around without getting into Ireland or Scotland; so, after a time, they got in some smaller horses from Wales. One of the first games was between the Tenth Hussars and the Ninth Lancers, casualty list unknown. Soon after this it became a regular cavalry sport. It has long flourished in the Hurlingham and Ranelagh clubs.

The game itself is a cross between football and croquet mounted on horseback. It is a game for horsemen only. The Orientals formerly chose up sides when they played it, just as for two-old-cat. The customary team in England formerly was seven or eight on a side. It was early found that the small horse could turn quicker and handle himself better on the polo field; yet the size of the horses, now almost up to fifteen hands, has rather increased, and with it the pace of the game, which now is reduced to four players on each side. The extent of the playing field also has been increased and the pace is faster and nercer.

It is likely that the game of polo will know considerable development in this country. To play it, a man must be a good rider; and, of course, it is better for him to prepare for the game in his teens, which some of our older players could not do, so recent has been the advent of the sport in America. Even a good rider, beginning this game in middle age, would never be apt to master it. It is quite astonishing with what regularity a good player will land on the ball and how close the well-trained polo pony will keep to the ball.

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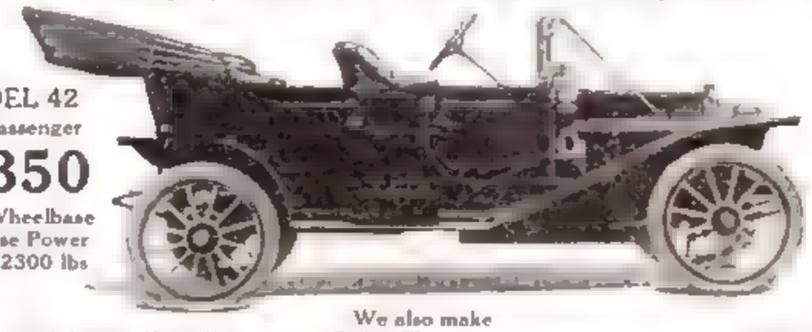

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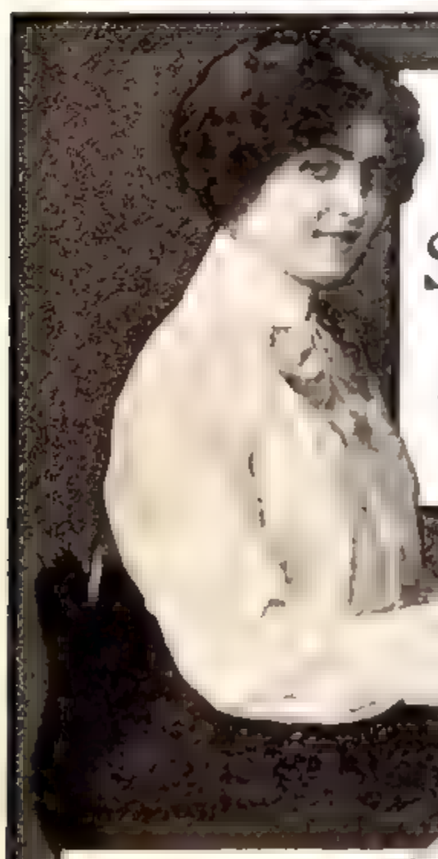

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The game can be played on any sort of open field, but a good turf makes the best footing. Any player needs a string of horses as extensive and rather better than those of the top man in a calf roundup; and the mêlée of players is more dangerous than that of as many longhorns. The game is played with a long-handled mallet and a ball made of willow-wood painted white—the ball being renewed by the referee whenever it has become discolored by hard usage. The head of the mallet is longer than that of the croquet mallet, but not quite so large around; and it tapers slightly to each end of the head, from the inset point of the Malacca cane handle. With this implement a skilled player can cut the ball to right or left, or put "English" on it, something like the unintentional "English" on a golf ball, so that it will travel in a curve.

Seemingly impossible goal shots are sometimes made by a curved ball, put in flight with considerable cut by a galloping horseman who has only a fraction of time to make the shot. Indeed, almost any goal shot is apt to come at an angle and needs to be taken at full gallop. Sometimes the rider smashes the ball underneath his horse, passing it to a fellow player. This he must do while perhaps one or more eager opponents are waiting to hook his mallet when he makes the shot. It is legal to do that or almost anything else; and it is not really necessary to say "Beg pardon!"—unless you kill your opponent. It looks simple and easy from the sidelines, but it is a game requiring more courage and far more skill than football. The rider must keep his eye on the ball and ride for it at terrific speed, without the least hesitation. If there is a cannon, and some one goes out of the saddle, so much the better for the young novelist on the sidelines.

### *In Battle Array*

There is something modern in the prevailing polo idea of extreme speed. The whole play today is at high pressure all the time and at a fearsome pace in a hot game. Any man can ride out alone on a greensward and execute some very pretty shots by himself, but in the actual game he who hesitates for the fraction of a second is lost. He may have one opponent on the left trying to ride him off the ball, another close in on the right waiting to hook mallets with him when he attempts his stroke. Perhaps the latter is a solitary rapid-fire chance at goal, which is a hundred and fifty feet away, with the husky back patrolling up and down with his mallet also ready and the nostrils of his horse breathing forth fire. The trick to be done is, perhaps, to cut the ball to right or left, or to give it a back stroke, or cut it between the pony's legs. There is no time to waste, that is sure; and it is in such a scrimmage that the veteran shows his class. The horse also must show its class and courage, for no polo player is better than his horse.

There have been a great many changes made in the rules of the game; and the international match, scheduled in this country this spring, is the first to be played under international rules. The game is now done in six very fast periods of ten minutes each, with a minute's rest between and five minutes of half time. Time is deducted for accidents, deaths or the like, by the timekeeper, so that the full hour may be played at top speed.

Properly to avoid danger to man or horse, the goal posts are made of basket work a foot in diameter but hollow. There is no crossbar between the tops of the posts. The ends of the field are marked by whitewashed lines, as on a football field. The side boundaries are marked by boards set on edge; and these sideline boards constitute one of the dangers of the game. The ponies learn to avoid them very well, but a fall on the boards may mean a broken leg for either a man or a horse. The horses usually are provided with leg guards below knee and hock and the riders wear pith helmets or caps.

The only way to learn to play polo is to play it. The English flat saddle is used and polo in cowsaddles has never received the stamp of good form. One may practice in a sort of cage covered with netting and ride a wooden hobbyhorse the while. On the floor there is a regular polo ball, which he can hit as hard as he likes in any direction—backhanded, right, left, with straight delivery or a strong cut. This is not polo, but by this means one can, with considerable additional safety, discover that the


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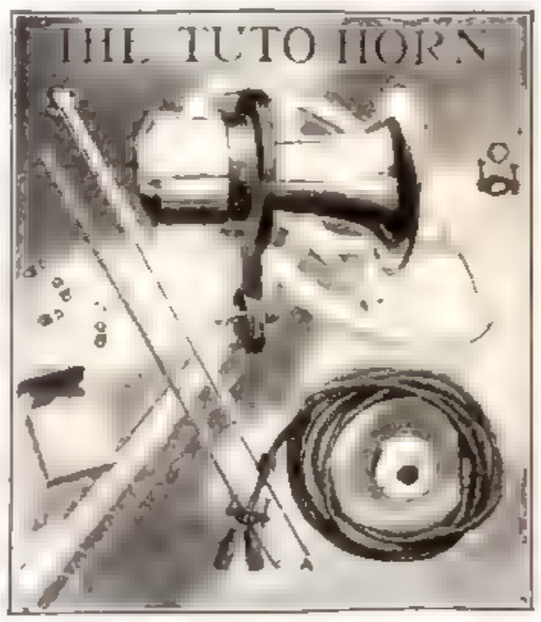


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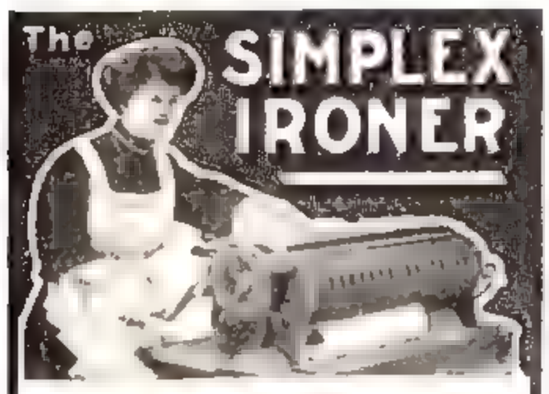


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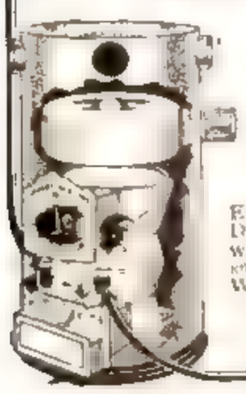

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five-inch ball is hard to find at the end of the long mallet.

A polo team is made up of three forwards and a back. Each man, in the course of the game, will use from four to six mounts in all likelihood, and the team should have perhaps thirty or forty ponies in condition. The man who plays polo steadily must have both cash and leisure. Some ponies are bound to get lamed in the game; others get off their feed; others are not yet out of the green class. A stable of ten or a dozen polo ponies is not too much for any one fit to class as a hero in a good team. It is not difficult to spend five thousand to twenty-five thousand dollars not to mention wages of grooms, traveling expenses, feed, stabling, horse clothing and jewelry. In addition to this, a good polo club will be at considerable expense in maintenance of grounds.

Polo is distinctively an amateur game and one was about to say that it has not been commercialized. With a crack polo pony bringing as much as twenty-five hundred dollars, however, there are not lacking shrewd horsemen and ranch breeders who have seen the profit in raising polo ponies. As to the America polo cup, it has been a competition practically between the Western cowhorse and the English specialized polo pony. We have sent some small thoroughbred horses from the Southern States to the Long Island polo field, but the Western "bronc" is our mainstay on this side of the water. There are about three dozen polo clubs in this country, and perhaps two thousand polo ponies may be called "in stock," fully trained.

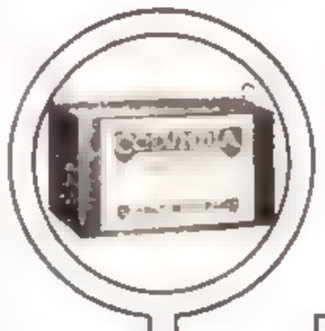
To get two thousand good polo ponies, perhaps four times that number will have to be weeded out. Some are fast, but hard-mouthed; some are handy, but slow; some sulk, or balk, or get frightened; some are too near outlaw in temperament and others cannot carry weight; others, perhaps, have been hit by a ball or mallet in some fierce contest—and so have lost their nerve. Indeed, the horse is the thing in polo: and on our horses must depend our success. The demand for good ones is such that a price of two hundred and fifty dollars would only make an owner smile. A pony good enough to be an "international pony" would be cheap at two thousand dollars—almost worth his weight in gold, for a typical pony is not much bigger than a pint of cider.

### *Match Ponies From the West*

Western ranchmen now set aside those of their little horses that look like polo prospects. Indeed, it is said that one or two ranches in Texas have polo fields, mallets, balls, English saddles and the whole outfit, including pith helmets, for the cowpunchers who train the ponies. The world certainly has "done moved some" since the old days of the cowtrail. At least, this is a good way of combining industry and sport in dull years, when white-faced cattle are bringing only ten dollars a hundred in Chicago and when lack of rain has backed up the landseekers' excursion trains. A good polo prospect, well tried out on the ranchfield, may bring ten or twenty times as much as he would for use as a cowhorse.

A pony of international-match class must be considerable of a horse. He must be fast, sound, brave and of the sporting temper which keeps him as close after the white ball as he would be after a white-faced calf. He must be able to turn on a handkerchief; and must smile and look pleasant when pasted in the eye with a mallet—the same as must his rider. The best player is no better than his horse and his horsemanship; and, granted equal skill and nerve among the men, the class of the horses is what determines the issue in a cup match.

In short, polo is about as much like war for man and beast as any sport of the long list of outdoor occupations for men of sporting instinct. Since we are all going to be rich, now that the Democratic party has control of the House, we should not put beyond our American ambition that of each owning a string of polo ponies—and perhaps at a later date getting "busted up" in an international match. *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*, as they say in Chicago which means that it is better to soak the other fellow than to be soaked by him. Do it first! A goal is announced by hoisting a white flag. It certainly is the wrong color; for, properly speaking, there is no white flag in polo.

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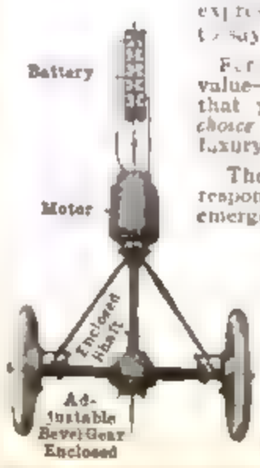


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# Rechristening Cornell

## By BLANCHE GOODMAN

CORNELL UN'VERS'TY JACKSON—dat was his name," said Viney. "Where'd Lindy git hit? Well, hit was up at her white folks'—de Buffo'dses—dat she runned 'crost hit. Her an' Alec had been scrappin' fo' 'bout two months what dey was gwine to name de baby, an' hit look lak dey jes couldn't come to no 'greement. Alec wanted to name him one er de good ol' Bible names, like 'Poleom er Jossyway er Gawge Wash'n'ton; but Lindy had her mind set on callin' him somethin' stylishlike an' up to date. As fo' me, I disadmiahs dese newfangled names; but my 'pinion wasn't axed.

"Fum what Lindy say, de olues' Buffo'd boy was gwine 'way up No'th fo' de purpose er gittin' some branches what he couldn't git at home. Sounds plum' foolish, don' hit? An' I tol' Lindy she mus' a got dat crooked; 'cause what in de name er kingdom come would he have to go 'way to git branches fo'—an' all dem trees on Majah Buffo'd's prop'ty? Dey is some dom's of white folks dat I ain't p'tendin' to un'erstan', an' dis one was one er de misun'erstandable ones.

"Lindy say dat, in all de talkin' what was goin' on befo' de young man went away, dey was one name she hearn 'em call a heap er times what sounded so tony an' dif'unt fum any she evah knowed of dat she got Majah Buffo'd to write hit down on a piece er paper. 'What you gwine to do wid hit, Lindy?' say de majah, after he done writ hit an' give hit to her. 'I's gwine to tack dat name on to Jackson,' say Lindy, 'an' give hit to de baby!' So dat's how come him to have hit. Alec kicked a mighty heap; but Lindy had her min' set—an' de name stuck.

"He was a puny li'l' niggah; an' hit's my 'pinion dat he wa'n't nachally cut-away, but dat hit was a punishment on Lindy fo' 'posin' herse'f to Alec 'bout not wantin' no Bible name. 'Count er him bein' sickly twel he was 'bout five yeans ol', Lindy nevah would lay a han' on him, an' when he did git strong 'nough to take a good dressin' down, Cornell had Lindy right under his thumbnail wid a trick er his of screamin' like he was bein' killed no sooner'n she'd lif' up her han'. An' steal! Why, ev'y time dat niggah'd bat his eyelids somethin' would fly up under 'em.

"De fus' time she caught Cornell at some er his tricks was when he went roun' to folks'es houses one Sunday mawnin' an' tuck de newspapers outen dey yahds fo' any one was up, an' den toted 'em in town an' sold 'em. Den, again, he coaxed Cunnel Slocum'ses brown water-spaniard out er de yahd, an', after paintin' de dog black wid a bottle er shoe polish, sold him to a man 'crost de river fo' a dollah. Hit was jes one thing an' den another.

"One mawnin' I stopped by to see Lindy, an' I foun' her all worked up an' mad 'bout somethin'. Hit seem dat Cornell had drapped a half dollah outen his pants pocket on to de flo'; an' hit tuck Lindy nearly a hour to worm outen him whar hit come fum. By an' by she got a holt er de trufe. Majah Buffo'd had give Cornell one er his vestes to take home an' have hit pressed, an' Cornell had rummaged roun' in de ves' an' foun' de piece er money in one er de pockets.

"'I tol' Cornell,' say Lindy, 'dat I had a good notion to have him soapeened to co't fo' takin' dat money. I went out in de yahd an' broke off a good, strong switch, while Sally Ann helt dat young un. Dey's a time fo' Scriptures an' a time fo' hick'ry limbs; an' one of 'em hadn't fetched him, so hit was de other one's tu'n. I whupped dat boy twel my ahms ached, fus wid one han' an' den wid de other; an' when I was plum' wo' out, an' him howlin' an' sniffin', I say: "You's agwine to take dis heah piece er money on up to Majah Buffo'd dis aft'noon, 'cause he'll be home den; an' you's agwine to tell him how come you wid it—does you heah me?" "Yes'm," say Cornell. 'Does you b'lieve dat he's gwine to do hit?' I says to Lindy when she tol' me all dat. 'Well,' says Lindy, 'dey ain't nothin' lak tryin'.'

"Dat aft'noon Mis' Fanny sent me ovah to de Buffo'ds'es wid a bokay of flowers in honah of Mis' May an' Mistah Robert Buffo'd, as dey was 'spected home dat evenin' fum dey bridal tare. Mis' Buffo'd sent me in de hall wid 'em to put 'em in de big vase on de table; an' while I was standin' dere fixin' de flowers who does I see thoo de window but Cornell, comin' up de walk. De majah was settin' on de po'ch in one er de big rockers; an' when he seen Cornell I heerd him call out, 'Good aft'noon, Cornell Un'vers'ty. What kin I do fo' you dis aft'noon?'—teasin'like, as Majah Buffo'd always is. Cornell tuck off his cap an' come up de steps on de po'ch. 'I jes thought I'd stop in an' see ef you-all is got any kin' er wuk you-all wants me to do fo' you,' says Cornell, sorter stammerin' an' twistin' his cap roun' in his han's. 'Not today,' say de majah; 'but I mought have somethin' fo' you to do nex' week.' Cornell was fishin' down in his pocket by dat time, an' pretty soon he brung up de half dollah. 'Majah Buffo'd,' says he, 'you kin have dis!' An' wid dat he helt out de money to de majah. Majah Buffo'd look pow'ful 'stonished fo' a minute, an' den he slap his knee an' set back in his cheer an' laugh an' laugh. 'What fo' you reckon I wants wid yo' money, Cornell?' he ask. 'I don' know,' say Cornell; 'but I jes thought I'd give hit to you.' De majah stop laughin' all of a suddent an' straighten' up, lookin' Cornell in de eye hahd. 'Cornell Un'vers'ty, you's been an' stole dat money!' he say, jes lak dat. 'Yes, suh,' say Cornell, widout blinkin' a eye. 'Does you want hit, Majah Buffo'd?' At dat, Majah Buffo'd reach ovah an' grab Cornell by de shoulder. 'You young rapscallion!' he say; 'you knows I don't want dat money. Who did you steal hit fum?' 'Fum a white man,' say Cornell. 'When?' ask de majah, sharp an' short. 'Dis mawnin',' say Cornell. 'Den you take dat piece er money an' give hit back to de man what you stoled hit fum,' de majah tol' him. 'Dat's what I done dis aft'noon,' say Cornell, lookin' him right square in de eye; 'I tuck hit back an' offer hit to him an' he wouldn't take hit.' At dat, de majah let loost er Cornell an' set back in his cheer. 'Well,' says he, 'ef dat's de case, why, dey ain't nothin' mo' to be said. An' heah's a dime fo' you, 'cause you's done been an' confessed yo' sin. Hit shows dat you's got back on de right road, even ef you did git sidetracked.' 'Thanky, suh!' say Cornell; an' puttin' de money in his pocket he lit out.

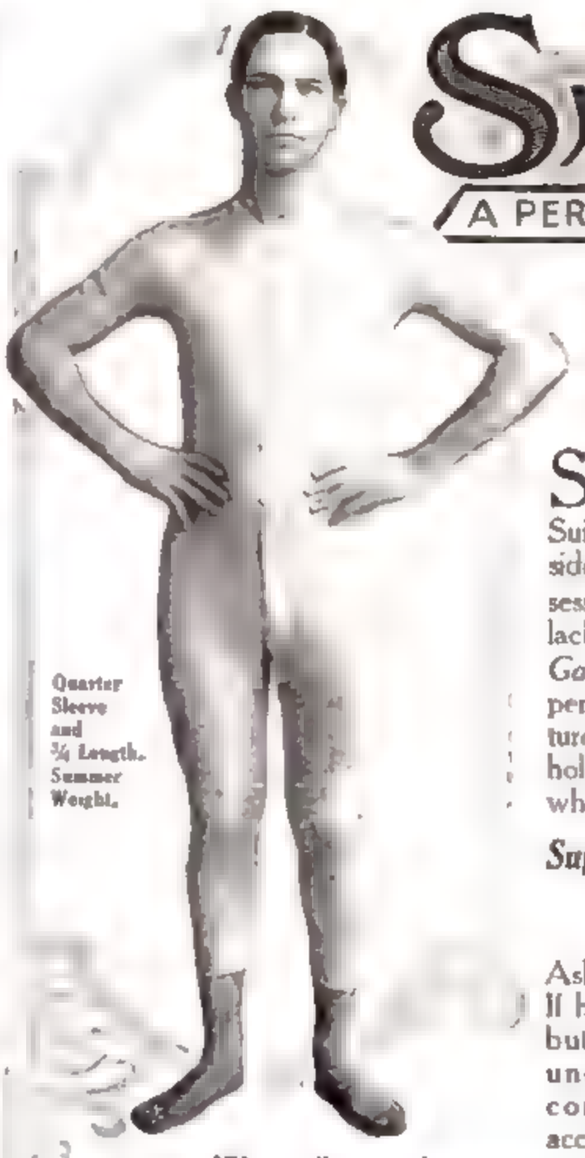
"I say to myse'f: 'I hates to mix in an' carry tales; but ef 'twas one er my chillen, an' Lindy knowed 'bout hit, I'd thank her fo' tellin' me.' An' as soon as I could I went right on down to Lindy's. No sooner'n I had got in de room dan Lindy say: 'Viney, what you reckon? Cornell went right on up to Buffo'ds' lak I tol' him, an' Majah Buffo'd say fo' him to keep de money, an' give him a dime besides, fo' bein' hones' 'bout hit!' Dat was one drap in de bucket too much fo' me, an' after 'sputin' wid myse'f some I jes up an' tol' Lindy de straight of hit. At fus, Lindy jes lost her tongue. Den she say: 'Viney, de debil has got holt er dat boy sh' 'nough, an' no mistake. I's afeard I has got plum' to de end of de string wid him. Seems to me dat maybe hit's a jedgment on me 'count er de name I give him—'cause he ain't no mo' lak de other chillen den ef he wa'n't no kin to 'em.'

"'Lindy,' say I, 'you has tried de Scriptures an' you has tried spoilin' sev'al rods on dat boy, an' hit's time to try somethin' else. Ef you has de idea dat de name you give him got him stahted off wrong why don't you give him a new one?'

"Lindy ran out in de yahd, got Cornell an' drug him on up to de Buffo'ds'es an' tol' 'em de whole thing, fum staht to finish.

"'Now,' say de majah when hit was all tol', 'I gathers dat what you wants to do is to name dis boy ovah, so as to give him a new staht—an' you wants de name to be outen de Bible.' 'Yes, suh,' say Lindy; 'I wants hit to be a Bible name dis time.' Fo' a minute Majah Buffo'd look lak he was searchin' roun' in his haid to think er somethin'. Den he say: 'Call him Beelzebub!' 'Is hit a sho-nuff Bible name?' ask Lindy. 'Dat's what hit am,' say de majah. 'Den dat's what he'll be named,' say Lindy, 'an' we'll call him Bub fo' short.'

"An' dat's how come de rechristenin' of Cornell."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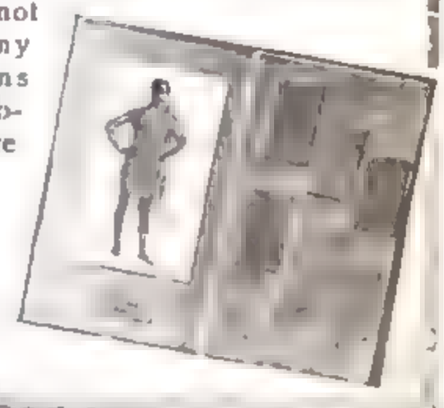

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Total Adder

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Total Adder

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Autographic A

$200

Total Adder
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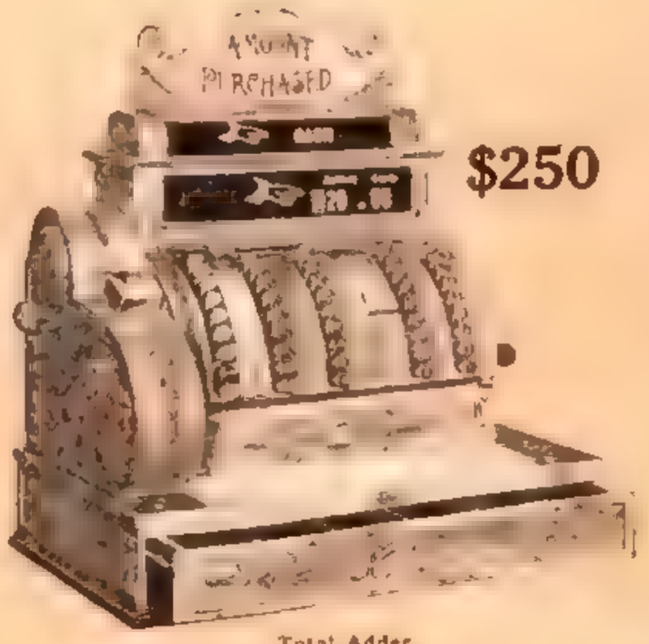


$250

Total Adder
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Prints Receipt

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$75

Total Adder
Prints Sales-Strip

$75

Total Adder
Autographic Attachment
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Prints Sales-Strip
Drawer Operated

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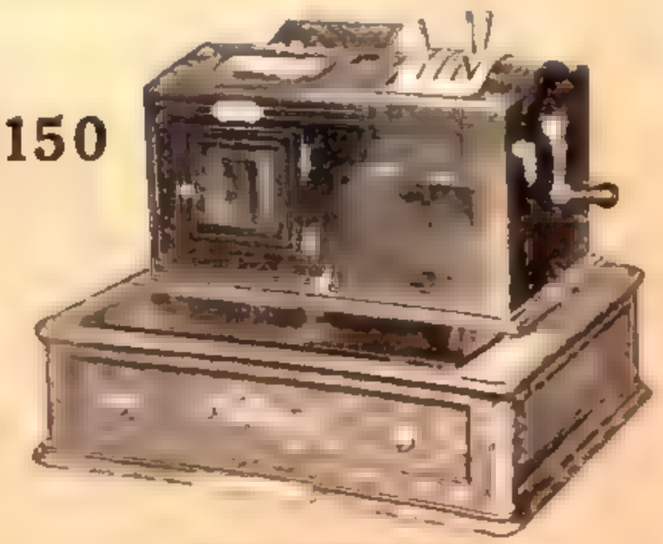

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# Saving the Wood Waste

By RENÉ BACHE

THE wood cut in the forests of the United States in a twelvemonth, if so put together as to form a single mass, would make a solid cube half a mile on each edge.

Just about two-thirds of all this wood is lost by waste. In cordwood the loss is five per cent; in posts and rails it is twenty per cent; in hewed crossties it is seventy per cent, and in cooperage stock it runs up to nearly eighty per cent.

An organized effort is now being made to prevent this enormous waste. At every lumbermen's meeting the matter is discussed with anxious interest. They realize better than anybody else that the time is at hand for progress along lines of close utilization in dealing with the output of the forests.

To illustrate the possibilities in this direction it may be mentioned that, if the slabs, edgings, trimmings and shavings from the spruce, hemlock, poplar and cottonwood cut for lumber in the year 1910 had been used for papermaking, they would have furnished over four million cords—an amount amply sufficient to produce all the paper manufactured in the United States.

The waste of beech, birch and maple in our Northern woods is sufficient, if it were properly utilized, to produce the bulk of the wood alcohol and acetate of lime used in this country. If so utilized it would yield an output worth annually about seven million dollars. Today, however, nearly all of the wood employed in the manufacture of these products is cut specially for the purpose.

Again, the pine-mill waste in the Southern states is amply sufficient to produce a quantity of turpentine equal to that now obtained by tapping live trees. However, in this direction a new departure has been taken and turpentine is already being turned out from pine waste by about thirty distilling plants in that section, with an annual output valued at half a million dollars.

These instructive facts are cited by William L. Hall, an officer of the forest service, in an article to be published in the forthcoming year book of the Department of Agriculture, whence the data herewith presented have been derived. He makes incidentally the noteworthy statement that, though our demand for wood outgrew our increase in population toward the end of the last century, at the present time the production of that prime necessary of life considerably exceeds the demand.

### The Loss in Lumber

The principal reason for this change in the situation lies in the fact that substitutes are taking the place of lumber to an enormous extent, thus lessening the demand for wood. In our cities, steel and cement for door and window frames; slate, metal, and patented materials for roofing; tile and cement for flooring, and marble for wainscoting and finish have usurped places once belonging to wood. On the railroads, steel passenger and freight cars are displacing wooden ones, and bridges and trestles of wood are being replaced by more permanent structures of concrete and steel. Already frame station buildings and board platforms are in the back-number class.

On farms and in rural communities, corresponding changes are taking place, and pressure upon the lumber supply is relieved by the use of cement for fence-posts, well-curbs, feeding and watering troughs, swinehouses, silos, greenhouse beds, feeding floors, milk rooms and cooling tanks for dairies, root cellars, floors for corncribs, cowsheds and chicken houses—and for numerous other employments in which lumber was formerly recognized as the only available material.

What, it will be asked, is the reason for the enormous waste of wood? Mr. Hall says that the answer is easily found. We saw lumber with square edges, but the trees grow round. Our boards and timber must be straight and of the same width and thickness throughout, though the tree often grows crooked and always tapers. If the tree would accommodate us by adopting the form of a cylinder, instead of a cone, the waste would be much less; but even then it would be large. There is waste in the stump because it is difficult to cut off a tree even with the surface of the ground, though it would be better for the forest if this were done.

Perhaps the greatest item of waste in wood is due to failure to utilize the tops of the trees. Branches and tops are lopped off and left to decay on the ground. It is the dead tops that form the "slash," which burns with uncontrollable fierceness during forest fires. Thus one form of waste leads directly to another. Defective trees, due to burns, decay or insects, are often left uncut. Altogether, it is probable that twenty-five per cent of the wood produced by growth is never taken from the forest at all.

At the mill, in the process of sawing out rough boards, the slabs, edgings and trimmings must be removed. In addition, the bark and sawdust—very considerable items—are lost. When the boards go through the planing mill, one-eighth to one-quarter of an inch is taken off to make their surfaces smooth and true. In the total sum, mill waste—represented by slabs, edgings, trimmings, shavings and sawdust—easily comprises thirty-five per cent of the wood that originally stood in the forest.

This, however, is by no means the end of the story. Further waste is entailed in working up lumber in the building trades; in box and furniture making; in carriage, car and ship building; in fact, wherever sawed lumber is used. To the sixty per cent of the tree left in the woods, or lost at the sawmill, must be added seven or eight per cent which is sawed, planed or chiseled off in the course of producing the finished articles.

### The Value of Chemicals

Not until the piece of wood has taken its final form in house, box, table, barrel, railroad tie or what-not does waste cease: in fact, not even then. No sooner does man stop cutting away with his ax, saw, chisel or plane than other agencies take up the work. Decay, fire, insects, marine borers and general wear-and-tear are estimated to cause an annual loss of over nine billion board feet actually in use. Of this amount decay is accountable for eighty-one per cent, wear-and-tear for eight per cent, insects for five per cent and fire and marine borers for three per cent each.

At what point is it most important commercially to put a check upon the waste? Evidently—says Mr. Hall—after the wood is actually put in service, because then it has its greatest value. It is a sound business principle that the woodusing industries should conserve their wood materials—such as railroad ties, for example—by protecting them so that they will last as long as possible.

With this idea in view, efforts are now beginning to be made on an extensive scale to treat with preservatives such articles of wood as crossties, bridge timbers, paving blocks, posts and piles. And the time is near at hand when we shall deal in the same way with the shingles on our houses, porch floors and columns, and other parts of buildings that are exposed to influences productive of decay. Already no fewer than eighty plants for the preservative treatment of wood are in operation and more are being built every year. Many of these plants belong to railroad companies and others do a commercial business.

Two preservatives are widely used for the purpose in the United States. One is creosote, a product of coal tar, valuable for preventing both decay and destruction by marine borers. The other is zinc chlorid, and is effective only against decay. During the last year about sixty million gallons of creosote and nineteen million pounds of zinc chlorid were employed in this way, being applied to fourteen hundred million feet of lumber.

Before long we shall see some of the larger lumber companies putting in preservative plants at their sawmills. The advantage to the lumberman thereby gained will be that he can profitably turn much of his lowgrade lumber and wood waste, by treatment with chemicals, into merchantable railroad ties and similar commercial products. This will mean a reduction of


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the amount of timber going into low grades of lumber an end which the lumberman very much desires, since he has too little of the best lumber and too much of the poorest. The advantage to the country will be a closer utilization of the trees that are cut and a saving of much of the highgrade woods now put to inferior uses. It is poor economy to put the best white oak into railroad ties, which last in an untreated condition only seven or eight years, when treated ties of rapid-growth pine and gum will last from twelve to fifteen years.

Again, the preservative treatment is making available large amounts of dead timber which was until recently considered useless. Upon the high mountains of the West are vast areas covered with billions of feet of dead pine, spruce and fir, the result of forest fires, some of which swept over those regions a quarter of a century ago. Two national forests, the Holy Cross and Sopris, in Colorado, are alone estimated to contain one hundred and sixty-five million feet of such timber much of it still sound. If treated it will be first-class material for fence-posts, railroad ties, telephone poles and a great variety of other commodities.

In many ways—says Mr. Hall—improved methods are beginning to cut down waste at the sawmill. Small articles of trade are being manufactured out of material previously lost, and what has hitherto been regarded as refuse is being turned into valuable products through chemical processes.

Much waste of good material has resulted from the inability of lumbermen to market short or odd lengths of boards. In the past it has been impossible to buy in the lumber yards boards or timbers less than ten feet long—or pieces of odd lengths, such as eleven, thirteen or fifteen feet. Logs that would make boards less than ten feet long have been thrown away unless they could be worked into lath or other small forms, and pieces that would readily make odd lengths without loss were cut down to even lengths.

On the Pacific Coast the loss due to non-manufacture of odd lengths in planing-mill material was found by the forest service to be two and seven-tenths per cent of all that passed through the machines. For Washington and Oregon this means fifteen million feet of the highest grade of material each year. In the southern pine region the total waste on this account is probably not less than thirty million feet annually. It is due to the demand of custom. Rather than buy four-foot boards, the American citizen prefers to get a twelve-foot or sixteen-foot board and saw it into four-foot lengths.

### *The Tyranny of Custom*

There is, perhaps, even greater waste, because we do not utilize odd widths of boards—this being again a mere matter of custom. A section of a log that would make a board seven inches wide is sawed down to six inches and the strip cut off is thrown away.

On the whole, the principal cause of the great waste of wood in the course of manufacture is lack of proper organization and coöperation among the woodproducing and woodusing industries. The lumberman wants to make lumber and nothing else; consequently much of his raw material is wasted. The cooperage manufacturer wants to make staves and nothing else, and demands for his purpose the whole tree, when he might use waste from the sawmill. Better arrangements would render it possible for the industry that makes small products to use as its raw material the waste of another that makes only large products. For example, consider the meat-skewer. Custom decrees that it shall be made of hickory. In its manufacture, trees are cut down and sawed into pieces several feet long, from which the skewers are made. This is a wasteful procedure and hickory is becoming scarce. Skewers should be made from the waste wood of other industries which require hickory in larger pieces.

In cooperage manufacture the trees are cut into small pieces of a length suitable for making barrelstaves, heads and hoops, with a waste of about eighty-seven per cent. Why should not staves, heads and hoops be made from the sixty-seven per cent of waste incurred in the cutting and preparation of lumber? Slack cooperage could be produced from exactly the kind of material that is wasted by hundreds of thousands of feet in large lumber operations.

A great proportion of the tops and crooked logs left in the woods would be excellent for such purposes. It is clear that for the saving of needless waste these two industries ought to be combined, so that the lumber refuse may furnish all the barrelstaves, and so forth, required.

Mr. Hall says that the lumber industry should not continue simply to cut logs into boards. It should diversify its products. Some of the large sawmills might profitably manufacture boxes. Others should start pulp mills, cooperage plants, woodenware works, or turpentine and tannic-acid outfits. By conducting such auxiliary establishments, the lumbermakers could greatly augment their profits through the utilization of what is now only so much waste.

### *Reforming the Hewers of Wood*

As a part of the reform in such matters, the public must be prepared to accept new kinds of wood and new forms of manufacture, disregarding the tyranny of custom. The farmer must give up the use of cedar, white oak and chestnut posts, and be content to employ willow, cottonwood and pine, creosoted to make them durable. Railroads must cease using white-oak ties and turn to treated pine and other fast-growing woods. Builders must be content to accept short lengths of lumber, such as two and four feet; also, odd lengths, like seven, nine and thirteen feet—and even odd widths, such as five, seven and nine inches.

It is interesting, in connection with this discussion, to consider the fact that we are the greatest users of wood in the world. According to the figures of the forest service, we take from our forests one hundred and twenty-five cubic feet of wood a head annually. Germany uses only thirty-seven feet and France but twenty-five feet a head. Of sawed lumber alone the people of the United States consumed eighteen billion board-feet in 1880, twenty-four billion in 1890, thirty-five billion in 1900 and forty billion in 1907, when lumber prices reached the highest point in our history. Since then the production has increased by about ten per cent; but, as already stated, it is now considerably in excess of the demand, owing principally to the substitution of other materials for wood in a great variety of employments.

The Federal Government has begun earnestly to coöperate with the lumbermen and the woodusing industries in an effort to cut down the waste of wood all along the line. It has established at Madison, Wisconsin, a thoroughly equipped woodtesting laboratory, which was formally opened in June of last year. The experts employed in this laboratory have for their task the studying out of many questions, some of which are highly complex, relating to the economic use of the forest and its products. These questions, though fundamentally scientific, are at the same time broadly commercial.

Accordingly the establishment, of necessity, will work in close touch with the woodproducers and woodusers; and, with due coöperation between these industrial elements and the Government, there seems to be every reason to expect that the important problem of forest utilization with a minimum of waste will ultimately be solved.

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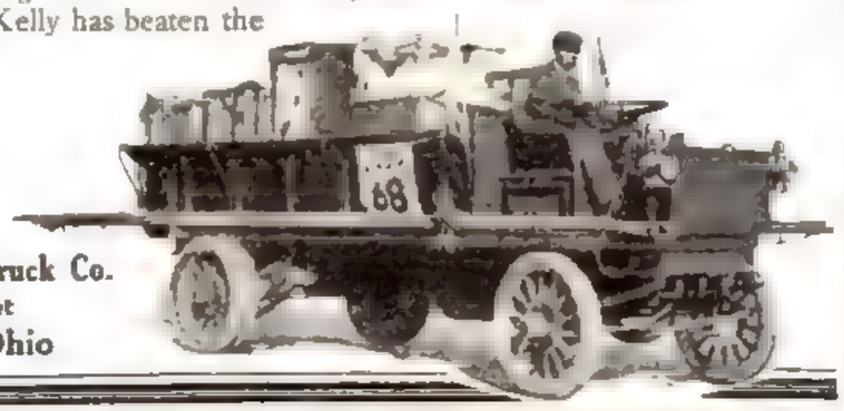

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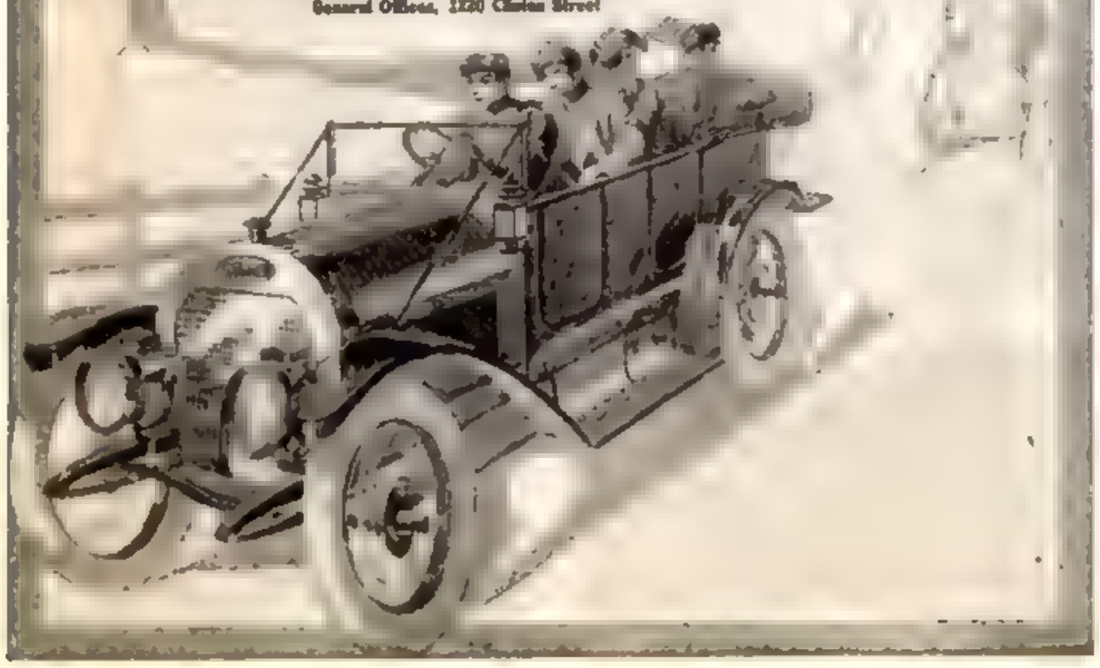


## THE OLD NEST

(Continued from Page 8)

The bride in this Anthon tree absorbed an amazing amount of provender and consumed appalling quantities of bird spaghetti, which her man brought her looped up in his beak conveniently for pushing down her gullet. Meanwhile she, too, had not been idle; for she was pretending to be an oven and she was keeping as warm as she could for the sake of the hardshell children beneath her. She could not give them blood or milk as other mothers do; she could only be a furnace to them while her husband was her most ardent stoker.

The consequence of this mode of living, as the watcher at the window expected, but found no less absorbing, was the eventual presence of several more gullets to stoke. Now the *paterfamilias* was busier than ever. He plainly felt his importance; and he gracefully concealed his undoubted disappointment at the grotesque little monstrosities his wife had educed from those exquisite jewels he had bought her. As for the mother, she was unspeakably conceited, and with no little reason; for had she not contributed to the song of the world a number of additions, and demonstrated that there was not a bad egg in the lot? And she doubtless hoped—if birds are ever foolish-wise enough to hope!—that they would turn out a credit to the family.

She was plainly determined that while they were under her care they should not lack for food, warmth or protection. To her great relief, and their father's, they grew their own clothes; but their bringing-up required endless attention, numberless battles, alarms, quarrels. And there must have been much fatigue and harrowing anxiety.

Mrs. Anthon could not but see the closeness of the parallel with her own case. She, too, had been an instrument for the continuance of her species. She, too, had been urged on to every endurance and sacrifice by some inner and outer compulsion of instinct. She, too, had been amazed and enraptured by the marvelous things she had given the world—little animals that would grow to be human beings like herself if protected and fed.

She had protected and fed them; and now they were of full stature, well and honorable and prospering. She rejoiced that such success had been granted to her private miracles. Other women had seen their children die of malnutrition or illness or accident—run over by wagons or trains, or drowned. Other women had seen their children taken away to prisons. None of these horrors had marred her brood. She felt that, after all, she had been blessed beyond her deserts and she rebuked herself for complaining of her loneliness. She bent her head to murmur a prayer of gratitude.

Her prayer was cut short by the mad, clamorous panic of all the birds in the neighborhood. Birds went from tree to tree as if hurled from slings. They rocked the branches with their own excitement. Everywhere birds could be seen, with heads up and beaks scissoring as they barked for help.

Mrs. Anthon leaned out to find the cause of the excitement. She saw her old cat prowling up the tree, lost among the leafy branches, and searching—searching. Fate had tried to conceal him by naming him Tom and he had grown almost too lazy to purr; but spring had quickened the pulse of the old fireside loafer until he thought he was a tiger in a jungle. Such attitudinizing, such voluptuous sense of power, such melodramatic villainy! He was so ferocious that he frightened himself and kept looking back to see if something were not about to spring on him. He stalked the twisted streets of that tree as if he were a man-eater raiding a village in Bengal. He was not very much afraid of the birds whetting their beaks on the branches and shooting themselves in his direction. And then he heard the sharp, shrill tones of his mistress in most unusual wrath:

"Tom! Come out of there! What do you mean by—— Tom! you Thomas! Come right to me. You come away from there this instant!"

He wavered mutinously. He felt two natures struggling within him. All the ravening pride of the *genus felis* wrestled with the effete acquirements of the house cat. Habit won, as usual. The disguised tiger reverted to old Tom and slid clutchingly down the tree. Too bitterly cowed


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even to strike back at the emboldened fowl whizzing like shrapnel about his lowered head, he slunk through a cellar window and hid his blushes in the coalhole, meditating on the evils of these times.

The birds, ignoring the superavian power that had intervened miraculously, congratulated themselves upon a brilliant victory and returned to the works of peace. They said no prayers of thanks; they made no sacrifices, set up no votive tablets, established no holiday. If they drew any lesson from the campaign at all it was that cats would weaken if yelled at loudly and charged at with enough appearance of sincerity.

It never occurred to them to resolve that, since the prospect of a cat eating their young had so wrung their hearts, they would never eat anybody's else young. They did not become vegetarians, rather than harrow up the souls of sensitive grasshoppers and hysterical earthworms. They ate all of them they could find, or kidnapped them to feed their young withal.

No more did Mrs. Anthon moralize on the event. She did not care for insect melody and she did not know that earthworms have a dual nature and are doubly amorous. She simply rejoiced with the gladness humans feel when they have rescued a songbird from the great silence; and she resolved to make sure that Tom Beelzebub was locked up of nights till the tenants of that nest had raised their babies to full birdhood. She would be their police.

*IV*

THE Chicago papers reach Carthage in the late forenoon and the inhabitants depend upon them as their telescopes to the great outer universe. Doctor Anthon read the Carthage morning paper to find out who was on "the sick list" or what the town council had decided about repairing the crossings on Main Street. Mrs. Anthon read it to see who was at whose party last night. She rarely glanced at the metropolitan journals.

That noon, as she was retailing to her husband the exciting Waterloo of the birds and Napoleon Tom, he listened with only half an ear, his attention riveted rather on the news from the larger world. He turned a page surreptitiously and gasped:

"Land of Goshen! Here's our boy's picture!"

"No!"

"Yes!"

"What has he done now?"

For a moment the mother's heart was clutched with an agony lest some great misfortune had fastened on her child. She stared at the portrait, leaning hard on her husband's shoulder. Darby and Joan would hardly have known this mature gentleman for their child if the portrait had not been labeled.

With trembling forefinger the father ran among the headlines searching for what shocking scandal might have involved their pride. His name was not among them as a distinguished murderer, embezzler or divorcé. At last they ran him down.

"Here it is: 'President Appoints New Yorker to Vacancy on Supreme Bench.'" With quivering lips and a heart that beat as if he had run hard and long, the father read how this ultimate laurel for an American lawyer had been laid upon the brow of the eminent member of the bar known among his friends and rivals as "Lucky Anthon."

The parents of all this grandeur sat back and stared at each other. Their first emotion was a thrill of joy at the joy this would mean to their child himself.

"He always said, you know," the mother laughed—"he always said that for a lawyer the supreme bench was what the college of cardinals is to a priest. And now he's there!"

"And he's my son!" the old doctor cried.

"Your son!" the mother stormed, with an almost scandalous implication. "He's all mine! You wanted him to be a doctor. I made you send him to the law school."

"Well, I paid his expenses anyway," the doctor grumbled, retreating to the usual meekness of an American husband.

"Yes, but he's his mother's own boy!" she repeated with eyes flashing like an exultant girl's.

Their rapture was interrupted by the telephone. A neighbor was howling congratulations and basking in the radiance. The mother repeated the conversation as soon as she could release herself from the telephone:

"It's just like her. She took most of the credit to herself: 'I always said he would

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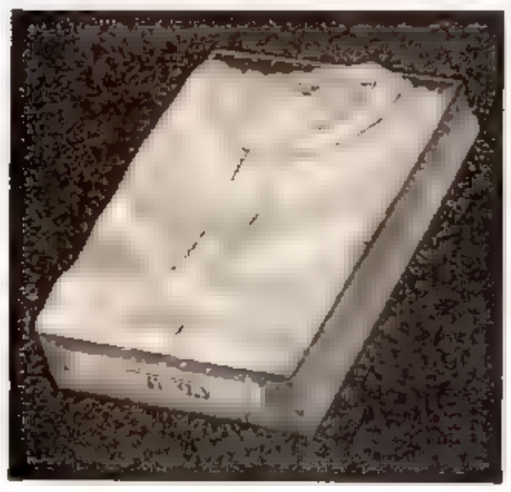

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be a great man some day,' she said; 'and it shows what Carthage can do when she tries.' As if this old town had anything to do with it. The glory belongs entirely to the boy himself."

"And to his mother," the husband added, as if he laid a posy at her feet.

The telephone rang again; and the doctor saw a sudden flush overrun his wife's cheek as she answered some unexpected question guiltily.

"Why didn't we tell you? Er—why, you see—er—of course, we knew it long ago; but—er—those things—are so confidential—the President didn't want to—he wanted to announce it first himself—the President did."

She sank into her chair in confusion. "What do you suppose she had the impudence to insinuate?—that we didn't know about it ourselves until we saw it in the paper! The idea!"

"Well, of course," the doctor mumbled, bashful before the truth—"of course, as a matter of fact, we didn't."

"Well, what of it?"

Perhaps, in view of the small share he had been allotted in the son's soul, the father felt justified in venturing a criticism:

"He might have telegraphed."

The mother rounded on him like a leopardess whose cub has been threatened:

"Don't you suppose that a Supreme Justice of the United States has more important things to think of than sending telegrams to a couple of old fogies like us?"

"It doesn't matter about me—I have no feelings to hurt; but he might have thought of his mother."

"He does think of her. Didn't he send me a perfectly beautiful birthday present?"

"Five days late."

They spatted like a pair of sulky children; and the mother of an associate justice of the United States Supreme Court swept out of the room with a supreme contempt for the mere village physician who dared to criticise her masterwork.

Once upstairs, however, in the old rocker, which squealed so lonely a tune and had seen so many lonely hours, the truth of the neglect came down on her like a bludgeon. She did not blame her boy—her heart always issued him plenary indulgences in advance; but she blamed the mechanism of a world where the mother must endure the bitterest pains and dangers of her children, in order that they may find their raptures and their triumphs elsewhere. The thorns for her—the roses for others.

Her sad eyes roved from the new nest of the new family to the deserted hut of last year's birds. Like a warning legend, a signboard, a symbol, it hung within full view of the fresher habitation—and no bird heeded it.

Yet just one bird-generation ago it was builded with equal frenzy by a like young couple: it was the cradle of a brood of fledglings, too, watched through a precarious childhood to the time of flight by a mother and father equally fond and fanatic.

From this same window how many hours she had watched over the destinies of that little family! How well she remembered that great day when the first of the sprawling youngsters had gripped the sill of the nest with anxious fingers and looked forth longingly upon the world; had teetered there and slumped back, afraid to adventure; had staggered again to the great jumping-off place and regarded the perilous sea of air with terror, yet with desire—and finally, with a now-or-never-do-or-die gulp, had stepped off into space. Somehow instinct and air pressure and long grass had broken its fall, and the awkward aviator arrived on earth without disaster.

What a cataclysm it had been to that father and mother and the sympathetic neighbors! What mad shrieks and chatters of advice and dashes to the rescue—what appeals and wailings and warnings! How that bird mother and father must have longed for hands and arms to help their prodigal with!

Mrs. Anthon had watched the desperate lunges and tumbles of the homesick flyaway. She had gone out in the yard to help; but the chick was afraid of her and the parents menaced her very eyes with their beaks. To escape her, the little bird had managed even to hoist himself up to a sapling and from that to swoop to another. And then she lost him—and never saw him again.

The parents continued to feed the remainder of the flock, but another day saw their second child depart. In the lonely nest there remained one only infant. Its parents' ministrations plainly did not suffice. It was more conservative and waited for abundant strength. For two days it waved its wings up and down as if training for a great event, and then it sailed away. The nest was empty—empty forever after. The parents sailed away too. It was only humans that hung about a deserted nest!

That was a year ago; and here, just a few boughs beyond the ruins of a once busy home, this other home was full of life and devotion, of parental care and filial trust.

Mrs. Anthon shook her head over the impending desolation of this little Troy. She thrust up the window-sash, leaned out on the ledge and mused upon the future—knew how it would mimic the past. Her heart called out to the mother bird, though her lips hardly moved:

"Don't love your children too much, little bird. They'll fly away. They'll leave you. They're only waiting till their wings are strong enough. That's all they're waiting for. That's all you're feeding them for. They'll leave you; they will. The day is coming. Your children will leave you as mine left me. Poor little mother, you've kept them so warm and dry, and kept the rain and the wind from them—and fed them so lovingly! You'd give your life for them; but they'll fly away. Don't love them too much—they'll fly off. They'll never come home. They'll forget the way back. They'll forget you. Poor little mother, you'll lose them soon. They'll all fly away—all—all fly away!"

▼

THE whole afternoon the mother nursed her lonely grief by the window. Her husband had his patients, his errands of importance, helping children into the world and keeping olders from slipping out of it. He was a man sent for, begged for, needed. His work was unending.

She had been a fruitful mother while she could, and now she was without career or ambition. She looked out across that part of the town she could see from her window. Every home was bereaved of children. Other towns got them—called away the bravest and the most ambitious. Other mothers were in her plight.

She could not blame her children for leaving. She had left her own home and her own home town when her husband left his. She had deserted her parents. They had deserted theirs—and they theirs—on back into the days when the nation was a wilderness, beyond the ocean into foreign countries, where forever backward the procession could be traced—children always leaving home, leaving home, leaving home. That was human history; and that eternal serial of heartache and farewell was the slow spelling of the word "progress" across the map of the world.

The word "progress" was poor consolation to the victims of it. Mrs. Anthon took no comfort in giving her own heart as one more red brick in the endless pavement men march on to unending ambition.

History meant nothing real to her. All she felt was that her boy was far away—farther away than ever now; that she meant nothing to him; she was not worth a telegram in the hour of his glory. He had forgotten that without her he would never have been at all; without her he would have died a thousand times. She did not blame him; she blamed herself, because somehow she had failed to be important to him always.

The shame was so bitter that she would not reveal it to her own husband, much less to the neighbors. She lied glibly and nobly to all who asked her if she had heard from her son himself.

The ordeal was too much. A fever invaded her veins, her forehead burned, her heart fluttered like a bird in a cat's clutch. If she could have cried it would have helped her. Tears would have blessed her parched eyes like a shower upon a desert; but the tears would not come.

Her husband sent her to bed, got medicines for her, wanted to sit up with her. She would have none of his medicines or of him. His father heart was hurt nearly as deeply as hers; but, manlike, he was all for rebuking their neglectful son. She drove him to his own room and lay supine and unimaginably useless. She felt as useless and cast away as an old broomhandle in the world's back yard.

It was late when sleep arrived upon her hot eyelids—but it was a false sleep, a usurper, full of nightmares and all too vivid torments, whence she struggled to waken—and woke only to wish herself asleep again.

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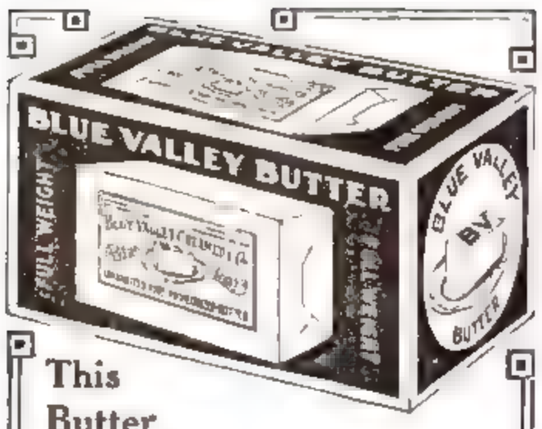


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Start, L. J.—Utica, N. Y.
Stoddart & Co., Wm.—Wilkesbarre, Pa.
Sykes, W.—Kalispell, Mont.
Thomas & Co., J. W.—Chihuahua, Mex.
Torreon Mercantile Co.—Torreon, Mex.
Turk, Homer—Aaronsburg, Pa.
United Poultry & Egg Co.—[illegible]
Vigo Poultry & Egg Co.—Terre Haute, Ind.
Walker & Jackson—Charleston, S. C.
Walker & Co., A. R.—Birmingham, Ala.

*Correspondence solicited and orders filled at any of our following six creamery plants—*

**BLUE VALLEY CREAMERY COMPANY**
Chicago, Ill. St. Joseph, Mo.
Indianapolis, Ind Sioux City, Iowa
Grand Rapids, Mich.
Hastings, Neb.


Deep in the abysm of the night, true slumber fell about her and her griefs were erased from her benumbed soul. After a time, when she was a little rested, dreams began to throng about her once more; but they were beautiful dreams.

She was a young mother again, mending things for little children to wear through again. The old dead nest of a house was repeopled with her young. They laughed, sang, hooted, quarreled, fought, shrieked, banged the piano, fell down and wailed, got up and giggled.

Wherever she moved, they clung to her skirts, sprawled in her way, demanded her services, fought for her lap, battled over who loved her best. The silent house was fairly shaken with the chaos of voices. "I'm hungry! Can't I have a piece of bread and jam? How do you spell ——— What's the pronounsation of ——— How many times does seventy-six go into fifty-eight? Mamma, make Frank let go of my hair! Mamma, she took my chewing-gum! Mamma, he hit me! She hit me first! I did not! You did so! Mamma, can I go skating, swimming, to the circus, to the strawberry festival, sleigh-riding, picnic ———"

Among the children was one who bore the least possible resemblance to a justice of the Supreme Court. She missed him suddenly from the riot. She wondered where he was. She heard a wild outcry. It was his voice. He was in danger. She ran, eager to give her life to save him from any harm; and, as she ran, she cried:

"Yes, honey! I'm coming! Don't be afraid!"

Abruptly she was awake. Her eyes saw nothing but blackness all about. Her shivering fingers found the bed. She made out a little night-light breathing fitfully behind the cover of the sewing machine. The window-casements were filled with the ink of utter night.

She realized that once more the whistle of the four-o'clock express had pierced her sleep, shuttled into and interwoven with her dream.

Her children were vanished from her. Her little Tower of Babel was cursed with annihilation. She was only an old woman, alone; and that mute black hour before dawn was before her.

*VI*

SHE fell back shivering upon her pillow, her lean fingers twitching at the covers and her heart abandoned to abject desolation. Neither sleep nor tears brought mercy to her staring eyes; she was the shattered victim of the Juggernaut of Time.

She said to herself, with acrid irony: "I am the mother of a supreme justice; and this is the justice of the world. My crime is that I was a mother; my punishment is exile on this desert island in this lonely sea!"

There was a faint murmur, hardly more than a shuffling of the silence. It grew less remote, less vague. It became a rumble of wheels, a thudding of horse's hoofs.

"The milkman is early this morning," she thought. The rumble was a clatter. It turned into the street before her house. A man cried: "Whoa!" The noise stopped. A carriage door opened. Footsteps quickened along the walk, stamped up the steps. The doorbell was pulled; the still house rang with alarm.

"Somebody for the doctor," she thought. "Too bad they can't let him sleep."

After an age of delay she heard him strike a match in his room, saw a sliver of light under her door, heard him hastily slipping into his clothes, lighting the gas in the hall, stumbling drowsily down the steps, unlocking the door.

She heard his voice and another man's. There seemed to be some excitement. Probably some young father begging her husband to come at once. The voices were coming up the stairs. That was strange! There was a knock at her door.

"What is it?" she called.

"Open the door!" her husband demanded.

"What's the matter?" she gasped as she pushed her feet into her slippers and her arms into a wrapper.

"Open the door!"

She groped through the dark and turned the key; flung open the door anxiously. A tall stranger rushed at her, caught her in his arms and cried:

"Mother! Mother!"

Lips covered her cheeks with kisses and, finding her lips, smothered her questions. Before she could speak, she knew that this strange, violent person was one of the associate justices of the Supreme Court of the United States. He told her so himself and added:

"As soon as I knew it for sure, I jumped on the first train to bring you the news myself. I hope you haven't heard it. Have you?"

With what little breath he left her she answered: "No. I never dreamed of it. I can't believe it!"

And her frowsy husband, grinning like an overgrown lout, for once had tact enough to perjure himself like a gentleman and gasp:

"Supreme Court! Associate Justice! The President appointed you! Mother, did you hear that!"

Nothing would do but that the prodigal magistrate should light the gas in his mother's room and make her crawl into bed. Then he stuffed the pillows about her, and sat on the edge of it and told her the whole story, more or less as she had read it.

"I was so afraid I wouldn't get it," he explained, returning to childhood again in the presence of his forebears. "I didn't dare write you about it. Then, when the news came from the President himself, I started to telegraph you. I wrote a dozen telegrams and tore them all up. Finally I said: 'Good Lord! this is something I've got to tell her myself!' I was pretty tired anyway; so I just threw a few things into a trunk, grabbed a taxicab and barely caught the train. I've been giggling like a baby all the way. The porter thought I was crazy. But I wanted to surprise you; and I did—didn't I?"

She only squeezed his hand in both of hers for reply and one or two tears came out to see what was going on. They shone like smiles in her adoring eyes.

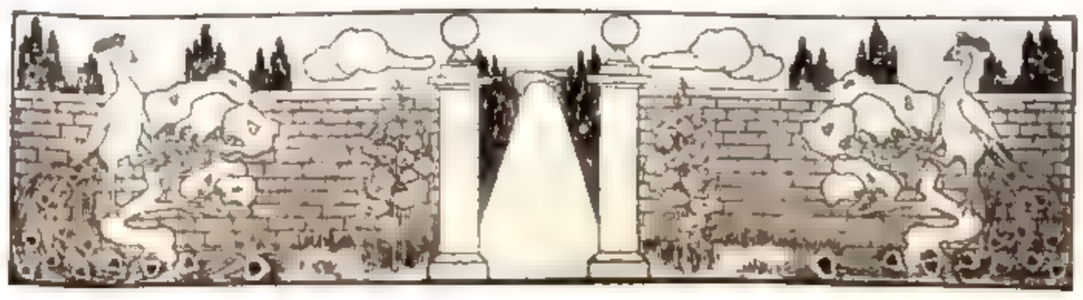
"It's a shame to wake you up at this hour, but I couldn't wait for a later train. I've come to stay for a week or two and just visit with you. And then I'm going to bundle you and dad up and take you to Washington for the big reception the President is going to give me. I told him all about you when we were talking over the appointment. I told him that you were the most wonderful mother in the world and you had always said I'd get to the supreme bench some day; and he said: 'We'll have to see if we can't make her a prophetess. You're lucky to have her alive!' That's what he said. You'll come—won't you? You've got to! You will—won't you?"

For answer, she simply clutched his hand and shook it with a strange fierceness; and she shook all over, all through, until the tears were flung from her eyelids to his hand. More tears took their place. They came gushing and flooding; and she bent to her son's broad shoulder and sobbed.

Her tears were not the only ones shed; but they seemed to make the room glad and to sweeten the air like a May rain scattering its largess on a drooping rosetree.

. . . . . .

That is all. This has not been much of a story to read—not much plot, not much adventure; and yet, if you who read it should be moved to remember piously your mother—if she is dead; or if she lives, if you were impelled to sit down and write her a letter or send her a telegram saying, "I am thinking of you and I want you to know how much I love you!"—not skimping at the tenth word; or, above all, if you should be persuaded to go home and see her—why, then, this story would have given more real joy than perhaps any other story ever written.




**THERMOS**

Thermos dealers are now offering this complete line of genuine Thermos products with American glass fillers at popular prices.

For long walks and mountain climbs, no other way of carrying water can compare with that of the THERMOS. It keeps any liquid soups, bouillon, coffee, cocoa—piping hot for 24 hours or iced liquids cold for 70 hours.

The new Thermos shown here is an ideal bottle for knock-about purposes because so reasonable in cost.

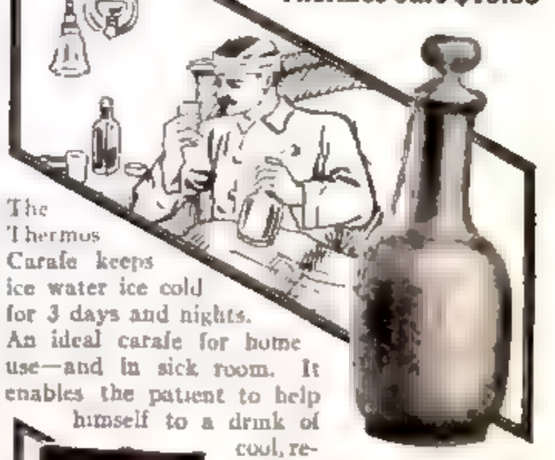
**Pints $1.50. Quarts $2.50**

The automobilists traveling around the country will always appreciate the comfort and the convenience of the Thermos bottle. Hot or cold liquids kept. He and his companions can have a drink of any liquid at any time while on the road, without waiting to reach the next spring or road house.

**Thermos (Nickel-plated)**
Separable Case
**Pints $2.50**
**Quarts $3.50**

Another member of the Thermos family is this Thermos Jar; holds roasts, solid foods, ice cream and ices; is mighty convenient on the picnic, excursion, motor car, motor boat outing. Put the food in it at the temperature you want it to be in 6 to 8 hours and the Thermos Jar will keep it so, whether hot or ice cold.

**Thermos Jars $10.00**



The Thermos Carafe keeps ice water ice cold for 3 days and nights. An ideal carafe for home use—and in sick room. It enables the patient to help himself to a drink of cool, refreshing water, or for taking his medicines, without disturbing other members of the family.

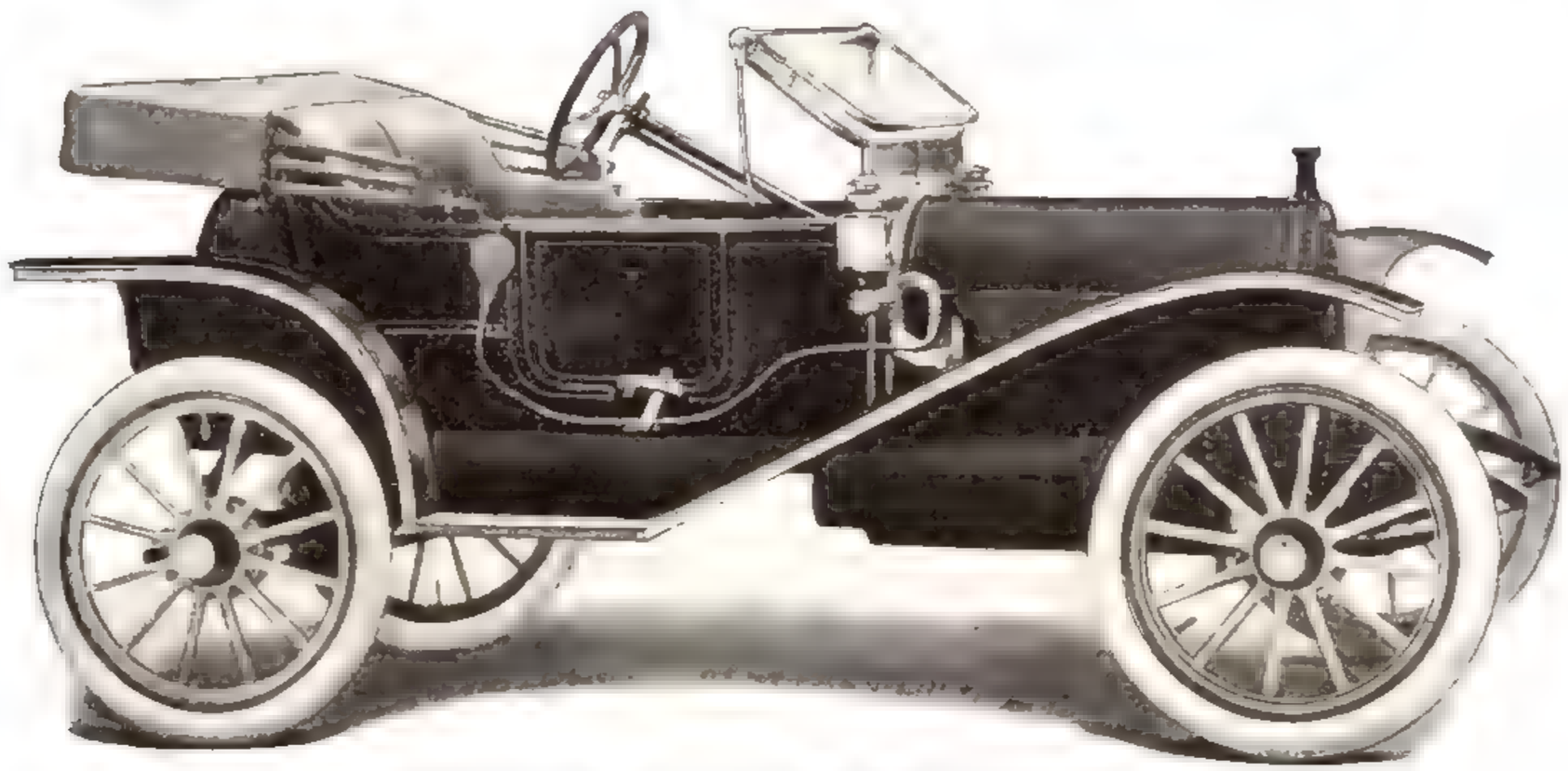
**Thermos Carafe $6.00**

The Thermos Lunch Kit consist of a Thermos Bottle, enameled metal sandwich case and a neat Kewpie case to hold. The Thermos Lunch Kit pays for itself in two weeks by the comfort and convenience it gives the man of the house who is compelled to carry his lunch to business. His sandwiches are kept moist and dainty, while the Thermos Bottle enables him to have his house-cooked tea, coffee, soups, bouillons, or any other liquid, at the temperature that he likes it.

**Thermos Lunch Kit Complete, $3.00**

**American Thermos Bottle Co., Thermos Building, New York**

# Hupmobile 1912



Runabout, fully equipped with top, windshield, doors, gas lamps and generator, three oil lamps, horn and tools—$750 F. O. B. Detroit.

The 1912 Fore-door

## Runabout
Fully Equipped

*Hupmobile*
GUARANTEED FOR LIFE

## $750
F. O. B. Detroit

# All Prices Include

**We believe that in this new 1912 fore-door Hupmobile, fully equipped for $750, you get infinitely more than you have ever even been offered before.**

We have always asked you in the past to compare the Hupmobile with the costliest cars of largest size; and we shall never recede from that position.

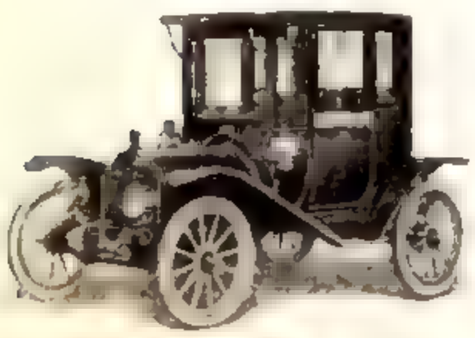
But in order that you may be quickly convinced, we are willing that you should set aside, for a moment, the question of quality.

We are willing that you should forget the twenty-eight important improvements incorporated in this new car, and printed on these pages.

To get down to bedrock—pick out any car of lower price, and add to that price the money value of the 1912 equipment of the Hupmobile.

When you've made it plain to yourself that even in point of price this new car is the most extraordinary thing that has ever happened in motordom, get back to the only question that counts—the question of quality—and study these pages to see what your Hupmobile dealer offers you next Monday morning.

**Hupp Motor Car Company, 1229 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.**



**Coupe—$1100**

F. O. B. Detroit. Standard equipment [illegible] front 31 x 3½ inch rear tires, tools and horn.

**Torpedo—$850**

F. O. B. Detroit. Standard equipment same as Runabout.

## 1912 Improvements

An auxiliary inverted top-leaf spring placed between the frame and rear spring, to prevent listing of body.

Old ball bearings back of driving pinion replaced with Timken bearings.

Four pinions instead of two on the differential.

Rear axle shaft tapered into and keyed onto the wheel—cannot work loose.

Ball bearings on either side of differential replaced by specially designed Hyatt roller bearings.

Axle shaft babbitted near brake, so that no grease can escape.

Ten-inch double internal expansion brakes instead of eight-inch.

Adjustable ball housing for universal joint.

All spring hangers fitted with oilers.

Timken roller bearings on front wheels.

Supporting seat for front spring. All springs made of Vanadium.

New pressed steel radiator, lined with brass, with 33⅓ per cent more efficiency in cooling.

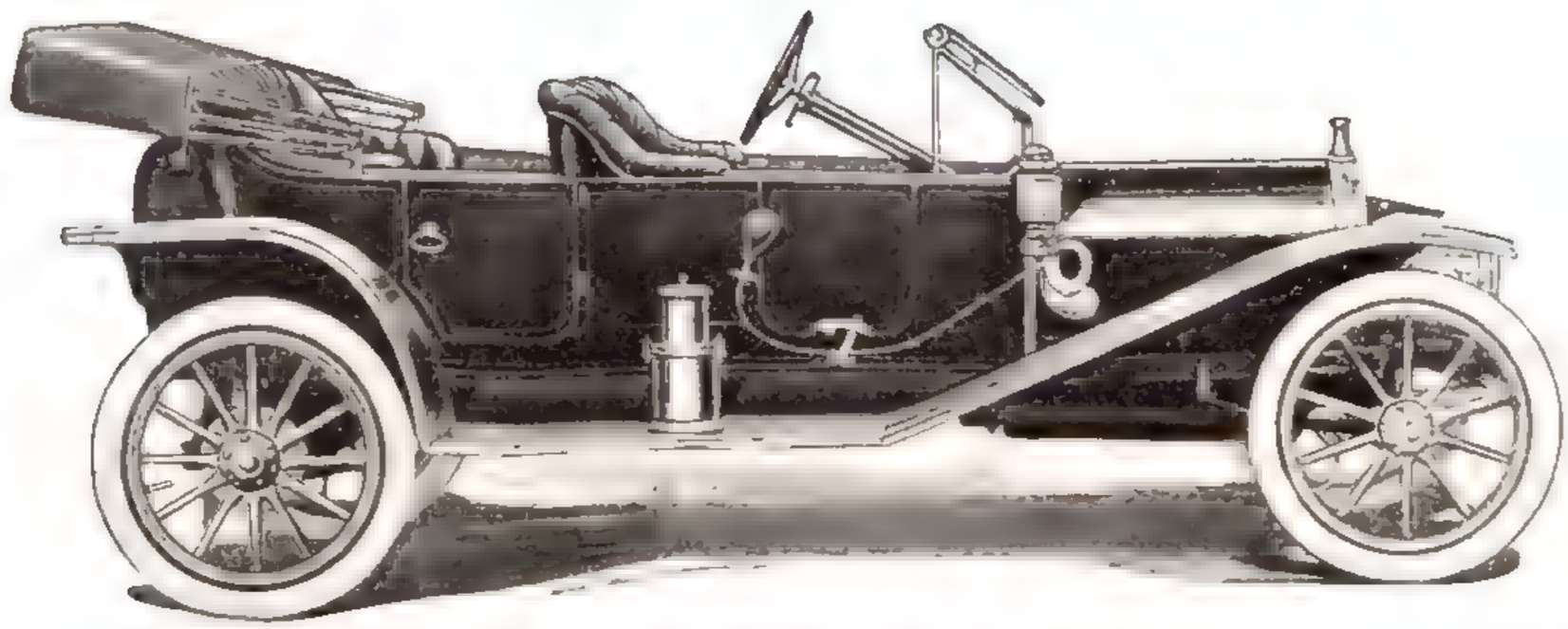
Improved water outlet to engine.

Radius rods have square lock nuts on transmission ends, to make them more easily adjustable.

Double springs on the foot brake pedals.

Steel flywheel guard.

# Announcement



Touring Car, fully equipped with top, windshield, fore-doors, gas lamps and generator, 31 x 3½ inch rear tires, shock absorbers in front, three oil lamps, horn and tools—$900 F. O. B. Detroit.

The 1912 Fore-door

**Touring Car**
**Fully Equipped**

*Hupmobile*
GUARANTEED FOR LIFE

**$900**
F. O. B. Detroit

# Complete Equipment

## 1912 Improvements

New square dash and hood ledges of natural walnut.

Nine-inch mud guards instead of six-inch; and mud shields completely enclosing space between wheels and fenders.

Running boards of pressed steel, supported by two drop-forged irons.

Magneto encased in a Rubbertex cover.

Hub caps of real brass; stronger and better.

Large timing gears of bronze instead of fibre.

Valve adjusters on all valves maintain timing longer under all conditions; make timing quickly adjustable and prevent engine power from decreasing.

All cast-iron used on the car sand-blasted to give smoother surface and keep grit out of gears and bearings.

Improved Breeze carburetor—will not leak, and is accurately and easily adjusted.

Cam-action oiler on the engine regulated with the throttle and gives a positive feed. You get more oil as you need it and as the engine develops power. This feature peculiar to high priced cars of foreign make.

Inside drive on the side-door models.

Fore-doors included as regular equipment with no extra charge; also top, windshield, and gas lamps and generator.

Into each and every Hupmobile model for 1912 have been incorporated entirely new elements of value.

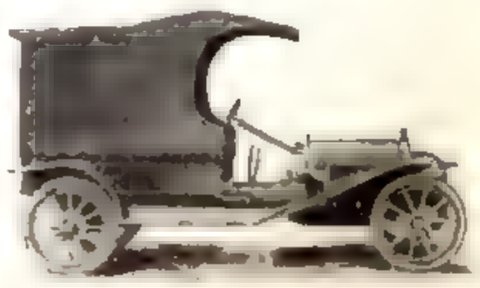
The legitimate savings of an immensely increased production—these are passed on to you in the form of a structural, mechanical, and incidental equipment, never before offered in a car at anything like this price.

Study the list of 1912 improvements. Consider what you get; and what you pay. Remember the flawless reputation of the Hupmobile—its immense popularity not only with men of moderate means, but men of wealth and experience in every community.

**Hupp Motor Car Company, 1229 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.**

**Utility Body—$25**

The cut shows the utility body, which is interchangeable with the Touring Car body and is sold in conjunction with the Touring Car. Thus the Touring Car chassis with the utility body, may be used by farmers and others for light hauling



**Delivery Wagon—$850**

F. O. B. Detroit. Standard equipment includes gas lamps and generator, [illegible] shock absorbers in front, three oil lamps, horn and tools.

The Pleasant Way

to keep your complexion lovely while summering at lake, mountain or country home—use enough ELCAYA morning and night to keep your skin in a soft, healthy condition.

CRÊME ELCAYA

*"Makes the Skin Like Velvet"*

[illegible] complexion from the burning sun, drying winds [illegible] It [illegible]nes, softens, clears the face, neck and arms, pres[illegible]n [illegible] CAYA is always convenient to use—a delightful [illegible] [illegible]ny time. It quickly enters the skin; makes you [illegible] [illegible] then just a *little touch of powder* and your complexion is *prefectly lovely* [illegible] [illegible] ELCAYA if you want the best; your friends use it, you [illegible] ELCAYA is considered the *cream for the society* [illegible]man of every domain

**Samples Free**—Cream, Cerate, Soap, Powder, by Sending Dealer's Name.

*All Dealers, Nation-Wide, Sell ELCAYA*

**James C. Crane, Sole Agent, 104 Fulton St., New York**

Invitations are out for graduations and weddings

LOOK at these Simmons pieces and see what splendid gifts they would make. Nothing you could give would make a better showing for the money invested, for in each Simmons piece what you see is solid gold.

An exclusive process saves the gold at the center and greatly reduces the cost of making. You get the practical equivalent of solid gold at one-fifth the cost.

Write for Style Book. Shows latest and most approved designs in

**Simmons Vest Chains, Metal and Ribbon Fobs *for men.***

**Simmons Lorgnette Chains, Metal and Ribbon Fobs, Necklaces, Bracelets, Chatelaine Pins, Eye-glass Chains *for women.***

SIMMONS TRADE MARK CHAINS AND FOBS

Ask the nearest jeweler to supply you with what you want. He will have it or can get it for you quickly from a nearby jobber. Look for "Simmons" in swivel of chain—in catch of bracelet.

R. F. SIMMONS CO., 191 N. Main St., Attleboro, Mass.

COUPON

**Send us your name for Style Book**

Name _____

P. O. _____

# GETTING RICH QUICK IN APPLES

*Continued from Page 20*

returns? Authorities differ very much. In the Hood River district of Oregon they really do make money in small fruits between the trees. The men of that district are quite conservative and the following is one of their statements:

"The 1909 crop of strawberries brought two dollars and fifty cents to three dollars and fifty-five cents a box. Trees are planted sixty to seventy to the acre. In five or six years they begin to bear and after that increase rapidly in value. Mature orchards have returned their owners five hundred to twelve hundred dollars an acre annually—the average being about five hundred dollars an acre. The net returns from strawberries planted between the rows is one hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars an acre. Irrigation, however, is necessary for this strawberry culture."

The non-resident must bear in mind, in figuring upon this source of revenue, that the man who makes two hundred dollars an acre on strawberries is putting in a lot of his own work—perhaps that of several members of his family. If you are living in New York or Boston, and are not doing any of that work, you do not get all of that two hundred dollars. Maybe you don't get any of it.

### *High Explosives as a Side-Line*

Developers in the Columbia River Valley are openly advising the use of vegetables between the trees—squashes, melons and the like; but what can the man, say, in Chicago, do at raising squashes in the Columbia River Valley? He must rent his land and the renter does not always care for the trees. Complications so frequently arise in this long-range style of farming that the non-resident usually soon becomes dissatisfied with it. In the large development enterprises the orchardist in charge will not undertake to handle your land if you insist on planting anything between the rows of trees. It is not encouraged by men really devoted to the one purpose of making the best possible orchard.

The potato is sometimes used by the apple salesman as an example of side profit. There is no question about the size and excellence of the Northwestern potato. Indeed, such is its size and disposition that at times it becomes absolutely dangerous. At White Salmon, Washington, on December eighteenth, a peaceful family sitting down to the breakfast table heard a tremendous report which sounded like a bomb. The oven door of the range blew off, the window-glass was shattered, and for a time the house seemed about to fall in ruins. They discovered that it was nothing more dangerous than three potatoes which had been placed in the oven to bake. "Potatoes are so large in this section," calmly comments the press notice, "that these explosions occur frequently. They may be prevented by first puncturing the skins with a fork."

Suppose the apple-land salesman tells you that you can make a hundred and fifty dollars an acre on bomblike, potential, puissant potatoes between the rows of your trees while you are waiting for your orchard. Look into the matter for yourself. Perhaps, when you go out there next spring, you will see many straw-covered heaps here and there on the apple ranches; and you may learn that these are potatoes that could not be sold. Six hundred bushels of potatoes to the acre have been raised under irrigation. Perhaps you could raise a hundred and fifty an acre on your land. The trouble lies in the price and in the transportation facilities. Sometimes you can get fifty or seventy-five cents a bushel; and, again, the price may drop down to twenty cents. You must consider the law of averages.

The question of the validity of any non-resident investment depends wholly upon the skill, honor and industry of the resident manager of that enterprise. Experience should compel the average non-resident investor to beware of putting all his eggs in some other man's basket. Most of the apple successes of which you read were made by men actually on the ground. You do not hear of the failures made in that way, or of the far more numerous failures made by long-range investing. Some men succeed where others will not. You should regard the business of raising apples as a scientific one, in which success comes to the skilled and experienced man more often than to the ignorant beginner. You are always much safer if you can personally inspect your own property. You have no right to exempt yourself, as an especially favored individual, on the ground that you are going to be luckier than the average man.

Nearly every city man is more or less unhappy when he finds himself cut off from the city; yet almost every city man dreams of the time when he can have either a chicken ranch or an apple orchard. He wants something light and genteel, but easy and cinchy. It is the professional men, who most often buy into things of this sort. Doctors and college professors are especially sought after for mailing lists. They are busy, do not have much time to look into business matters, and yet want their little surplus money to earn them something on the side. Quite often they lean toward investments that promise large dividends.

In one way, this peculiar appeal of the apple business to persons of some means and intelligence has worked out well. What may be called the apple population of the West is of a high grade financial, educational and social. As the holdings are small and the ranches thrown close together, an apple district is like a big community. You will find there clubs, books, pictures, automobiles, good society—everything you left back home. There are a great many young collegians who have gone West to engage in the apple industry. In Hood River there are one hundred and forty members of the local University Club, and as many or more in that of Medford, Oregon. The college man is much in evidence in all the better districts—in the Bitter Root Valley, Yakima, Wenatchee, and so on. Also, there are a great many well-to-do men who have bought apple tracts and put up handsome houses which they purpose using as summer residences. You will not lack plenty of evidence that the apple industry today is by no means a poor man's game. So far as it is merely a rich man's luxury you will not be interested in it if you are making your investment simply upon business principles of safety and a fair return on the investment.

### *Apples of World-Wide Reputation*

It requires travel in the West today to realize how much the West is changed, in great part by reason of this new westward thrust of the apple belt. Our people certainly are going West. We need them there because most of our unemployed are in the East. Today a large part of the income of many of the arid states, so-called, is from fruit. The western slope of Colorado is a magnificent fruit-producing district. Utah can show you apples and peaches of flavor not to be surpassed. Lower Idaho is getting into the orchard game; and you hear now in this connection of the Boise, Payette, Lewiston and other districts, the Weiser River country—indeed, many districts in lower or upper Idaho.

The Grand Ronde country of Oregon, also on the old Oregon trail, makes its claims as an apple country; and so does the Willamette Valley, once famous for wheat alone, although here more especially we find small fruits, prunes, and so forth. Walla Walla classifies under the general characteristics of eastern Oregon. Upper Idaho is coming strong and there are valleys in western Montana and eastern Washington whose promise is very great. The ancient volcanic ash of the Columbia River Valley and many of its tributaries in Washington seems made especially for the raising of grand apples. Wenatchee is known pretty much all over the world. Yakima apples one has seen in London and Liverpool, fresh apparently as when they were picked. Hood River, Medford and many other tracts of Oregon ship to England, Germany, France, Australia—almost every corner of the world. New Mexico has planted since 1909 over one hundred thousand acres in orchards and expects in two years to take down at least two million dollars annually in fruit alone.

As to amounts of the industry up to date, the figures are rather imposing. Last fall there were shipped from three points Wenatchee and Yakima, Washington,

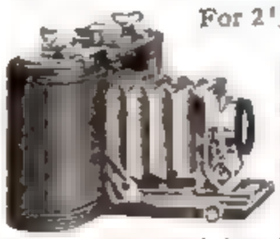
MADE WITH A SPEED KODAK

1/1000

Speed pictures, snap-shots on days that, with the ordinary camera, are too grey for any but time exposures, and even snap-shots indoors are readily within the scope of the Speed Kodak. Yet it's a compact, convenient Kodak.

**No. 1A SPEED KODAK**

For 2½ x 4¼ Pictures.



[illegible] daylight with Kodak Film Cartridges [illegible] ordinary tripod [illegible] to every detail of [illegible] finish.

Price, $60.00.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.,

ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*



**Are Your Gas Bills Too High?**

If your gas bills are too high [illegible] constant reminders of the "high cost of living" you'll be glad to learn of a way to reduce them

Cut Down Those Gas Bills

It isn't the fault of the meter [illegible] in most cases [illegible] because the flow of [illegible] controlled.

GAS BILL

When [illegible] is [illegible] you use more [illegible] the gas flows [illegible] pressure gates the gas [illegible] through the meter [illegible] many times for gas you can use once.

**The Economy Gas Governor**

[illegible] you cannot use [illegible] much. [illegible] prevents paying for the same gas many times [illegible] $2.00 [illegible]

And it is guaranteed to cut down your gas bills 20 to 50 [illegible]

Or let [illegible] for complete description and [illegible] explains everything.

The Economy Specialty Co., 700 Best Bldg., Rock Island, Ill.



**Produce All the Honey You Want for Your Home**

Keep enough bees to supply your own table. Read about bee keeping in "*Gleanings in Bee Culture*"—6 months trial subscription 25c. Book on Bees and supply catalog, free.

THE A. I. ROOT CO., Box 76, Medina, Ohio


and Watsonville, California—about nine thousand carloads of apples. The entire Northwest shipped about sixteen thousand cars—or, say, eleven million boxes. If they brought only a dollar a box, the figures would be extensive. Now, as so many orchards are just beginning to bear and so very many more are coming in each year, it is difficult to say what will be the limit of the income in the Northwest just from apples. Each locality, of course, is enthusiastic for its own country—as ought to be the case; and if each can find some fault with its neighbor's enterprise—that also is, perhaps, pardonable.

It is not our business, of course, to discount any of the honest and valid part of the apple industry; but, following the general trend of this and allied articles, let us none the less look as well as possible into the conservative side of the game also. A rather extended series of interviews with good business men, orchardists, bankers, editors, fruit growers, fruit associations, unions, and so on, in practically all of the Northwest, ought to equip us fairly for giving a reliable framework of facts as to actual costs. Thus, such men in Hood River, Oregon, offer something like the following statement:

"Counting that irrigation is not necessary, and remembering that we have to clear land of heavy forest growth, our figures would be something like this: Cost of raw land, say, two hundred and fifty dollars an acre. Cost to clear, seventy-five to two hundred dollars—average one hundred dollars. It is necessary to blast these big treetrunks like so many rocks. Total cost for one year—a ten-acre tract developed by an individual—say, thirty-five hundred dollars for his land, leveled and ready."

### *Important Items for the Buyer*

"The settler may figure his house to cost at least one thousand dollars; his barn, five hundred dollars. He ought to have two horses, but perhaps can do with one, at a cost of two hundred dollars. His tools will cost him one hundred dollars, the planting of trees on his tract two hundred and fifty dollars, cultivation of his tract one hundred and fifty dollars. Meantime the man and his family must live, so there must be five hundred dollars added for that first year, at least. Horsefeed will cost thirty dollars. Other stock and poultry will cost, say, one hundred and fifty dollars.

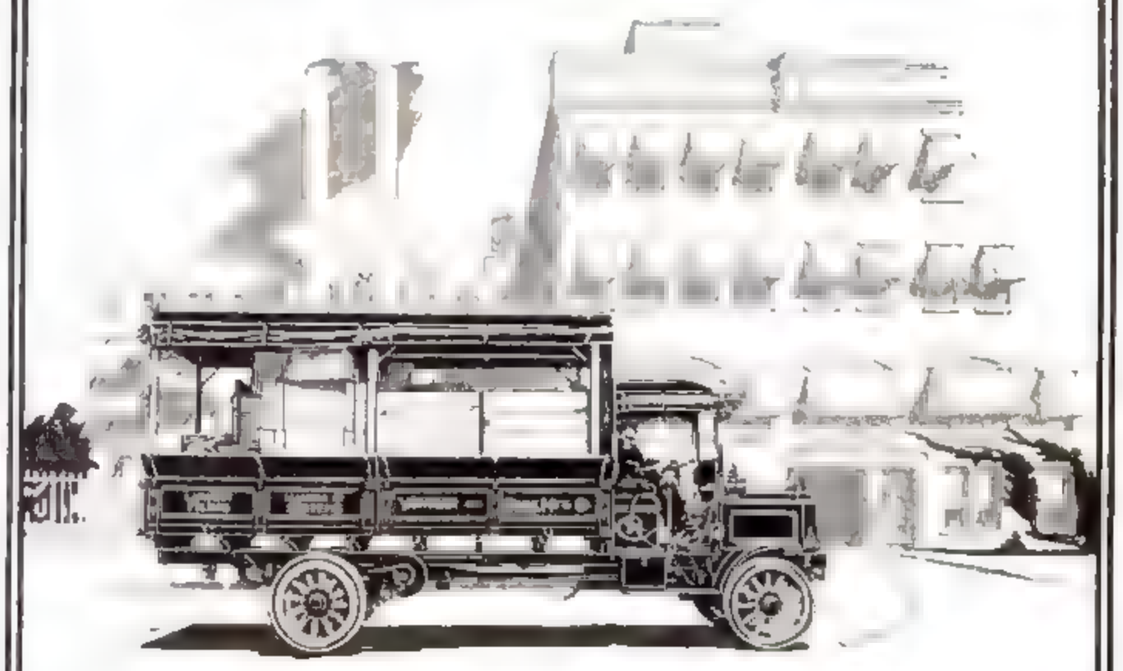
"We call it a moderate estimate on a ten-acre tract for the first year to say that $6380 is not too much. After that comes the wait for the orchard, against which there must be either money from home, occupation elsewhere or revenue from berries or other small fruits between the trees, as we have stated earlier. We would rather a man were able to set aside an investment of ten thousand dollars if he demanded absolute assurance of success.

"Of course, this country is living on money from home as yet, as any developing country must. There is a great rush of settlers and the soil has not yet raised enough to pay for itself. Say there are eight thousand people in our valley. We sell of all products each year about three million dollars. It must cost two and a half million dollars to feed and take care of our population; so that we have, say, half a million dollars to put in the stocking. But only about nine hundred thousand of that total income is chargeable to apples. Local banks lend freely on the apple lands and there are large deposits in our banks. As to the newcomers, of course that is money they brought with them.

"The cost of living in the Western apple community is not so far from that of an Eastern town. Eggs are forty-five to fifty cents a dozen, butter about the same price a pound. Beef is seventeen cents to twenty cents a pound. Fish is cheap in the Columbia River Valley or near the Pacific Slope.

"We figure overhead charges at about twenty-five dollars an acre each year, this covering necessary pruning, spraying and cultivation. Harvesting costs about forty cents a box, cultivation and spraying about ten cents a box. This makes about two hundred dollars' cost an acre, making and marketing, allowing the products at, say, four hundred boxes an acre. As an orchard gets older its care may cost forty dollars an acre. Now, a small tract costs relatively more than a large one, for a man can cultivate sixty acres with one team, and must have one team to handle ten acres. The


*Ask the man who owns one*



THIS truck has been operated on a rigid schedule since September 1, 1910. It has replaced four teams previously required to do the same amount of hauling. The four teams used to cost us $20 a day. The one Packard truck costs us $9.92 a day.

*Yawman & Erbe Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y.*

Packard

MOTOR TRUCKS

AFTER using one Packard truck six months the Yawman & Erbe Mfg. Co. bought another. Forty-three per cent of all sales of Packard trucks are additional trucks ordered by previous purchasers. Packard trucks are now used in 122 lines of trade and in 162 cities. All truck owners are extended Packard service by Packard dealers, the same as that provided for owners of Packard cars.

Write for catalog and important truck information

Packard Motor Car Company, Detroit



**Oh, Yes! You Can**

be well dressed and still be thoroughly comfortable in a soft negligee shirt if you wear a

**Summit Town and Country Shirt**

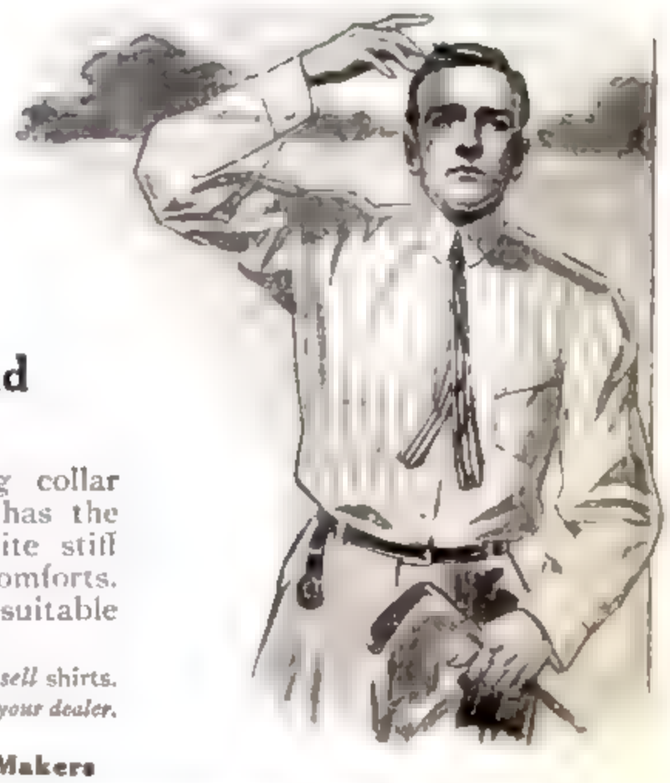
The soft attached standing collar that is *right* on the shirt has the dressy appearance of a white stiff collar without any of its discomforts.

Made perfectly fitting, in suitable fabrics, coat style.

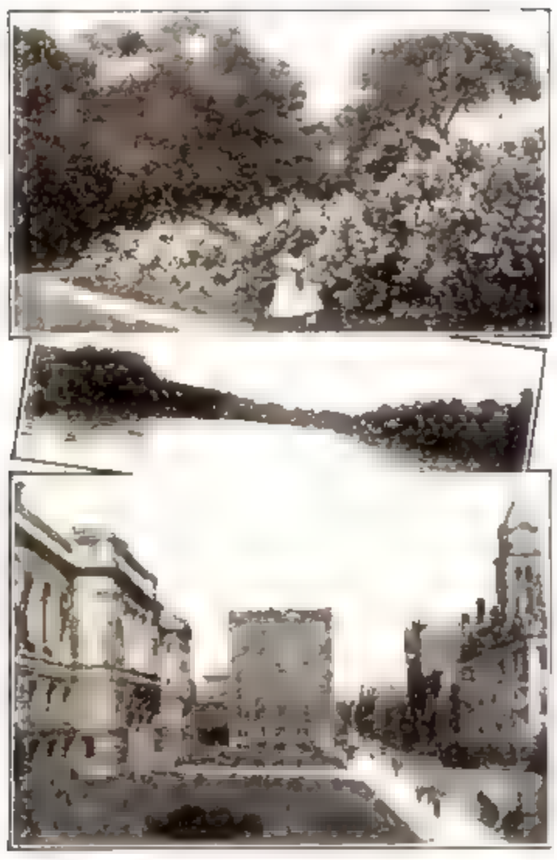
Popularly priced at all shops that *sell* shirts.

*Write for Style Book and give name of your dealer.*

**Guiterman Bros., Makers**
Saint Paul, Minn.



The collar is *right* on the shirt



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DES MOINES is a city which offers by every circumstance, natural location, natural advantages and actual immediate demonstration, the greatest certainty to the man who makes it his place of business.

The geographical and commercial center of the richest area of fertile soil on the globe—the chief city of the most prosperous section of the country—with a constantly-increasing market of great scope—

# DES MOINES

## The City of Certainties

Today Does Not Supply More than One-third of the Demands of Its Trade Territory.

Des Moines is not booming abnormally; it is growing normally. You should know the facts about it. We can convince you that no other city in America, large or small, offers you what Des Moines offers. We are advertising Des Moines; we have nothing to sell; we have a great deal to tell. Ask us. Our services are prompt and free. We give all inquiries personal, individual consideration and attention.

You will enjoy reading "WEALTH," the little magazine about Des Moines, and the other information we will send you. Write us today, or fill the coupon below and send it.

**The Greater Des Moines Committee**
Des Moines, Iowa
*All Railways Allow Stop-Overs in Des Moines*

**(Certainty Coupon)**

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105 Coliseum Bldg., Des Moines, Iowa

Send me WEALTH and the Des Moines Certainty Book.

My Business is ....

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cost of an acre increases with age and lessens pro rata with the size of the tract. Of course one must put in the value of his own labor if he himself is working."

Other men put the proposition in somewhat similar terms: "Ten acres is not enough, twenty acres is fair and a thirty-acre orchard much better. Putting the cost of raw land at one hundred and fifty dollars an acre and the clearing at one hundred and fifty dollars, say, your land costs seven thousand dollars; the plant to handle it three thousand dollars. If you cannot put down three thousand dollars and finance yourself for five years, better stay out of the game. A shifty man can make fifteen hundred dollars a year on berries off of twenty acres, or in four years six thousand dollars. Suppose you figure a total cost of thirty thousand dollars on a tract of this size and take from that six thousand dollars income. We figure that you then have a twenty-four-thousand-dollar stake after five years of work and waiting. We don't call it gambling, but investing. Of course it means hard work."

"How do the speculators make out their big figures?" asked another conservative apple man. "I am afraid they do not always make them on a ten years' average. We had one real-estate man who advertised twenty acres that netted twenty-five hundred dollars an acre. The way he did it was to pick out the best product from one-fourth of an acre; and he put a price of two dollars and a half a box on this quarter acre. Then he multiplied his total number of boxes, counting in everything, culls and all, by four. In that way he got his profit—on paper. We should call three hundred to eight hundred much nearer fair on well-developed orchards."

### *An Orchard Genealogist*

In Medford, Oregon, I met one of the best-posted and most conservative fruit men of the West, Mr. R. H. Parsons, President of the Northwestern Fruit Exchange, of Portland, and at the head, also, of the local fruit association. Mr. Parsons was formerly in the manufacturing business and was used to figuring factory costs. Finding himself owner of a large orchard tract he applied his earlier business methods to the handling of that tract. In short, he put his orchard on a manufacturing basis, which is precisely what each and every orchard owner ought to do, but just what very few of them know how to do. Here are a few of his statements as to cost of maintenance:

"I should say the cost a year for cultivation and care, including all expenses overhead or otherwise, such as interest on capital invested, insurance, depreciation, livestock, buildings, and so forth, varies from thirty dollars an acre a year to seventy-five dollars an acre, depending on the age of the trees and the amount of care expended. An old orchard, bearing heavily, might run up to one hundred dollars an acre a year in expense.

"In California, they figure the average cost an acre on the citrus fruits at one hundred, one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and fifty dollars an acre. In general, the more care and expense you put in an acre the better orchards you have. On seven-year-old trees I have made four hundred to six hundred dollars an acre. On fourteen-year-old Comice pears I have made six hundred and fifty dollars an acre. I have got ten dollars a box for pears in London, and similarly high prices for apples. As to these figures of two or three thousand dollars an acre returns, I don't know how they get them. I want an average for ten years. I establish a sinking fund, for I know I may get a lean year. Something new happens all the time.

"All this big early-future talk in apples hurts us more than it helps us. It brings into this country a poorer class of men, who want to get rich right away—in two, three or four years. They cannot always afford to wait; so when they find they are in hot water they get disgruntled and either quit or sell out at a sacrifice. It is not what I would call a game for a poor man or one without financial patience.

"I mapped or contoured my orchard and I have the individual record of each tree in it tabulated. I know its record for health, disease and productiveness. I keep a daily record of the weather, thermometer, barometer and rainfall, and a day's record of the ranch for work done—how each man on it was occupied. In short, I leave nothing to chance here any more than I did in my factory back in Seattle. I want to know what this little old factory is doing all the time.

If any one comes to me ten years from now and asks what the history of this orchard is I can show him. This is not always the case with those who are simply selling lands and not selling apples.

"Of course the success in this business depends on a carefully worked-out cooperation among the fruit growers of the Northwest. Our problem is to get closer to the consumer all the time, to learn what he wants and get it to him quick, and cheap, and good.

"Yes; apples seem to have good and bad years every three to five years. We correct this by summer pruning. I have known Newtown Pippin trees which were barren for twelve years. We top them down in June and stimulate the fruit spurs. A leaf is the same as a fruit and you can turn one into the other almost as you like. It is an interesting study in many ways and you are never done with the care and work of it, although I hold it as a fine, clean and manly business.

"I should say that it would take eight to ten years to make a valid orchard. If a man had only three thousand dollars he could not handle over five acres, and he would have to live meantime. I should say that in eight years he ought to take in two hundred to five hundred dollars an acre in returns. It is not fair to count in all these outside figures. I am talking of investing and not of gambling.

"Men have come in here and bought raw land at two hundred dollars, paying on top of that ten to fifteen dollars an acre to clear and thirty dollars to plant. Figure thirty dollars an acre for five years. After that it will cost forty-five dollars an acre. Now it begins to pay about half the expenses of care and cultivation. When we begin to spray it costs about five dollars an acre, increasing up to ten dollars an acre. Spraying is something which must be done for safety. Insect pests get into every district in time, although in a new country—perhaps more especially in a high mountain valley—there may be no pests at first. They are, however, sure to come. We have to spray—and we count seventy-five pear trees or fifty-two apple trees to the acre in our planting. Apples come in about a year later than pears.

"Now, how has my man lived in the meantime? Probably he ate up his capital long ago. I tell you he has not bought very many automobiles while he was waiting for his orchard, unless he got money from home. I should say he would need a capital of five thousand dollars to develop even five acres. Yet I would advise a man to go against it if he is plucky.

"What is the future of the apple business? Nobody can tell. We don't know here, although, as you see, we are working developed orchards and shipping a lot of fruit. It depends on tastes and prices largely, of course."

### *The Money That Comes from Home*

Mr. K. S. Miller, manager of the local fruit association at Medford, added his own experience to the foregoing: "I should say that about two-thirds of the men who come into the West do so under delusion. They are too full of boom literature. They expect more and in less time than is practically possible. The first year many of them get blue. The second year they get convinced they have made a mistake and very often are bitter about it. After that some of them pull out at a sacrifice or are unable to take good care of their orchards. How long does a man need money from home? It may be six years or eight years; sometimes it is twelve years. I know this is heresy in the eyes of most of those now engaged in developing real-estate and fruit projects in the West; but I am not developing any such. Just look around in this country, which is as good as the best in the United States. You will find that very little land is actually paid for. I suppose we will have to fight through the many problems as they come up, just as the orange men in California did. They succeeded and so will we, but there is no touchstone and no miracle about it. It takes intelligence, hard work and money."

A fruit grower in upper Idaho stated: "We figure that land with irrigation is worth three hundred and seventy-five dollars an acre at the lowest. Allow a dollar a year to a tree before bearing, total expense, and figure raw land at four hundred dollars.

The Inimitably Delicious Flavor of Peter's Chocolate

that makes one always "want more" is but one of its distinctive features.

Another is its digestibility, and another is the fact that it does not create thirst.

For those who are traveling or have to eat a hurried luncheon, Peter's is sufficient.

Peter's comes in several varieties:

*Peter's Milk Chocolate*

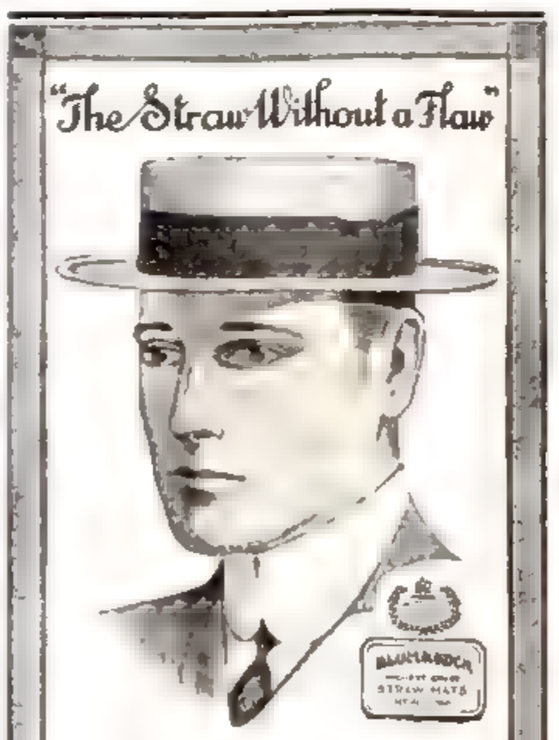
*Peter's Milk Chocolate [illegible]*

*Peter's Almond Milk Chocolate*

*Peter's Milk Chocolate with Roasted Hazelnut [illegible] "Tarama"*

*Peter's Bun-Bar*

Lamont, Corliss & Co.
Sole Agents New York




**The Blum & Koch "BANKOK"**

is a remarkable example of the hat makers skill and is the lightest, coolest and best ventilated hat obtainable.

Whether you prefer a "Bankok", a "Sennit", a "Split" or any other fashionable weave of straw—see to it that our name appears in the hat you select. It is your assurance that you are choosing the utmost in straw hat value.

*Write to us for our illustrated book of styles.*

BLUM & KOCH
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Many Clever Boys and Girls Made
PRIZE WINNING SKETCHES of the Red Goose

An Announcement

After weeks spent in sorting, [illegible]

First Prize of $100 00
awarded to E. Stewart H. Heine, Owensboro, Ky.

Second and Third Prizes of $50 00 and $25 00 respectively, were divided, $37 50 each to

Fourth Prize of $15 00

Fifth Prize of $10 00

Full particulars of the Contest and list of winners of One Hundred and Twenty additional prizes will be sent to any interested boy or girl upon receipt of four cents in stamps

[illegible] amount of interest displayed in this [illegible]

Red Goose School Shoes

[illegible] forms of Red Goose School Shoes [illegible]

Friedman-Shelby Shoe Company
Original All Leather Shoe Makers
1623 Washington Avenue,
St. Louis, U. S. A.

Friction is the motor's worst enemy. But *perfect* lubrication *kills* friction. Panhard Oil is a *perfect* lubricant. Therefore use

Panhard Oil

and your motor will be in the Safe, Sound and "Rope Age" class. [illegible]

GEORGE A. HAWS
76 Pine Street, New York
Dealers, Write For "Help Sell" Plan.



Do You Want a Piano?

Lyon & Healy
27-41 E. Adams Street Chicago

[illegible]

Pianos $350 and upward, and you [illegible]


You get a total of, say, six hundred and eighty-eight dollars an acre up to the time bearing begins."

Another gentleman, of Portland, Oregon, made the following statements regarding the apple business:

"We hand over to one of our settlers his tract already fenced and with the water-works system of pipes and faucets, not only for his house but for his barn and for all his orchard. Literally you can irrigate one of our orchards by turning a spigot. We have no surface ditches, and all the water is brought in subterranean pipes, precisely like water in a city; in fact, we have a little city here, a business community of mutual interests; and we plan that its success can come only from cooperation all along the line. We must all work to the same plan and hew to the same line.

"I know all about the boom figures in apples and do not question them, but am not interested in them. I am willing to say that raw lands are worth a thousand dollars an acre in the Wenatchee or Cashmere valleys, six hundred or a thousand dollars an acre in the Yakima country.

"I have in mind the words of a California land company, made up of shrewd Scotchmen. They sell land at four hundred dollars an acre flat, the price increasing two hundred dollars an acre each year up to a price of eighteen hundred dollars. They say that is enough and they will not take more. They figure that, on a basis of ten years' average, the return will be at least two hundred dollars an acre. Possibly something of that sort of conservatism will come into the apple business some time. I don't know. What I want to see is my land fully worked out. We believe there will be plenty to pay every one of our settlers a fine return. We believe that each one of them will have an interesting, modern, cultured life, with good neighbors and pleasant surroundings. Many of them will have come from a city life of hard work, of cheerlessness—perhaps of despair. We think, in this newer field, the handicap against personal success and happiness is not so great. This may be idealism or folly. I don't know. But I like it."

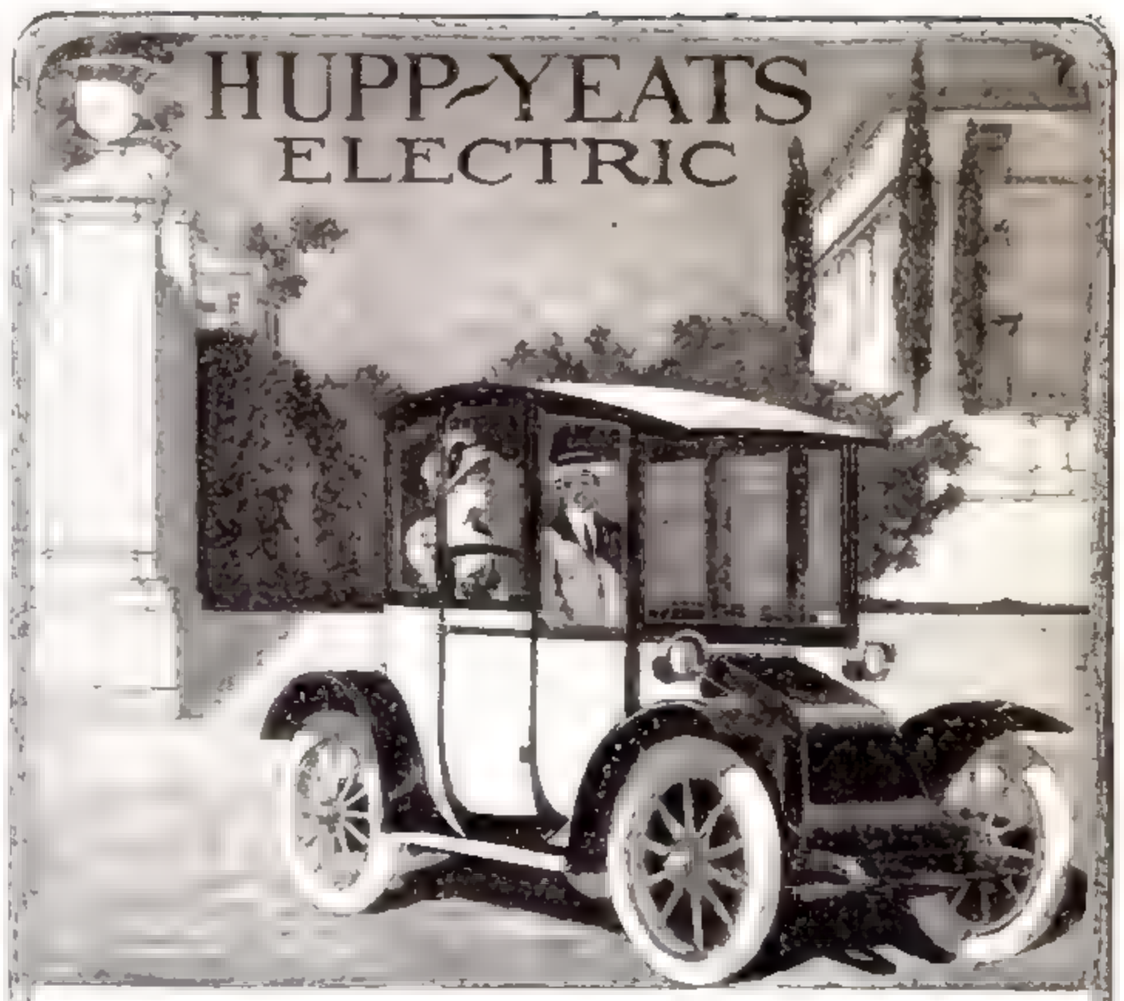
### *A Word to the Wise*

Perhaps you will not get much comment such as this in the average boom literature of the day, put out by men who are anxious to sell lands and who are frankly commercial in their aims. It cannot be considered any attack upon the legitimate interests of these or any others to point out some of the foregoing things for the benefit of the intending investor in fruit lands in the West, more especially the non-resident investor. To this latter one may repeat the general injunction of caution and deliberation. Above all, one should be sure that he is going to like the new country if he moves into it. The city man sometimes longs for the grime and crime, the noise, hurry, bustle, confusion and discomfort when he has left behind. If it is in him to love the white-topped mountains and the rushing waters they, in time, will make up for him that which he has lost. They will make a better man and better citizen of him, perhaps.

Certainly valid and certainly useful is the general counsel for caution in the purchase of any real estate. Bear in mind that the bargains are not all gone this year and will not be in the next year, in spite of the injunction to buy at once. Take your time about that part of it. See the property on the ground; two or three visits will be better than one. Make up your own mind as to the expenses; and then, if you have nerve to multiply that estimate by two, you are more apt to be safe. Take the laws of commerce, of investment, of averages, into partnership with you. Use horse-sense and not wild-eyed enthusiasm.

These general words of caution are for the man of limited means. For the rich man, who can do as he likes, apple growing in the West is a pleasant occupation or diversion, and as such can be made to pay its way, very likely with profit additional. A great deal of Eastern and Middle-Western capital has gone into the apple business within the last few years. As to its future, it seems safe if, viewed in the light of new and possibly changing conditions, it can be gauged and governed by good business principles. As to its past, the record is not one of unbroken financial success. As to its present, it is the rich man's fad, the promoter's dream and the poor man's hope.


HUPP-YEATS ELECTRIC



*A car of French design of the very latest fashion*
*Design protected by letters patent. Guaranteed for life.*

People seem to have been waiting for just such a car as this

The Hupp-Yeats is, comparatively speaking, a new claimant for public favor. And yet, Chicago—a city of electrics—already uses forty. Detroit, its home city, has thirty in commission. Minneapolis uses fifteen; San Francisco streets are traveled by no less than twenty.

Perhaps it is the sharp contrast between the lines of the Hupp-Yeats and the conventional type of electric.

Perhaps it is the practical advantages in safety, wind resistance and skidding which these differences in design confer.

Or perhaps it is the combination of these two attractive characteristics with the satisfaction of being able to buy such beauty and efficiency at $1750 instead of $2500.

At any rate, the Hupp-Yeats is making a remarkable appeal to people of consequence in every city in the country. They seem to have been waiting for just such a car. Its success has been amazing.

Of course, contributing factors have been its direct motor-to-axle drive; its operative simplicity; its convenience of entrance and exit, due to the low-hung body; its great range of speeds and mileage, etc.

*Exide Hycap Batteries; Westinghouse Motor; Goodyear No-Rim-Cut Long Distance Tires.*

R. C. H. Sales Company, 111 Lycaste St., Detroit, Mich.

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Philadelphia, 330 N. Broad Street
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PATENTS PENDING
## Fireless Cookstove

You women who do housework—kitchen work—every day or once in a while, whoever you are; wherever you are ought not to let another day go by without ordering one.

*They are furnished with the following new exclusive features:*

**Removable Oven;** enameled inside and out, absolutely non-rusting, easily cleaned. Fitted with an aluminum cover having an

**Adjustable Draft;** permitting regulation of moisture in oven in connection with

**Adjustable Steam Valve;** dry heat is obtained for baking without raising the cover to allow steam to escape. When stewing or boiling the valve automatically releases excessive steam.

**Condensation Channel;** which largely prevents the condensing of water in the bottom and on sides of the oven casing

**Adjustable Basket;** for baking two pies, cakes, or other articles. Radiators are adjustable to any desired position within the capacity of oven

Other equally important features are explained in catalogue which will be mailed free.

*With a "Caloric" most all cooking for the family table can be done better, more thoroughly, more wholesomely, more nutritiously, richer in flavor and at less cost and with less expenditure of time and work than is possible by any other method—Winter and Summer.*

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which explains and clearly proves how these seemingly impossible things are accomplished. Why and how the cheaper cuts of meats can be made just as good as the most expensive. The "Caloric" is guaranteed to do all we claim. Made in 15 sizes, each complete with full set solid aluminum utensils and cloth-bound 160-page cook book

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**THE CALORIC COMPANY**
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## $10.00 PROFIT IN 2 HOURS

**One Agent's Record**

Sells on sight the year 'round, in any community—mechanic, farmer store, office, shop, home—finest Auto Tool in the world!

**"Koeth Kombination Kit"—15 Tools in One**

**Over 30 combinations. Of fine tool steel. Positive guarantee with each kit. Small—weighs 3 lbs. Blue handles, box $3.50. In chests $4. Nickel 50c. extra.**

Attractive proposition to high grade representatives. Free samples furnished

**Currier-Koeth Mfg. Co., 201 West St., Coudersport, Pa**

## The Schwarzlose AUTOMATIC PISTOL

"The Boultress," 8 Shots, repeating. Imitates no other. New superior features. Most [illegible] test. Best [illegible]. Send for illustrated description, expert opinions, etc

**KIRTLAND BROS. & CO., 88 Chambers Street, New York**

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## Vest-Pocket Silk Hat

**$1.50**

*Entirely Different*

*All Sizes.*

**THE IDEAL HAT** for Motoring, Business, Golfing and all general wear. Especially adapted for rough usage and traveling use. **Practical. Dressy. Light.** Made of fine **PURE Silk,** [illegible] **sweat band** [illegible] Black, Dove Gray or White. Price $1.50, well worth double. State size when ordering. **NOTE** Ears to fold flat as hats, as no quality silk, fine or heavy, will bow. Sent

**Satisfaction Guaranteed** **GILBERT & CO., Decatur, Ill.**

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**MEMORY the BASIS of All Knowledge**

THE KEY TO SUCCESS

You are no greater than your memory. Send for my free book **How to Remember.** [illegible] Send [illegible] Correspondence Solicited. Speaking Address.

**DICKSON MEMORY SCHOOL, 932 And'n Bldg., Chicago**

## SALESMAN WANTED

to handle complete line formaldehyde fumigators, liquid soap, sweeping compound, liquid wax, modern disinfectants and sanitary supplies; goods used by U. S. Government.

**THE FORMACONE CO., 50 Church Street, N. Y.**

# CRYSTAL DOMINO SUGAR

*Made by The American Sugar Refining Co. SOLD BY GROCERS—2lbs and 5lbs Boxes!*


## NEW STATES' RIGHTS

(Continued from Page 15)

certainly also above the influence of popular clamor, and the argument against the recall falls to the ground.

Adoption of the recall is nothing more than the application of good business principles to Government affairs. Almost without exception, an employer reserves the right to discharge his employee whenever the service rendered is unsatisfactory. No business could succeed long if this right of discharge were denied. The right of the employer to discharge his employee rests upon exactly the same basis as the right of the employee to quit. The principle is recognized throughout the business world and it is put in practice by every large and successful corporation in the world. Necessarily the power of removal from office should rest with the same body that exercises the power of election or appointment.

Consider the absurdity of the recognition of the right of a public officer to quit his position at any time and the denial of the right of his employers to discharge him. To assert the right in one instance and deny it in the other is to maintain a one-sided contract, the discrimination being against the whole people and in favor of the individual. If we can trust an individual to deal justly with the people when he considers tendering his resignation, we can also trust the people to deal justly with a public servant when they consider discharging him.

Events which have taken place in the United States Senate in recent months indicate that we have established the right of a Senator to tender his resignation and leave his seat in that body at will and later withdraw his resignation and return to his seat. If the occupant of an office has the right to come and go at will, shall we deny the right of the people whom he represents to discharge him for reasons which they deem sufficient? If a Senator can be trusted to promote the public welfare by tendering his resignation or not tendering it or by withdrawing it after it has been tendered, cannot the people of his state be trusted to promote the public welfare by recalling him or not recalling him when the question is placed before them in lawful manner?

### A One-Sided Arrangement

I have the right and power to quit my office at pleasure; the people of my state should have equal right and power to discharge me from office whenever they believe they can be more faithfully and more effectively represented by another in my stead.

The President of the United States has the power to make certain appointments, among them being that of his private secretary, who occupies a position of responsibility and trust. That secretary has the right and power to resign at will and to enter the employ of private individuals or corporations, perhaps having interests that would largely profit by the knowledge the secretary acquired while in a public position. Since the secretary is employed by appointment from the President and has the power to quit at any time, who will say that the President should not have power to discharge him at will? Must we always protect the interests of the individual and ignore the interests of the public?

It is generally conceded that the American people have intelligence and honesty enough to be trusted with the power to select their public servants, even to choose a President of the United States. If it be granted that the people have intelligence enough to choose a President of the United States no man can consistently contend that they have not the intelligence to act wisely upon the question of discharging a state, county or municipal officer. I think no one proposes at present to extend the recall to any federal official except those elected by the people of the several states.

All that is desired by the people of any state, county or city is good service for the general welfare. They will never make a change unless satisfied that it will be a change for the better; hence they will never discharge a public servant unless convinced that his successor will be a more faithful and efficient public official. They have a right to improve their government—or try to do so—if they see an opportunity.

## $4.00 Purchases This Cut Glass Bowl

You can get this Prima Donna [illegible]

## Clark
CUT GLASS

[illegible] sacrifice. The [illegible] designs [illegible] request.

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When accidents happen on the 4th of July or any other time, think first of Dioxogen. Its prompt application to a cut, a wound, a burn or any break in the skin *prevents* infection. Infection causes blood poisoning, the consequences of which no one can foretell. Be prepared for any emergency by having a bottle of Dioxogen always ready for use. Sold by druggists. Send for free sample and booklet telling how to use it.

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slippers or shoes in which elastic fabric is used. Identified by a heart trade mark stamped on the reverse side of the elastic panel.

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50c ... Extra quality French Briar, silver mounted, rubber bit, $1

Package of wads with every pipe. At your dealer or by mail
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This handsome Mission Davenport in Quarter Sawn White Oak is shipped completely stained and waxed (your choice of eight shades) in finished Sections. This saves much expensive packing and freight charges. Easily and quickly fastened—simple as putting up a bed

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The interests of one individual must not stand in the way of better government.

Those opponents of the recall who anticipate that the people will discharge faithful public servants as a means of amusement evidently think the people of this day and nation are as heartless as the ancient Romans, who found pleasure in the combats of the arena. I have a different opinion of the American people and fear no injustice through unfair use of the recall.

We have heard much in recent weeks about the "rule of the mob" in connection with the initiative and referendum and the recall. Those who wish to do so may refer to the people of their states as "the mob," but the record of the people of Oregon precludes the application of such a term to them. The nearest approach to mob rule in Oregon has been in the legislative halls where the members violated the plain provisions of the constitution of the state and where many of them ignored the popular will, though it had been definitely expressed by the people of the state through the enactment of statutes.

A mob is a body of men acting against law, order and justice. Legislatures sometimes do this—the people never, if given an opportunity to act in a lawful way. I grant that, where wrongs have been long imposed and remedies have been denied, the people finally resort to force to redress their grievances—just as they did in the American and French revolutions. Resort to force came only after every peaceful means had been tried in vain and when longer endurance was impossible.

### *The Voice of the People*

To some, this is mob action. I am disposed to give it a higher characterization; and, though it is an overthrow of existing authority, I regard it as the establishment of law and order in the highest sense. In the same way, when the people of a republic, exercising their inherent right to change their laws and constitutions, vote to adopt new and better systems of government, I deny that this is mob action. It is the establishment of law and order in the highest sense. The overthrow of a misrepresentative system, maintained by political machines enjoying dictatorial powers, and the substitution of a truly representative system means the attainment of higher standards of human justice and equality, and consequently of a more peaceful and more nearly perfect government. The voice of the people should be the law of the land; and, since the initiative and referendum and the recall register the voice of the people, they are the best mediums for the establishment of the best governmental principles.

We have legal prohibition against personal physical slavery; and a territory recognizing such slavery would be denied any sort of connection with the Union. And yet an unwilling physical slave is a lesser menace to good government than a willing intellectual slave. We have witnessed in this free America instances of political subserviency as despicable as any that ever existed in medieval times. We have seen states in which the supposedly sovereign people quietly acquiesced in the continuance in power of political bosses who, through political machines, maintained despotic rule. These bosses, through the mechanism of the convention system, nominated candidates to suit themselves and gave the people power merely to ratify their action. These same bosses controlled state legislatures and thereby made the laws; they controlled nominations of judges and thereby exercised an undue influence over the interpretation of the laws; they controlled the nominations of executives from governor to constable, and of prosecuting attorneys and police-court officials, thereby supervising enforcement of the laws. In no way does government such as this differ materially from despotism.

It is true that the people have the power to overthrow one boss and accept the dominion of another, just as the people of an absolute monarchy have power to overthrow one king and place another upon the throne. In either case, the people who submit to that system of government are lacking in the intelligence or the manhood to assert the rights with which they were endowed by the Creator. They are political serfs, claiming the pity but not the approval of thinking men.

Of no such class, however, are the people of Arizona. They had an opportunity to


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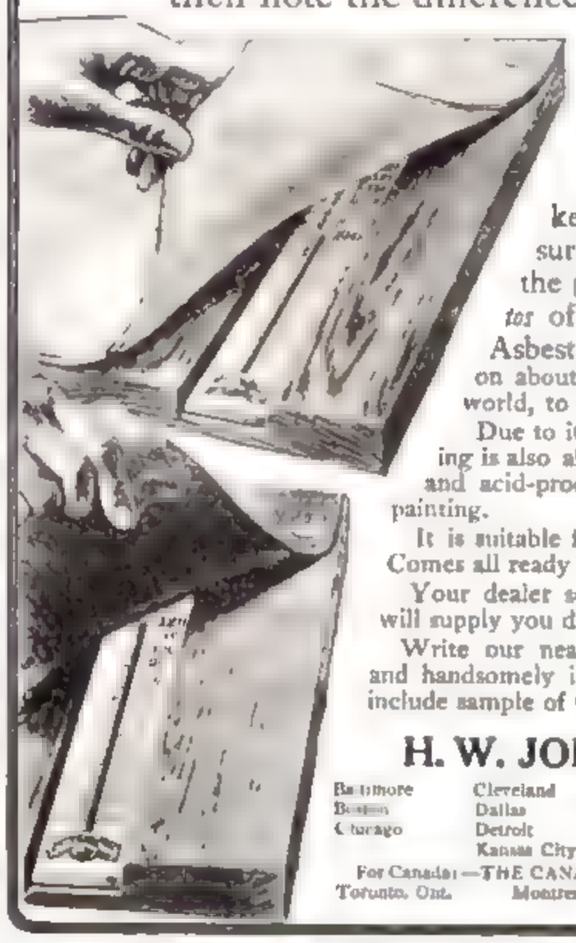
ON a hot day the temperature in the upper part of a building will be from 15 to 30 degrees *cooler* when covered with J-M Asbestos Ready Roofing than when covered with any other roofing—the exact difference in temperature depending on what the other roofing is.

You can easily prove this. Place two thermometers on a board, as illustrated, and nail over them the roofings you wish to test. Lay these in the sun for an hour and then note the difference in the thermometers.



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keeps a building cool because its white surface reflects the heat and because of the great insulating quality of the *asbestos* of which it is principally composed. Asbestos, you know, is used as a covering on about all the pipes carrying steam, etc., in the world, to prevent heat escaping.

Due to its stone (asbestos) construction, this roofing is also absolutely fire-proof, rust-proof, rot-proof and acid-proof. And, like all stone, it never needs painting.

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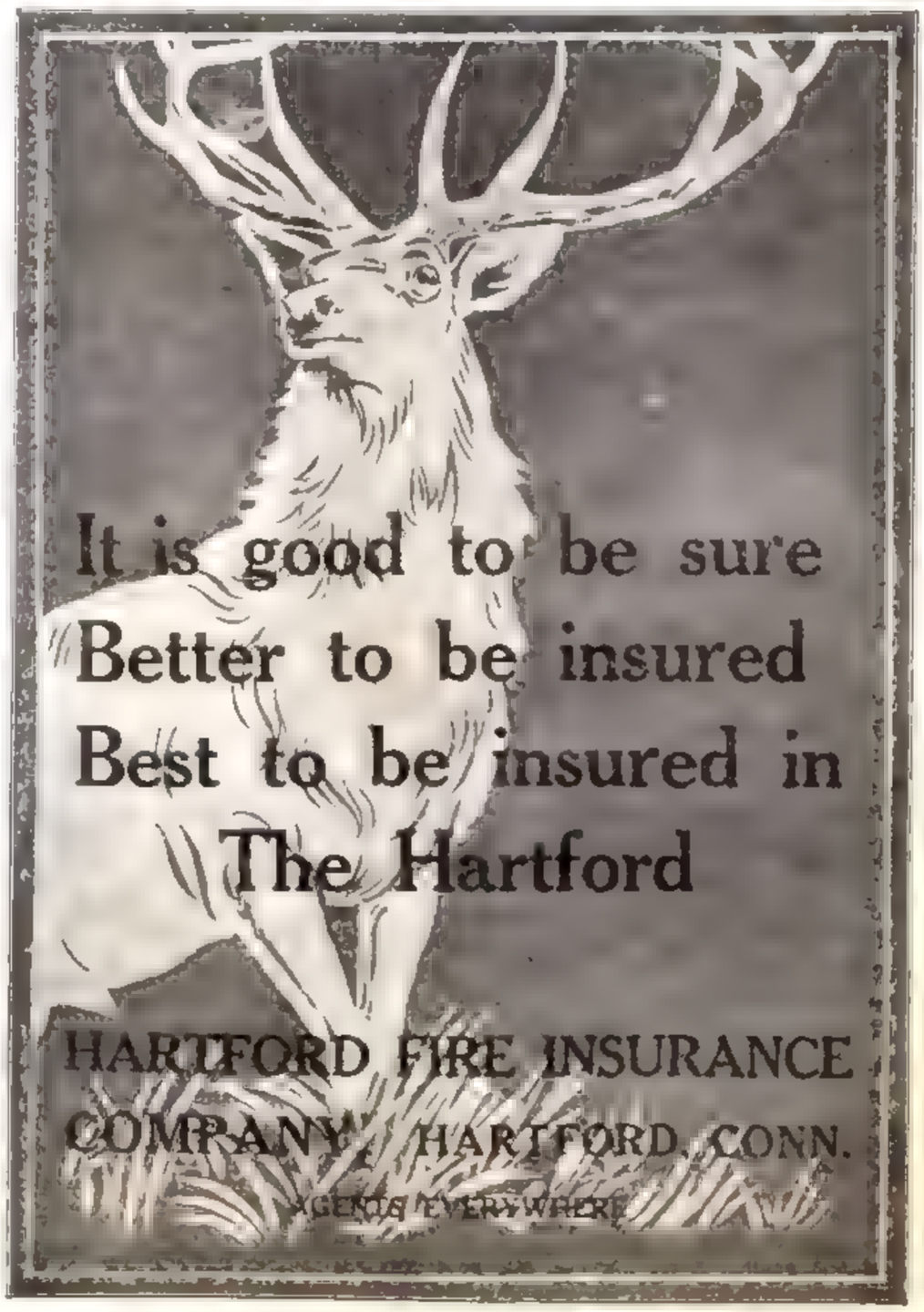

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We will ship you a "RANGER" BICYCLE on approval, freight prepaid to any place in the United States *without a cent deposit in advance* and allow **ten days free trial** from the day you receive it. If it does not suit you in every way and is not all or more than we claim for it and a better bicycle than you can get anywhere else regardless of price, or if for any reason whatever you do not wish to keep it, ship it back to us at our expense for freight and you will *not be out one cent*

**LOW FACTORY PRICES** We sell the highest grade bicycles direct from factory to rider at lower prices than any other house. We save you $10 to $25 middlemen's profit on every bicycle. Highest grade models with Puncture-Proof tires. Imported [illegible] prices no higher than cheap mail order bicycles, also reliable medium grade at unheard of low prices.

**RIDER AGENTS WANTED** in each town and district to ride and exhibit a sample "Ranger" bicycle furnished by us. **You will be** astonished at our [illegible] and special offer we will give on first sample. **Write at once.** *Do not wait.*

DO NOT BUY bicycle or sundries from anyone at any price until you receive our catalogue and learn our [illegible] BICYCLE DEALERS, you can sell our bicycles under your own name at double the [illegible] received.

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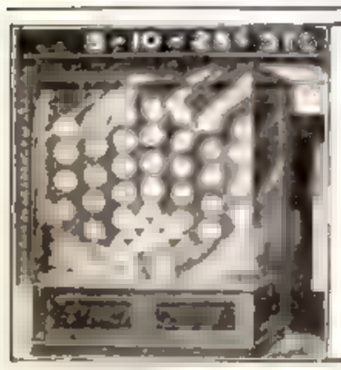

# An Opening for a Retail Store

If you think of starting a store I can help you. My business is finding locations where new retail stores are needed. I know about towns, industries, rooms, rents, etc., in every part of the United States. On my list are many places where a new store can start with small capital and pay a profit from the beginning, with possibilities of growth limited only by your own ambition and capacity. No charge for information, including free a 200 page book telling how to run a retail store

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*HORSE OWNERS:* TEN CENTS

[illegible] dollars in time [illegible] Comb. Cleans, tones and beautifies the horse, easy on the horse, and always clean. Send 10c to pay postage and state number of horses you own, and we'll send [illegible]. We pay postage. Price 25c. After 3 days trial if not satisfactory return Comb and we will refund your 25c. Your expense. CLEAN COMB CO. 1005 6th St., Racine, Wisconsin.

**SELLING AGENTS:** What does the above offer prove to you? Thousands of "Clean" Combs are starting themselves at eight. Ask for terms.

**Rowboat $20.00**

**Money in Boat Livery!**

Can ship in any quantity. Need no boat house. Never leak, rust, check crack or rot. **Absolutely safe.** Every boat has water-tight compartments, so cannot sink. 20 different designs. **Demonstrator Agents Wanted in Every Community**

Michigan Steel Boat Co. 118 Bellevue Ave. Detroit, Mich.


continue in the control of political dictators. It would have been easier and less costly in time, effort and money if they had permitted the bosses to select their delegates and make their new constitution. Thus they could have hastened statehood. They could have basked in the smile of an approving Administration and would have been given a patronizing pat on their bowed heads by the representatives of special privilege; but personal ease and smiles and pats were not their desire. Their ambition was to enjoy all the rights of sovereign citizenship and they did not hesitate to make a needed sacrifice. With clearness of purpose and courage of conviction which command the admiration of all liberty-loving people, they made the fight for political freedom and won the battle against tremendous odds. They demonstrated they are the kind of material that constitutes a state. They are—

*"Men, highminded men,*
*Who their duties know—*
*But know their rights and, knowing,*
*dare maintain;*
*These constitute a state."*

Area in square miles, commercial wealth, number of inhabitants and industrial development are all matters that should be taken into consideration when a territory seeks admission to the Union as a state. These are important because they have a bearing upon the material welfare and prosperity of the people and affect their ability to maintain a state government. And yet they are all relatively of no significance as compared with the character of the people who make up the citizenship of the territory.

As to the character of the men who constitute the voting population of Arizona there can be no doubt. The record of the two elections—first for the selection of delegates and then for the ratification of the constitution—leaves no chance for uncertainty. The people of Arizona are a thinking people. They are interested in the problems of government and are devoted to the advancement of general welfare.

They have confidence in their own intelligence and their own ability to think and act for themselves; and they have too much independence to submit to dictation from others. They have the courage to assert themselves and the patriotism to sacrifice even statehood, if necessary, rather than yield their political principles. Their admission to all the privileges of American citizenship will be an honor to the Union—refusal to admit them would be a national disgrace!

## A Good Story

NEARLY all newspapers wish to print the truth concerning matters in which they have no direct interest—nearly all reporters wish to write the truth; but between them the truth is seldom told.

A gentleman of considerable local celebrity was sitting in the back seat of his carriage at the railway station. The driver stood beside the horses with the lines in his hands. The locomotive whistled; the team gave a start; the driver stubbed his toe and fell down; the horses loped away, but a bystander caught the bits and stopped them after they had gone two rods. Now this was interesting, but according to professional opinion it would not make a 'good story.'"

Next day's newspaper had the maddened horses dashing furiously up the street over the driver's prostrate form, the carriage swaying violently, and grim Death just in the act of plying his famous sickle when the rescuer, by superhuman exertion, snatched away the trembling prey from destruction.

This made, perhaps, a "good story"; but it had only a faint relationship to the truth. An able managing editor, of twenty years' experience, once remarked that, in cases where he was able to check up the facts from personal knowledge, he found that the reports in his newspaper departed more or less radically from the facts in nine cases out of ten.

In one view, perhaps this yearning to "make a good story" is praiseworthy, since it arises from a desire to please the reader; but in a broader view it must be condemned, because, ere the experienced reader can get a thrill out of the story, up comes a dampening reflection that probably it isn't true.


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"A Refined Shampoo without the usual bother."

Your hair will be soft, silky and clean, yet can be immediately combed into place if you wash it with

**LAVOX** *SHAMPOO POWDER*

It won't split the ends of the hair, or make it brittle. It contains none of the caustic elements that rob the hair roots of their nourishing oils. Lavox is scented very delicately and makes a creamy and soft lather.

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Send us your name and address and your dealer's name

**Price 25 Cents**

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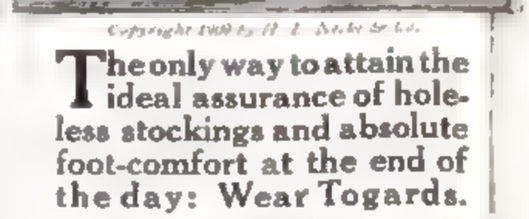

[illegible]

**The only way to attain the ideal assurance of holeless stockings and absolute foot-comfort at the end of the day: Wear Togards.**

Togards are slipped on over the [illegible] underneath the stockings. Never [illegible] you're wearing them.

[illegible] lisle and silk. All [illegible]

Lisle, 10 cents per pair; $1.00 per dozen pairs
Silk, 25 cents per pair, $2.75 per dozen pairs

[illegible] sealed, sanitary pocket [illegible] the TOGARD trade-mark

Sold by ALL DEALERS in Men's and Women's apparel all over the globe. Should your dealer not happen to have TOGARDS, [illegible]

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**6c Invested Makes $1.50**

That sounds almost unbelievable. But it's true—a proved fact. A cent pound of ordinary sugar and the wonderful

**Empire Candy Floss Machine**

will turn the trick and do it every eight [illegible] anywhere a crowd collects. $100.00 a Day is an easy profit with [illegible] opportunity. Today is the [illegible] of Popcorn and Peanut [illegible]. Write to Dept. B

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**COMFORT and SAFETY Lie in the FORK SPRING**

The Fork Spring of the **R. S. Motorcycle** is a 3-16 inch first quality steel wire spiral cushion, ¾ of an inch [illegible] diameter. The rocker arms carry no load and are so designed that the movement of the wheel is absolutely vertical. This action makes the wheel ride smoothly over obstructions without jumping to meet them. This feature alone makes the **R. S.** safest and most [illegible] There are 14 other points of positive superiority in every 1911 **R. S. Motorcycle** found only in *special* machines of other makes. Our 1911 catalog gives them all. Write for it to-day. **Established Dealers,** write for open territory and agency proposition.

**READING STANDARD COMPANY**
*Makers Renowned Reading Standard Bicycles*
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Overland

# How To Make An Automobile Valuation

DETERMINING the value of an automobile is exactly like finding out the worth of any other staple article of necessity, the real value of which you do not feel capable of passing judgment on yourself. If you wanted a new heating system installed in your home, your first move would be to write several responsible concerns and invite them to make bids. These bids you would analyze and see exactly what each firm offered and at what price. You would check each list of specifications—one against the other. If all the propositions specified about the same standard equipment, but varied in price, you naturally would give the job to the lowest bidder. Having satisfied yourself as to quality it would come right down to a matter of dollars and cents.

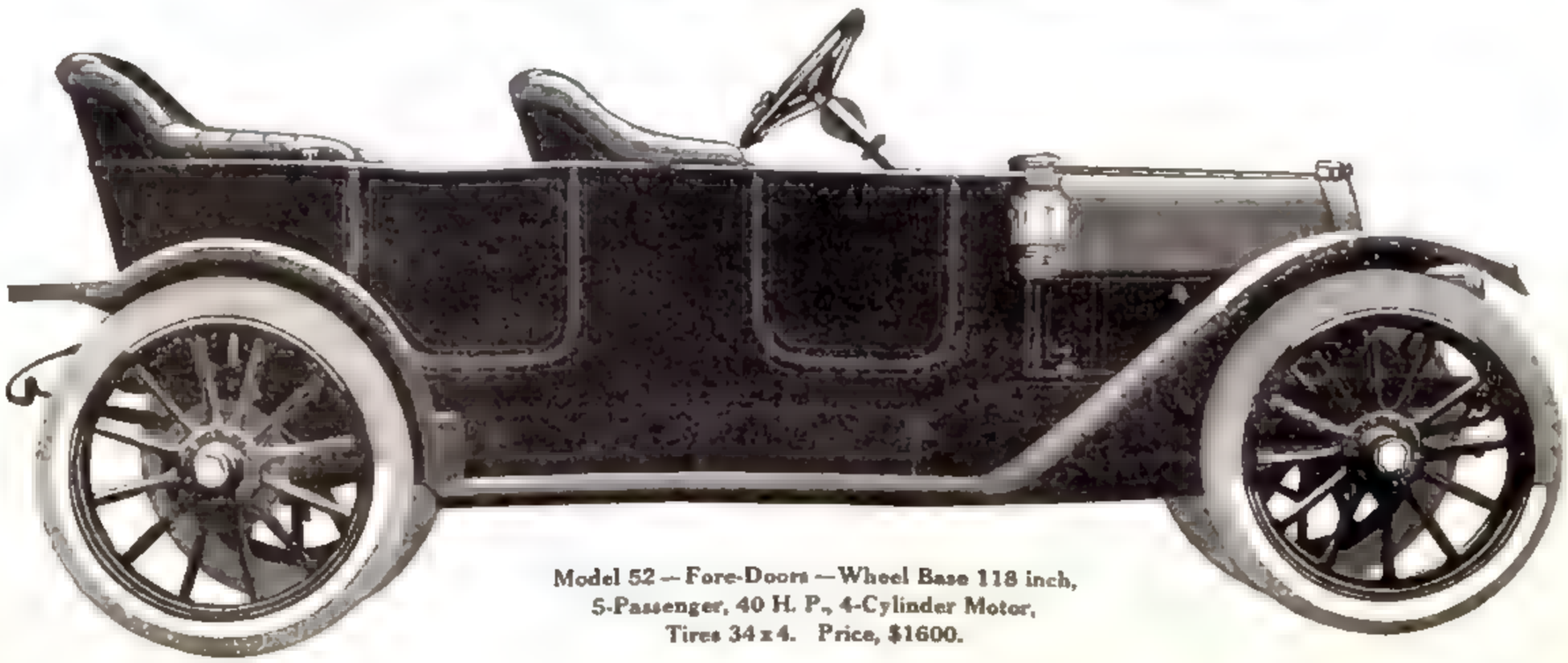
Analyze an automobile in the same way. It's merely a case of simple comparisons. Merely a case of seeing what is offered you at a given price—just a simple checking up of the specifications—of finding out something about the concern that made the car—whether or not they are large manufacturers or just assemblers—whether or not many of their cars are in use—if so, how many? And get some facts about the car's record, about its ability to "stand up." In other words, put the facts of one car against the other, and then you can determine for yourself which is the best to buy at a given price.

A comparison of the Overland Model 52 at $1600 with any $2500 car on the market will show you how sixteen hundred dollars will go as far as twenty-five hundred. Just take the specifications of any $2500 car. Start with the wheel base and go on through with the motor—horse power—size of wheels—transmission—trimmings, etc. Check up the whole equipment and see if the $1600 Overland won't balance with the $2500 machine. A car should not be judged by its price. It's the worth of the car you are paying for the actual facts determine its intrinsic value. Facts are the only things you can base your valuation on.

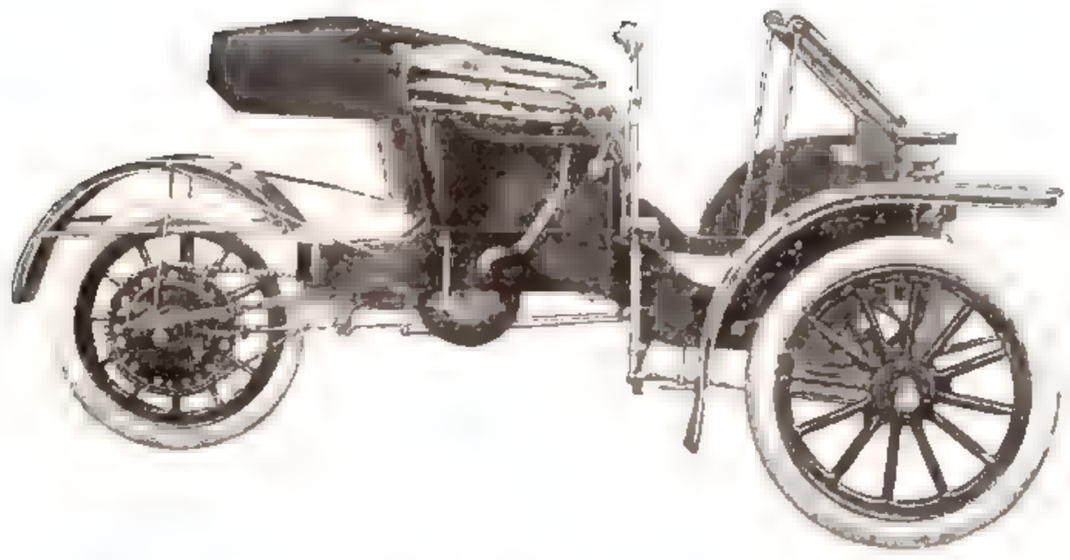
You know that the greater the manufacturing facilities of a plant the more economical is its finished product. The Overland plants are the largest and most economically operated in the world. They employ 4000 of the most skilled men known to the trade. They operate more automatic machines than other manufacturers. Here you will find more modern methods for reducing manufacturing costs, and this is only possible by our enormous annual output. This year we will build 20,000 cars. Any business man knows that a plant making 20,000 cars can naturally produce them for less cost—car for car—than the manufacturer making but three or four thousand.

Go to our dealer. Get an Overland catalogue. Do the same with other dealers. Take them all home. Make the simple comparisons we pointed out and rely on your own common sense. Of course, if you know something about a motor car, so much the better. In that event, you'll buy an Overland quicker than ever. If you will send us your name and address we will gladly mail you an Overland Book. This gives you the facts you want. Ask for Catalogue A-26.

## The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio



Model 52—Fore-Doors—Wheel Base 118 inch,
5-Passenger, 40 H. P., 4-Cylinder Motor,
Tires 34 x 4. Price, $1600.



Thousands have asked us if the Motorette will go through muddy, sandy, rough country roads. We anticipated this, and to prove its more than ordinary road-ability, started the Motorette for San Francisco at just the close of winter, the worst time for motoring, a time never before attempted with any car. The Motorette was successful, ploughing through thousands of miles of mud at a season when local automobilists put away their cars.

We put the Motorette to this severe test before delivering a single 1911 model. Under extraordinary conditions we learned what it would do and what it needed. The clutch proved unequal to this unusual test, although before in many previous tests it had never given trouble. We have strengthened and perfected this. The performance of the rest of the machine was even better than we expected.

With the Motorette you can travel any road comfortably and efficiently

# MOTORETTE

## Guaranteed for one year—Price $385

Judicious motor car purchasing is no more nor no less than determining what is essential.

Reliability? Essential—unreservedly. Without reliability a motor car cannot be a success. Consider the Motorette as to reliability. The parts that go into the Motorette are made by the same men and of the same material as is used in the best American cars. It is built with as much care as is the best automobile.

Simplicity? Essential—usually. When one piece of mechanism can be designed to be as efficient as two or three or more parts the possibility of getting out of order is obviously reduced.

Take the Motorette motor: it has but five moving parts. There are no valves to grind, no springs to get out of order, no push rods, no cams, no cam shafts, no valve plugs, no cam shaft gearings.

Similar examples of Motorette simplicity are found throughout the car.

Comfort? Essential—positively. On very rough country roads, full of bumps, thank-you-marms, and holes, the Motorette rides more comfortably than a four-wheel machine.

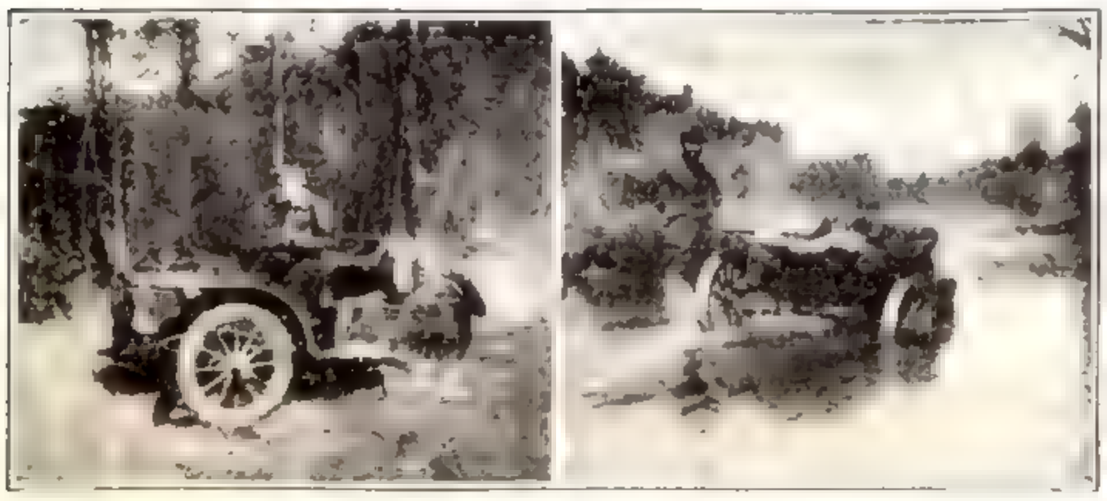
Power? Absolutely essential. It has power to overcome road conditions as shown below. The Motorette will go anywhere an automobile will go.

Speed? Essential—to a degree. The degree depends upon the owner's business. The average speed at which a motor car is run is less than 25 miles per hour. An occasional outburst of speed greater than 25 miles per hour is hardly worth the difference between $385 and the cost of a big car.

Beauty of design? Essential—unquestionably. Whereas "The apparel oft proclaims the man," the design really does proclaim the Motorette. Discriminating judges have testified to the beauty of line of the Motorette.

Determining essentials—the Motorette yields to no car except for great speed, and capacity for more than two passengers.

Send for a catalog. Learn more about the Motorette—its reliability—its beauty of design—its power—its simplicity. Look up your Motorette dealer. If you do not know him ask us his name.



**These photographs do not exaggerate the road conditions**

The C. W. Kelsey Mfg. Company, 190 Morgan St., Hartford, Conn., U S A

*Dealers: Some choice territory is still unassigned. Write us. Address Sales Manager.*


# THE GLORY OF CLEMENTINA

Continued from Page 23

In the smoking room, Wonnacott, still observing him narrowly, asked him why he was so interested in the depravity of the turf. Quixtus met his eyes with the same suspicious glance.

"I told you I was going to take up the study of criminology. It's a useful and fascinating science; but, as the subject does not seem to interest you," he added with a quick return to his courteous manner, "let us drop it. You mustn't suppose I've lost all interest in the Society. What especially have you to complain of about Griffiths?"

Wonnacott explained, and for the comfortable half hour of coffee and cigarettes after lunch they discussed the ineffectuality of Griffiths and, as all good men will, exchanged views on the little foibles of their colleagues of the council of the Anthropological Society. Quixtus discoursed so humanly that Wonnacott, on his way officeward, having lit a cigar at the spirit lamp in the club vestibule, looked at the burning end meditatively and said to himself:

"I must have been mistaken, after all."

Quixtus remained for some time in the club deep in thought, scanning a newspaper with unseeing eyes. He had been injudicious in his conversation with Wonnacott. He had almost betrayed his secret. It behooved him to walk warily. In these days the successful serpent has to assume not only the voice but the outer semblance and innocent manners of the dove. If he went crawling and hissing about the world, proclaiming his venomousness aloud like a rattlesnake, humanity would either avoid him altogether or hit him over the head out of self-protection. He must ingratiate himself once more with mankind and strike only when opportunity offered. For that reason he would simulate a continued interest in prehistoric man.

On the other hand, the newly born idea of the study of criminology hovered agreeably and comfortingly over his mind so much so that he presently left the club and, walking to a foreign library, ordered the works of Cesare Lombroso, Ottolenghi, Ferri, Topinard, Corre and as many other authorities on criminology as he could think of; and then, having ransacked the second-hand bookshops in Charing Cross Road, drove home exultant, with an excellent set of the Newgate Calendar.

Thus he entered upon a new phase of life. He began to mingle again with his fellows, hateful and treacherous dogs though they were. He was no longer morose and solitary. At the next meeting of the Anthropological Society he occupied the presidential chair, amid a chorus of hypocritical—welcome. He accepted invitations to dinner. Also, finding intense discomfort in the ministrations of the vague female and realizing that, after making good all Marrable's defalcations, he was still the possessor of a large fortune, he procured the services of a cook, reinstated his former manservant—luckily disengaged—in office and again inhabited the commodious apartments which he had abandoned; in fact, he not only resumed his former mode of life but exceeded it on the social side, walking more abroad into the busy ways of men.

In all of this he showed wisdom. For it is manifestly impossible for a man to pursue a successful career of villainy if he locks himself up in the impregnable recesses of a gloomy house and meets no mortal on whom to practice.

One afternoon, after deep and dark excogitation, he proceeded to Romney Place and called upon Tommy Burgrave, whom he had not seen since the day of the trial. Tommy, just recovering from the attack of congestion of the lungs which had prevented him from attending his great-uncle's funeral, was sitting in his dressing gown before the bedroom fire, while Clementina, unkempt as usual, was superintending his consumption of a fried sole.

Tommy greeted him boyishly. He could not rise, as his lap was full of trays and fat things. His uncle would find a chair somewhere in the corner. It was jolly of him to come.

"You might have come sooner," snapped Clementina. "The boy has been half dead. If it hadn't been for me he would have been quite dead."

"You nursed him through his illness?"

"What else do you suppose I meant?"

"He could have had a trained nurse," said Quixtus. "There are such things."

"Trained nurses!" cried Clementina in disdain. "I've no patience with them. If they're ugly they're brutes—because they know that a good-looking boy like Tommy won't look at them. If they're pretty they're fools, because they're always hoping that he will."

"I say, Clementina," Tommy protested, "nurses are the dearest people in the world. A fellow crocked up is just a 'case' for them and they never think of anything but pulling him through. 'Tisn't fair of you to talk like that."

"I don't!" said Clementina, conscious of a greater gap than usual in the back of her dress and struggling with one hand to reconcile button and hole. "What on earth do you know about it? Just tell me, are you a woman or am I?"

Tommy laid down his fork with a sigh. "You're a brick, Clementina, and this sole was delicious, and I wish there were more of it."

She took the tray from his knees and put it on a side table. Tommy turned to Quixtus, who sat splendidly on a straight-backed chair, and expressed his regret at not having been able to attend his great-uncle's funeral.

"You missed a very interesting ceremony," said Quixtus.

Tommy laughed. "I suppose the old man didn't leave me anything?"

He had heard nothing privately about the will and, as probate had not yet been taken out, the usual summary had not been published in the newspapers.

"I'm afraid not," said Quixtus. "Did you expect anything?"

"Oh, no!" laughed Tommy honestly.

"Then more fool you and more horrid old man he!" said Clementina.

There was a pause. Quixtus, not feeling called upon to defend his defunct and mocking kinsman, said nothing.

Clementina drew the crumpled yellow packet of Maryland tobacco and papers from a pocket in her skirt—she insisted on having pockets in her skirts—and rolled a cigarette. When she had licked it she turned to Quixtus.

"I suppose you know that I came like a fool to your house and was refused admittance."

"That's the worst," said Quixtus, "of having a Cerberus for a doorkeeper."

"You might have said something more civil," she said, taken aback.

"If you will dictate to me a formula of politeness I will repeat it with very great pleasure," he retorted. "Put a little honey on my tongue and it will wag as mellifluously as that of any hypocrite who wins for himself the adulation of mankind."

"Mercy's sake, man!" exclaimed Clementina, in her astonishment allowing the smoke to mingle with her words. "Where on earth did you learn to talk like that?"

Their eyes met and Clementina suddenly screwed up her face and looked at him. She saw in those pale blue eyes something—she could not tell what; but something which had not been in the eyes of the gentle, sweet-souled man she had painted. Her grimace, although familiar through the sittings, somewhat disconcerted him. She made the grim sound that with her represented laughter.

"I was only wondering whether I had got you right, after all."

"Of course you got him right," cried Tommy the ingenuous. "It's one of the rippingest pieces of work you've ever done."

"The Anthropological Society find it quite satisfactory," said Quixtus stiffly.

"Flattered, I'm sure," said Clementina.

Tommy, dimly aware now of antagonism, diplomatically introduced a fresh topic of conversation.

"You haven't told him, Clementina," said he, "of the letter you got the other day from Shanghai."

"Shanghai?" echoed Quixtus.

"Yes, from Will Hammersley," said Clementina, her voice softening. "He's in very bad health and hopes to come home within a year. I thought you, too, might have heard from him."

Quixtus shook his head. For a moment he could not trust himself to speak. The sudden mention of that detested name stunned him like a blow. At last he said: "I never realized you were such friends."

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The reason BBB is so highly prized is nothing but the very finest three year old briar root is used in the making.

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The Health Merry Go Round is a thoroughly safe and long delayed joy. Has four seats and is propelled by the feet and hands—it keeps children in the fresh air—is fun as well as exercise. Has a good organ that plays any tune, a ten foot cross and the seats are built of iron pipe and upholstered heavily and can be had with or without canopy. If you have a sickly boy or girl get a Health Merry Go Round and watch the rapid development of the cheeks and body. Write today for descriptive folder, etc.

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"He used to come and help me in my troubles."

Quixtus passed his hand between neck and collar as if to free his throat from clutching fingers. His voice, when he spoke, sounded hoarse and far away in his ears.

"You were in his confidence, I suppose."

"He was in mine," said Clementina simply.

To the sorely afflicted man's unbalanced and suspicious mind this was a confession of complicity in the wrong he had suffered. He controlled himself with a great effort and turned his face away so that she should not see the hate and anger in his eyes. She, too, had worked against him. She, too, had mocked him as the poor blind fool. She, too, he swore within himself, should suffer in the general devastation he would work upon mankind. As in a dream he heard her summarize the letter. Hammersley had of late been a victim to the low Eastern fever. Once he had nearly died, but had recovered. It had taken hold, however, of his system and nothing but home would cure him. In Shanghai he had made fortune enough to retire. Once in England again, he would never leave it as long as he lived.

"He writes one or two pages of description of what May must be in England—the fresh, sweet green of the country lanes; the cool lawns; the old gray churches peeping through the trees; the restful, undulating country; the smell of the hawthorn and blackthorn at dawn and eve—those are his words; the poor man's so sick for home that he has turned into a twopenny-ha'penny poet ——"

"I think it's pathetic," said Tommy. "Don't you, Uncle Ephraim?"

"I beg your pardon?" said Quixtus, with a start.

"Don't you think it's pathetic for a chap stranded sick in a God-forsaken place in China to write that highfalutin stuff about England? Clementina read it to me. It's the sort of thing a girl of fifteen might have written as a school essay—all the obvious things you know; and it meant such a devil of a lot to him everything on earth. It fairly made me choke. I call it mighty pathetic."

Quixtus said in a dry voice: "Yes; it's pathetic—it's comic—it's tragic—it's melodramatic—it's nostalgic—it's climatic. Yes," he added absently; "it's climatic."

"I wonder you don't say it's dyspeptic and psychic and fantastic," said Clementina, snatching an old hat from the bed. "Do you know you've talked nothing but rubbish ever since you entered this room?"

"Language, my dear Clementina," he quoted, "was given to us to conceal our thoughts."

"Bah!" said Clementina. She held out her hand abruptly. "Goodby. I'll run in later, Tommy, and see how you're getting on."

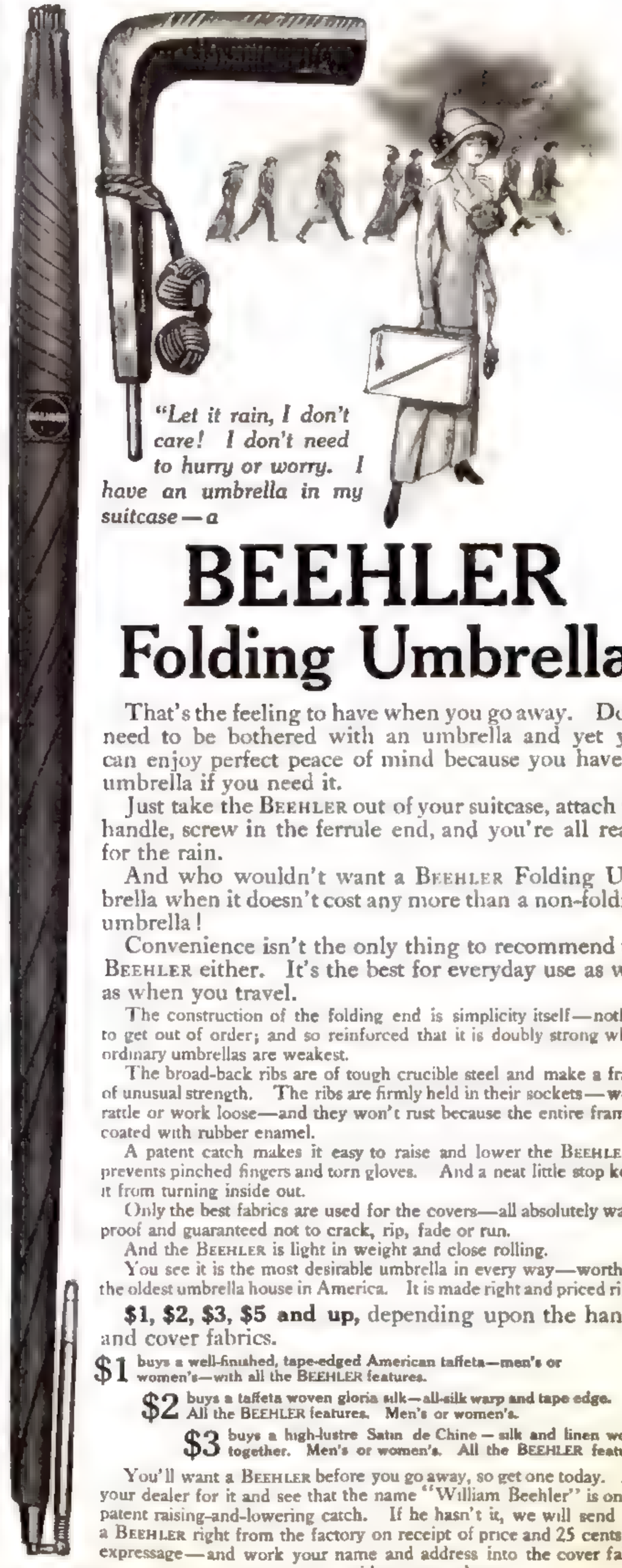
Quixtus opened the door for her to pass out and returned to his straight-backed chair. Tommy handed him a box of cigarettes.

"Won't you smoke? I tried one cigarette today for the first time, but the beastly thing tasted horrid—just as if I were smoking oatmeal."

Quixtus declined the cigarette. He remained silent, looking gloomily at the young, eager face which masked Heaven knows what faithlessness and guile. Being in league with Clementina, whom he knew now to be his enemy, Tommy was his enemy too: and yet, for the life of him, he could not carry out the malignant object of his visit.

For some time Tommy directed the conversation. He upbraided the treacherous English climate that had enticed him out-of-doors and then stretched him on a bed of sickness. It was rough luck—just as he was beginning to find himself as a landscape painter! It was a beautiful little bit of river—all pale golden lights and silver-grays! Now that May was advanced and all the trees in full leaf he could not get that spring effect again—could not, in fact, finish the picture. By the way, his uncle had not heard the news. The little picture that had got—by a mistake, according to Clementina—into a corner of the New Gallery had just been sold. Twenty-five guineas. Wasn't it ripping? A man called Smythe, whom he had never heard of, had bought it.

"You see, it wasn't as if some one I knew had bought it, so as to give a chap some encouragement," he remarked naïvely. "It was a stranger who had the whole

*"Let it rain, I don't care! I don't need to hurry or worry. I have an umbrella in my suitcase—a*

# BEEHLER Folding Umbrella

That's the feeling to have when you go away. Don't need to be bothered with an umbrella and yet you can enjoy perfect peace of mind because you have an umbrella if you need it.

Just take the BEEHLER out of your suitcase, attach the handle, screw in the ferrule end, and you're all ready for the rain.

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Convenience isn't the only thing to recommend the BEEHLER either. It's the best for everyday use as well as when you travel.

The construction of the folding end is simplicity itself—nothing to get out of order; and so reinforced that it is doubly strong where ordinary umbrellas are weakest.

The broad-back ribs are of tough crucible steel and make a frame of unusual strength. The ribs are firmly held in their sockets—won't rattle or work loose—and they won't rust because the entire frame is coated with rubber enamel.

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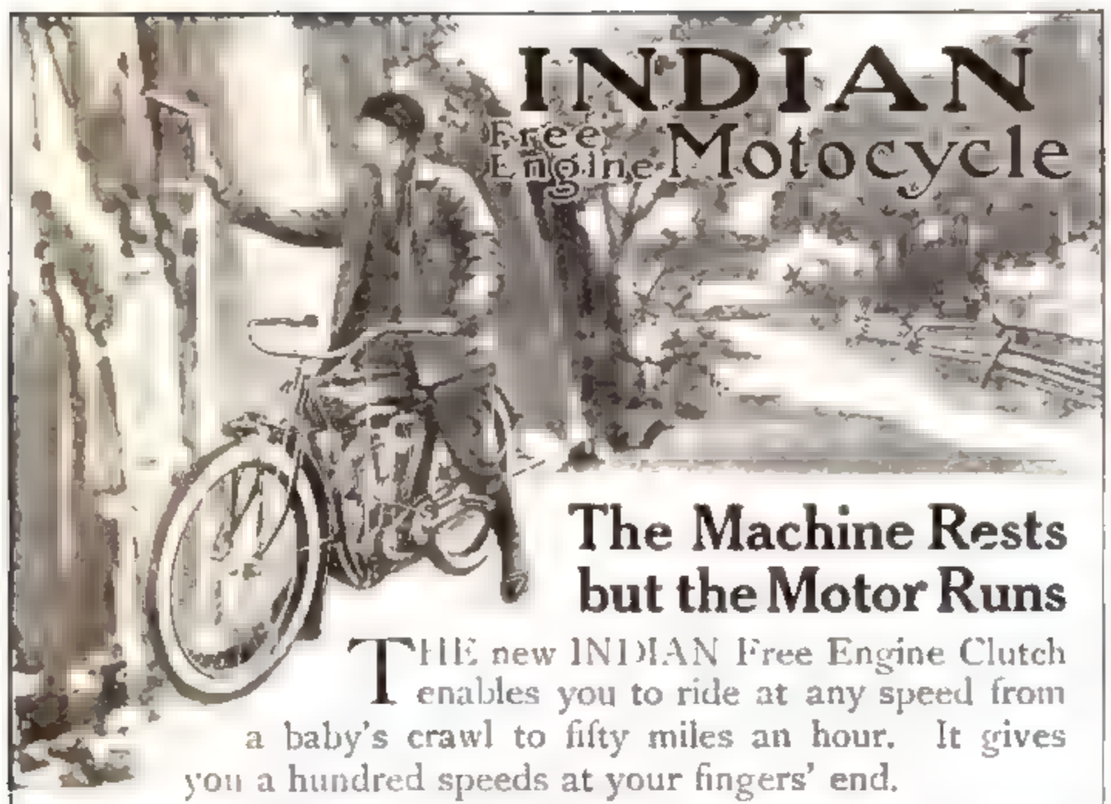

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## The Machine Rests but the Motor Runs

THE new INDIAN Free Engine Clutch enables you to ride at any speed from a baby's crawl to fifty miles an hour. It gives you a hundred speeds at your fingers' end.

When you stop to rest, the engine runs free. You start in motion by throwing in the Free Engine Clutch—the one device previously lacking to make motocycling perfect. It can not be burned out either by use or abuse. Absolute comfort and control all the time.

### *The* SPEED *of the* Indian *also* Stands *for* POWER

It assures you fast traveling when you want it on the level, and additional pulling power on rough or sandy roads, and for speed on steep hills.

Most INDIANS are made with the *chain drive*—the most direct way of transmitting power on hills and all kinds of roads. The belt drive can also be had if desired.

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Challenge Collars save collar trouble and bother and they save laundry bills. *We guarantee every collar* to give satisfaction in service and appearance.

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BISHOPRIC WALL BOARD is cheaper and better than lath and plaster. Easily nailed to studs. Applied dry, it is ready at once for paint, paper or burlap—inexpensive or artistic decoration. Made of [illegible]

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It is the *original* Wall Board, construction patented. BISHOPRIC SHEATHING is made of same materials as Wall Board, but is nailed smooth side to studs with laths and asphalt exposed.

### SAVES 75 PER CENT

in material and labor. Does away with building paper. Makes smooth, solid job. Proof against heat, cold, dampness and vermin. *Used under weather boards, flooring and ready roofing or cement,* [illegible] poultry houses and other [illegible] buildings. [illegible] Bishopric Wall Board and Sheathing are ready [illegible]

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show to pick from and just jumped at my landscape."

Quixtus, who had filled up by monosyllables the various pauses in Tommy's discourse at last rose to take his leave. He had tried now and then to say what he had come to say; but his tongue had grown thick and the roof of his mouth dry, and his words literally stuck in his throat.

"It's awfully good of you, Uncle Ephraim," said Tommy, "to have come to see me. As soon as I get about again I'll try to do something jolly for you. There's a bit of wall in your drawing room that's just crying for a picture. And I say"—he twisted his boyish face whimsically and looked at him with a twinkle in his dark blue eyes—"I don't know how in the world it has happened—but if you could let me draw my allowance now instead of the first of the month— "

This was the monthly euphemism. Against his will, Quixtus made the customary reply:

"I'll send you a check as usual."

"You are a good sort," said Tommy. "One of these days I'll get there and you won't be ashamed of me."

But Quixtus went away deeply ashamed of himself, disgusted with his weakness. He had started out with the fixed and diabolical intention of telling the lad that he was about to disinherit him.

He had schemed this exquisite cruelty in the coolness of solitude. In its craft and subtlety it appeared peculiarly perfect. He had come fully prepared to perform the deed of wickedness. Not only had Clementina's gentle presence not caused him to waver in his design but his discovery of her complicity in his great betrayal had inflamed his desire for vengeance. Yet when the time came for the wreaking thereof, his valor was of the oozing nature lamented by Bob Acres. He was shocked at his own pusillanimity. In the middle of Sloane Square he stopped and cursed himself—and was nearly run over by a taxicab. As it was empty, he hailed it and continued his maledictions in the security of its interior.

Manifestly there was something wrong in his psychological economy which no reading of Lombroso or the Newgate Calendar would remedy; or was he merely suffering from a lack of experience in evil-doing? Did he not need a guide in the whole art and practice of wickedness?

He walked up and down his museum in anxious thought. At last a smile lit up his gaunt features. He sat down and wrote notes of invitation to Huckaby, Vandermeer and Bilhter to dinner on the following Tuesday.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## *Little Onions*

THE business of onion growing is pursued by New Jersey farmers according to a system peculiarly their own. They market their crop on a basis that demands a preliminary sorting according to size before it is offered for sale; and all bulbs below a certain diameter are disposed of as "boilers," "picklers" and "sets."

The term "boiler"—or "stewer"—applies to onions three-fourths of an inch to one and a quarter inches in diameter. Those one-half to three-fourths of an inch in diameter are called picklers. The sets measure less than half an inch and are utilized for planting—the term "set" signifying a small, undersized onion which, when replanted in the ground, will produce a large onion.

For the raising of sets a large quantity of onion seed is planted proportionately to the space utilized, the result being a great number of bulbs that are undersized, owing to lack of plant food.

The sets are prepared for market by passing them first through a fanning mill, which gets rid of all loose skins, shriveled bulbs or earth, and then over a screen which removes all bulbs that are too large for this special purpose. Then they are ready to be shipped in bags or barrels.

Growers of onion seed select with great care the few "mother bulbs" required to produce the stock seed from which to grow their crop of seed. The superior seed thus obtained from selected bulbs commands three or four times the price of ordinary onion seed. Its production is a two-year process; for, after growing the bulbs, they must be stored over winter and replanted the following spring for seed-yielding.


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penetrate to the scalp. The finest imported bristles. Made in all styles, woods and prices.

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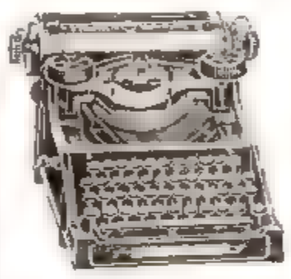

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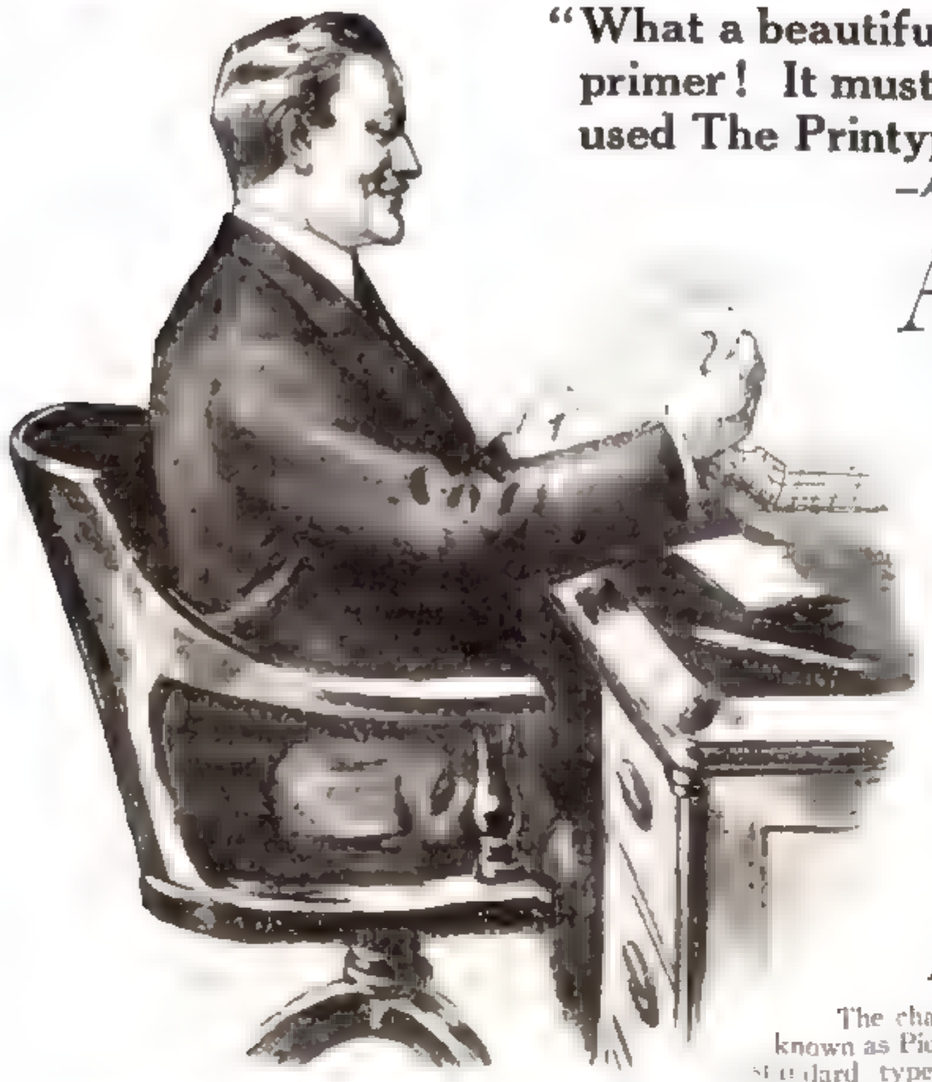
# It's Printype!

**"What a beautiful typewritten letter—as plain as print—as easy to read as a primer! It must be the new Oliver PRINTYPE. I wish all our correspondents used The Printype Oliver Typewriter!"**

*—A composite quotation from ten thousand business and professional men on being introduced to Printype*



ALL eyes are watching Printype. Its attraction is irresistible. Its beauty and grace, in a typewritten letter, are alluring, attention-compelling. Printype has come to stay. Although absolutely new to *typewriting*, its counterpart—Book Type—has been used on all the world's presses since the printing art had its inception.

Yet Printype was an inspiration. It is simply a dream come true. It is the Oliver ideal of perfect typography applied to typewriter uses.

We had brought the machine to its maximum of efficiency. We had added, one by one, a score of great innovations. There remained but one point in which it did not excel its several excellent rivals—and that was *the type itself*.

Then came the inspiration which meant nothing less than *a revolution in typewriter type*. We would design and produce a new typewriter type face, conforming to the type used in newspapers, magazines and books.

We did! It's here! It's PRINTYPE!

Printype is not an experiment. It represents the crystallized experience of centuries. It is, in all essentials, the type that meets your eye when you read your morning paper, your magazine or your favorite novel.

Now that Printype is an accomplished fact, and such a tremendous success, the thought occurs to thousands, why didn't typewriter manufacturers think of it years ago? The same question was asked, by other thousands, when we introduced *visible writing*, over ten years ago.

## To the Business Executive

**Who Seeks Increased Efficiency by Applying to Daily Work the Wonderful New Science of Management**

In many industries the new Science of Management is being developed with startling gain in efficiency. The slogan of Scientific Management is "*Take the short cut to best results.*" The application of its principles to the ancient trade of *bricklaying* has raised the capacity of the individual workman from the former average of 1,000 bricks a day to as high as 5,000 per day. In the handling of *pig iron* it has raised the standard, *per man*, from 12½ tons to 47 tons per day, without demanding additional effort. Manual operations of *laborers* have been timed to the *hundredth part of a minute*, to secure the data which results in saving a great many thousands of dollars. If Scientific Management can produce such tremendous gains in the efficiency of *men at the bottom*, think what possibilities lie in applying the same principles to the work of *the man at the top*.

The high priced man whose *seconds* of time are worth more than the laborer's *hours*.

Printype increases the efficiency of *the business executive himself*.

It makes typewriting [illegible] *easy to read*. It saves time, saves eyesight, conserves nerve energy. It safeguards against *errors* due to rapid dictation and high pressure transcription. It aids all who deal with correspondence—at both ends of the line.

To the man who dictates hundreds of letters daily, reads them before attaching his signature, and who personally reads incoming mail, *Printype is indispensable.*

The Printype Oliver Typewriter meets the insistent demand for speed, accuracy, durability and efficiency in the conduct of correspondence. Why not avail yourself of the short cut to best typewriting *results*?

## A Long Step in Advance

The change from the old-style thin outline letters known as Pica Type, universally used up to now on all standard typewriters, to the new, beautiful, readable Printype, is one of vast significance.

It means relief from the harmful effect on eyesight of the "outline" typewriter type. For Printype is as easy to read as a child's primer.

It means less liability of mis-reading due to blurring of outline letters, whose sameness frequently makes the words run together. Printype letters are *shaded*, just as Book Type is shaded.

Printype letters maintain their separate characteristics.

It means less danger of costly errors due to confusing the numerals. No possible chance of mistaking 3 for 8 or 5 for 3—each figure is distinct.

It means a degree of typographic beauty never before known in typewriting. Printype is artistic, distinctive, refined, and immensely effective.

And now, because of its *newness*, it has the enhanced charm of *novelty*.

## How Printype Leaped to Fame

The reception of Printype by the business public has been more enthusiastic than we had dared to expect. We withheld any formal announcement until the machine had been on the market for one year.

Personal demonstrations were its only advertising. The resulting sales were stupendous. Printype letters soon began to appear among commonplace old-style correspondence. Wherever received, these mysterious, distinctive, beautiful letters awakened immediate interest. Business men began asking each other, "*What's that new kind of typewriter that writes like real print?*" Users of Printype Oliver Typewriters were besieged with such inquiries. Thus the fame of Printype grows and grows, as day by day its beauty and utility dawn on the business world.

## Printype Conserves Eyesight

The manifold merits of Printype are a constant source of surprise. Aside from its intrinsic value in raising the artistic standard of correspondence, its benefits in conserving *eyesight* make its use of the most vital importance. Printype is restful to eyesight. It delivers its message in the most easily readable form.

The constant reading of thin outline letter typewriting plays havoc with the eyes. It sends thousands to oculists and opticians whose eyes need *rest* more than medicine or glasses.

A comparative test of Printype and ordinary typewriting will win you to *the type that reads like print.*

**Address Sales Department**

## The Oliver Typewriter Company

**755 Oliver Typewriter Building, CHICAGO**

## We Have Not Raised Our Price

Although thousands of dollars have been expended in designing and producing Printype, and although we control it exclusively, we do not ask a premium for The Printype Oliver Typewriter. The price is $100, the same as our regular model with Pica Type. We have virtually declared a big dividend in favor of typewriter users by supplying this wonderful type, when desired, on the new model Oliver Typewriter.

## "17-Cents-a-Day" Offer on Printype — OLIVER Typewriter

*The Standard Visible Writer*

You can buy the new Printype Oliver Typewriter—our latest model, the No. 5—on the famous "17 Cents-a-Day" Purchase Plan. A small first payment brings the machine. Then you save 17 cents a day and pay monthly. No matter what make of typewriter you are using, you can turn it in on your first payment.

If the Penny Plan interests you, check square in coupon and full details of the generous offer will be sent promptly.

## Ask for Book and Specimen Printype Letter

To supply the widespread demand for Printype information we have issued a special book.

We will gladly send you a copy, together with *a letter written* on The Printype Oliver Typewriter. This letter will reveal the great fundamental advantages of the new face of type which has created such a sensation. The coupon or a letter or postal will put all the facts in your possession.

## Press the Button for Printype Demonstration

Our great sales organization enables us to make an improvement of this character *immediately and simultaneously available to the public.* Press the button and see how quickly an Oliver Agent will appear with a "Printyper," ready to tell you all about it and write several Printype letters for you.

**THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER CO.**
**755 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago**

Gentlemen: Please send Book, "A Revolution in Typewriter Type," and a Specimen Letter in Printype.

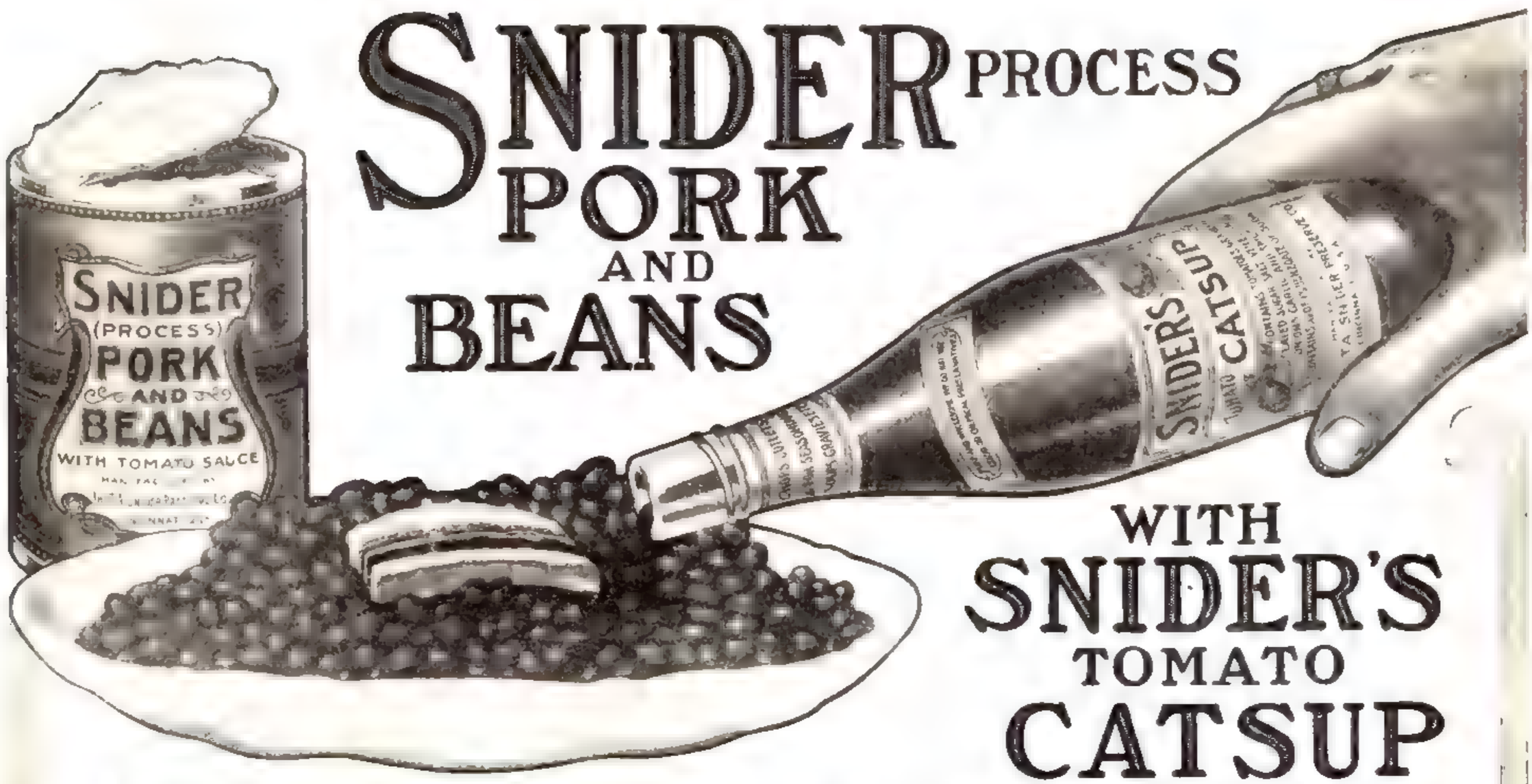
*Name* _____

*Address* _____

*Occupation* _____

Interested in "17-Cents-a-Day" Plan
Place a Check in Square ☐ (114)

# SNIDER PROCESS PORK AND BEANS




## WITH SNIDER'S TOMATO CATSUP

YOU cannot get too much of either. Snider Process Pork and Beans—the perfect food—and Snider's Tomato Catsup—acme of condiments—are both made of the finest, most costly materials we can buy, and they are made as dainty as in the home kitchen, but in the special Snider way—*oh, so good.*

SLEAKING of [illegible] Beans, [illegible] It's a pity [illegible] NO preservatives [illegible] Snider [illegible] Snider at [illegible] *If by Snider it's Buyandeby* [illegible] *Only Snider is for me.*

THE T. A. SNIDER PRESERVE COMPANY, CINCINNATI, OHIO, U. S. A.

*"IT'S THE PROCESS"*

[illegible] Snider products [illegible]

## A Good Electric Fan is an Investment! Not an Expense

Robbins & Myers **"STANDARD"** Fans will supply cool, fresh, invigorating air for your place of business, office or factory, and give you a big return in real summer comfort and greater efficiency of your employés

A **"STANDARD"** Fan costs less than half as much to run as a small electric light

We've made a specialty of making electric fans for the last 16 years. The result is **the fan** of the highest efficiency, greatest durability and economy of power

We make fans of every type—**ceiling, desk, bracket, oscillating, ventilating** and in a large variety of styles—supplied for **either direct** or **alternating current.**

**Be sure you get the genuine—ask for**

**Robbins & Myers STANDARD Fans**

**Our Handsome Fan Book** shows our complete line and will help you select the exact fan you need. **A postal will bring it by return mail.**

***"STANDARD" Fans are sold only through leading electrical dealers***

**The Robbins & Myers Co.** 1305 Lagonda Avenue SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

BRANCHES: New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, Cleveland, New Orleans, Rochester and Atlanta.

We Are Also the World's Largest Manufacturers of Small Motors—1-30 to 15 H. P.—For All Purposes

(29)

They're so refreshing,—like cool morning air in the country. The flavors never cloy.

## COLGAN'S *Mint or Violet* CHIPS

**"The gum that's round"**

The mint and the violet are dainty flavors smacking of the outdoors,—fresh, invigorating, delicious.

***Ten Chips, 5c***

In a handy metal box.

[illegible]

COLGAN GUM CO., Inc.,
Louisville, Ky.

# A STEP UP IN THE DRAMA

(Continued from Page 11

The muffin man tinkles his bell at teatime and the lamplighter wanders by at dusk. From door and window each resident watches the lives of all the rest; and gossip ebbs and flows like the tide.

A young naval lieutenant lands from the river and woos the girlish heroine in the gazebo. His father, Baron Otford, has destined him for an heiress and is furious; but it transpires that in his youth the old man loved the girl's mother—and left her at his father's command to make a worldly marriage. So now true love has its way True love, in fact, has a great many ways. The baron himself marries his ancient sweetheart; the crusty admiral is tagged for keeps by the comic widow; and even the retired butler is presented with a vociferous heir. How the muffin man, the lamplighter and the Eyesore elude the infection of Pomander Walk is past understanding. Certainly the audience falls before the spell—reënforced as it is by exquisite daintiness in acting and stage management. If you want to escape the power of genial mirth and the enchantment of young love, don't go to Pomander Walk!

### *The Deep Purple*

The Deep Purple is a play of another color. Four of the chief characters are crooks; and, for crimes ranging from petty larceny to train robbing and murder, they are passionately pursued by the police, who also figure largely in the dramatis personæ. There is much fatal gunplay, off stage and on, and much that is typical of the real underworld. Only one of the men in the play earns an honest living.

It is easy to prove that such a play is melodrama, but the term is not quite just in the sense in which it is usually employed. The writing—it is by Paul Armstrong and Wilson Mizener—is uncommonly racy and apt. Of necessity the language is that of the underworld; but it is so breezy, so spirited, so full of the tang of life, that it amply qualifies under any rational definition of dramatic literature. It is, however, the acting that gives quality to the performance.

It is the actor's misfortune, as it is the secret of his power, that the effects of histrionic art can at best be faintly suggested in the printed word. Three of the crooks are native to New York, where the scene is laid; and, each in his different way, the actors suggest the loathsome parasitic quality of civilized crime. Jameson Lee Finney, an actor who is mainly associated with the representation of graceful, sympathetic and well-mannered youths of the better world, here takes the part of a cigarette-smoking degenerate of the underworld. Since George Arliss' impersonation of the degenerate criminal in Leah Kleshna, we have had no study in mental perversion so profound psychologically, so uncompromisingly hideous, so consummate as an artistic creation. To W. J. Ferguson falls the part of an ancient confidence man, clothed and whiskered like a parson. With the crawling virulence of the parasite he unites parsimony and abject cowardice. As some one says, he is as "close" as the next second. Frisco Kate remarks: "Your mother must have been awful fond of children to raise you!" Mr. Ferguson employs the broader and more obvious methods of the elder school in acting, and so is out of key with his modern and naturalistic associates; but all his effects are vivid and sure.

The two other chief crooks are Westerners, and are commended to the sympathies of the audience both by the greater boldness of their crimes and by the fact that they are now making an honest effort to quit the crooked trail. As Frisco Kate, Miss Ada Dwyer, who is best remembered, perhaps, for her scene at the washtub in Salomy Jane, is the active heroine of the drama. She is in love with the holdup man; and in his behalf, as well as to prevent a particularly odious conspiracy, she shows up the metropolitan crooks, though she risks her own liberty and prosperity by doing so. It is a part that might easily decline into emotional heroics, but Miss Dwyer never for a moment allows her very vigorous powers to slip beyond the control of artistic moderation. In her hands melodrama is redeemed and drama is intensified.

As the Western train robber and murderer, Mr. Emmett Corrigan gives a performance which, for vigor and artistic refinement alike, surpasses anything of the sort in recent memory. He is the kind of man whom chance rather than his own natural bent has forced into crime. At his first entrance, almost before he has spoken a word, one recognizes in his listless eye and nerveless bearing a creature whom life has beaten. As he tells his story to Frisco Kate there are flashes of the iron will and honest purpose that might have saved him; but always his voice is dead. When the action thickens around him, however, the old fire in his heart flames up until, in a crisis of not unmanly rage, he shoots the degenerate. It is not hard to believe that he is worth saving from the law—that, with half a chance, he and Frisco Kate will run straight together.

Mr. Richard Bennett brings to the part of the one non-criminal all the powers of racy humor, sympathetic charm and broad character comedy that he has revealed in half a dozen parts—from the reporter in Augustus Thomas' comedy, The Other Girl, to Barrie's John Shand in What Every Woman Knows. To him fall the best lines in the play as well as the lion's share in frustrating the schemes of the plotters. He adds to the part quite as much as he finds in it. It would be hard to discover on our stage any young actor who has so much charm of mind and personality combined with such deftness and subtlety in the art of acting.

The story of The Deep Purple is crude at times and, at the best, there is nothing in the play of serious import; but those who face the world with unblunted curiosity will find interest in the life it depicts and delight in its racy dialogue. No play has been seen of late years in New York, of whatever artistic pretensions, that foregathers such a galaxy of actors.

### *Modest Mr. Hughes' Funny Farce*

Mr. Rupert Hughes is known to the readers of these pages as a short-story writer of uncommon vivacity. To those whose nearer confidence he has won he is known as the author of high tragedy and the comedy of manners; of splendorous, Keats-like poetry; of songs and symphonies. And with all this he is of impregnable modesty. Having at last decided to write the most hilarious farce of his time, he was impelled by that mightiest of all fates, which is character, to entitle it Excuse Me!

Like Pomander Walk, the play owes a part of its interest to the novelty of its scene. The program calls it A Pullman Carnival, and the entire action takes place between Chicago and Reno, on the Overland Limited. Two acts are in a sleeper and one in a combination car. The fun springs largely from the lively depiction of various types of traveler, in which Mr. Hughes reveals the touch of a master humorist. There is an Englishman, with his bathtub, who mistakes the negro porter for a companion nurse; a soused and heartbroken husband, who is in quest of a Reno divorce, and his cigar-smoking wife, who is on the same errand; a couple of eloping youngsters who are long on rice but short of linen and a marriage license; an elderly parson and his wife, who are posing as village cutups; a couple of train robbers—and the porter. All except the holdup men lurch against one another continually and show they are flesh of Mr. Hughes' flesh by always saying "Excuse me!"

The stage management, by George Marion, is extraordinarily original and effective. To know how simply and tellingly he has achieved the effect of the headlong rush of the train, you will have to see the performance. The acting is worthy of the material Mr. Hughes has provided. The cast includes John Westley, James Lackaye, John Findlay, Thomas Walsh and one Snoozleums, a very accomplished fluff of a dog of the breed known to bench judges as shampoodles. And then, first, last and always, there is Willis Sweatnam, who plays the coal-black porter. No one who saw Mr. Sweatnam land on a campaign cigar in The County Chairman will ever forget him. His smile is a solemnity, but his knees and his elbows irradiate laughter. An enterprising bed manufacturer has suggested that the concussions of mirth in the play would be robbed of some terror if floor and aisles were properly padded. There has been no funnier farce in modern times.


# THE MULTIGRAPH

## How it Adds to the Profits of Newspaper, Magazine and Book-Publishers

The sixth of a series of advertisements dealing with Multigraph applications to various lines of endeavor. Prior subjects: Retailing, manufacturing, wholesaling, banking, and insurance. Don't wait. Write us now for the application to your line of business.

BECAUSE of their close relations with the allied arts of advertising and printing, publishers are quick to see the efficiency of the Multigraph in these two money-making and money-saving ways:

(1) Producing business-getting literature—typewritten or printed—on the spur of the moment;
(2) Saving 25% to 75% of the average annual printing-cost of stationery, system-forms and direct advertising.

These things are true because the Multigraph is a highly efficient and practical multiple typewriter and rapid rotary printing-press that can be easily operated by the office-employees, by hand or electricity, at the rate of 1200 to 5000 sheets an hour.

Below you will get a quick glimpse of how the Multigraph adds to the profits of two representative users—a great newspaper, and a text-book publisher.

### In the Newspaper Office

THE St. Louis *Republic* uses the Multigraph for producing typewritten form letters, printed advertising and printed system-forms.

That its use is profitable is indicated by the following statement from the Business Manager of the *Republic*:

"We have been using the Multigraph for more than two years and one of your Folding-Machines for something over a year. We print almost all of our office-forms on the Multigraph, besides thousands of stereotyped letters . . .

"There is absolutely no question but what either one or both of these machines will pay for themselves in a very few months in any office where much circularizing is done. Both machines have given entire satisfaction, and we can honestly and conscientiously recommend them."

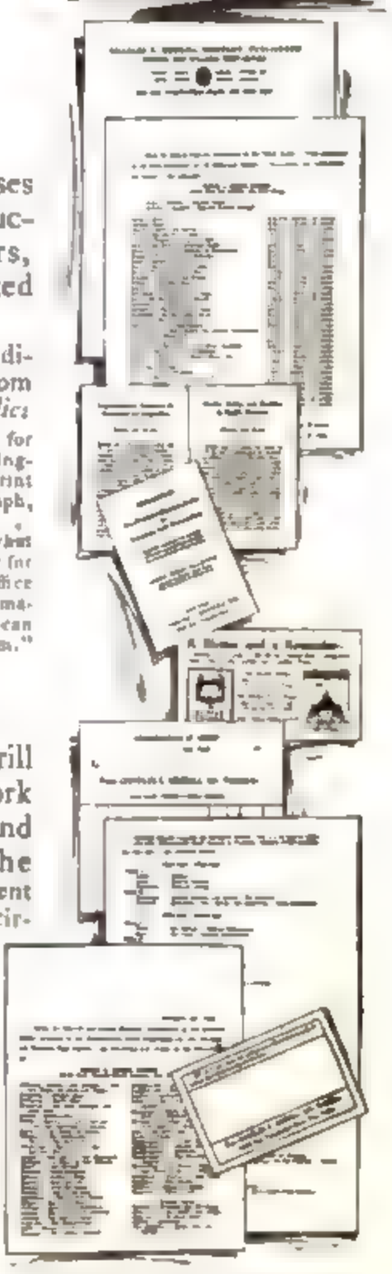
### In the Book-Publisher's Office

THE Charles E. Merrill Company, of New York City, publishers of school and college text-books, find the Multigraph profitable and convenient for producing printed letter-heads, circulars and labels, as well as typewritten forms. This is what they say:

"We are, of course, getting satisfactory results; otherwise we should not have purchased a second Multigraph, and subsequently a Premier.* We may add that the cost of producing our work on your machines is nominal compared with what we have been paying for corresponding work outside of our office."

*An auxiliary Multigraph—the printing-half, without the semi-automatic type-setting.

*Building and Multigraph department of the St. Louis Republic, with samples of its Multigraph printing.*



*Multigraph department of the Charles E. Merrill Company, New York, and specimens of their Multigraph printing*

**"More Profit with the Multigraph"**

THAT'S the title of a little book every business head ought to read. We shall be glad to send it free to men in executive positions. Write today, on your business stationery.

**You can't buy a Multigraph unless you need it**

BEFORE we sell, our representative's report must prove to our satisfaction, as his demonstration must to yours, that you have a profitable application for the Multigraph.

## THE AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH SALES CO.

**Executive Offices and Factory, 1800 E. 40th St., Cleveland**

BRANCH OFFICES—Where the Multigraph may be seen in operation: Atlanta, Ga.; Baltimore, Md.; Boston, Mass.; Brooklyn, N. Y.; Buffalo, N. Y.; Chicago, Ill.; Cincinnati, Ohio; Cleveland, Ohio; Columbus, Ohio; Dallas, Tex.; Denver, Colo.; Des Moines, Ia.; Detroit, Mich.; Harrisburg, Pa.; Hartford, Conn.; Houston, Tex.; Indianapolis, Ind.; Jacksonville, Fla.; Kansas City, Mo.; Little Rock, Ark.; Los Angeles, Cal.; Memphis, Tenn.; Milwaukee, Wis.; Minneapolis, Minn.; Montreal, Que.; Muncie, Ind.; Nashville, Tenn.; Newark, N. J.; New Orleans, La.; New York City; Norfolk, Va.; Oakland, Cal.; Oklahoma City, Okla.; Omaha, Neb.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Pittsburgh, Pa.; Portland, Ore.; Providence, R. I.; Richmond, Va.; Rochester, N. Y.; Salt Lake City, Utah; San Francisco, Cal.; Scranton, Pa.; Seattle, Wash.; Spokane, Wash.; Springfield, Ill.; Springfield, Mass.; St. Louis, Mo.; Syracuse, N. Y.; Toledo, Ohio; Toronto, Ont.; Vancouver, B. C.; Washington, D. C.; Wheeling, W. Va.; Winnipeg, Man.

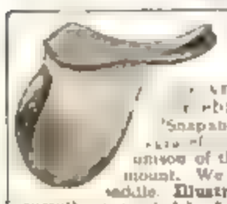
*European Representatives:* The International Multigraph Co., 79 Queen Street, London, E. C., England

A June Suggestion
Nabisco Sugar Wafers play an important part during the month of brides and roses.
NABISCO
Sugar Wafers
served with ices, frozen puddings and beverages, add the final touch of elegance and hospitality to every repast—simple or elaborate.
In ten cent tins
Also in twenty-five cent tins
CHOCOLATE TOKENS — Confections of rare goodness with a coating of creamy chocolate.
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY
NABISCO

**MULLINS**
**Steel Motor Boats**
Can't leak, sink or waterlog. Though so superior, very reasonable in price
**Boat Book FREE**
Handsomest ever printed — illustrated in colors. Many interesting motor facts. Describes famous Mullins line showing *12 models, 16 to 26 ft., 3 to 30 H. P.* Also complete line row boats and duck boats $22 to $ [illegible] for I.K.E.E. book *to-day.*
*THE W. H. MULLINS CO., 120 Franklin St., Salem, Ohio.*

**SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS**
Boyd system. System written with only nine characters. No "positions" — no "ruled lines" — no "shading" — no "word signs" — no "void notes" — speedy practical system that can be learned in 30 days of home study, utilizing spare time. For full descriptive matter, free address, **Chicago Correspondence Schools, 925 Chicago Opera House Block, Chicago, Ill.**

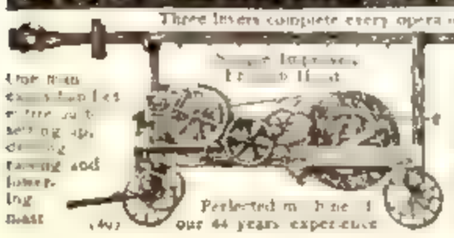
**We can use one live man**
in every city and town, to co-operate with the local Electric Light Company on a high grade selling proposition. Some knowledge of things electrical is desirable, but *not* necessary. A permanent and decidedly profitable connection is here open. Particulars on request.
**A. L. SYKES MFG CO., 129 E. PEARL ST., CINCINNATI, O.**



**Whitman Saddles**
[illegible] to every lady or gentleman equestrian or back rider the world over, have "Snap and Tone." They insure perfect balance, ease of motion, [illegible] and complete unison of the rider with every movement of his mount. We are the only makers of his famous saddle. **Illustrated catalogue "FREE,"** it describes everything needed by Equestrians from "Saddle to Spur."
**The Mahlbach Saddle Co., 1065 Chambers Street, New York**

**5 Neckties $1**
Prepaid, from mills to you—five beautiful popular weight [illegible] made in the twelve staple colors—very smart. Send a dollar—name colors. Your money back if you are not satisfied. Samples mailed if wanted.
**Ypsi Mills Company, Box 10, Ypsilanti, Mich.**

**New Climax Well Driller is a Wonder!**




**Biggest money maker ever designed for this profitable business.** Speediest, simplest and most efficient machine built. We prove this to you by letters from scores of most successful users. **POSITIVELY NOISELESS** Band Wheel Type. Only perfect combination Cable, Hydraulic Jetting, Hollow Rod and Rotary. No complicated [illegible] Change from one system to another by **simply changing equipment.** [illegible] and bailer handled at highest speed. Mast raised and lowered [illegible] Only one gear and pinion on entire rig. **We have money making locations for Well Drillers now** [illegible] our Climax, have made $1-,000 clear profit in three months. [illegible]
**ARMSTRONG MFG. CO., 1540 Chestnut Street, WATERLOO, IOWA**


To her revival of Alice Sit-by-the-Fire Miss Ethel Barrymore has added a one-act play, also by Barrie, entitled The Twelve-Pound Look. This time the impish Scot satirizes the arrogance of successful man.

Sir Harry Sims is about to be knighted, and his lady presented at court. They are disclosed practicing deportment—he with his sword and she with her far more dangerous court train. He is entranced with the importance of the occasion; but on her pale forehead sits boredom. He has incrusted her with jewelry and distinction, but somehow the soul of her has evaporated. Then a stenographer comes in to answer the many letters of congratulation he is receiving. It is Miss Barrymore. Behold! she is Sir Harry's former wife, who has disappeared, as he believes, in a scandal.

Nothing of the kind! Like his present lady, she became bored by the bedizened emptiness of her life with him and with the pomp and vanity of his success. Managing to earn twelve pounds, she bought a typewriter and faded into the world to live a life of decent humanity and independence. In a deliciously sardonic scene she reveals all this to Sir Harry; overwhelms him with her scorn of the thing he is living for. There is question of a certain look he observed in her eyes in the weeks before she disappeared. It was not, she explains, the expression of an erring passion. The longing in her eyes was only the longing for the twelve pounds necessary to purchase the typewriter—and her freedom.

Before she goes, Lady Sims learns from her something of the joy of the life of the stenographer. As the curtain falls, the Knight is alone with his now utterly wretched lady. A passionate longing comes into her eyes and she says, with the look he has seen once before: "How much do you suppose one of those little machines costs?"

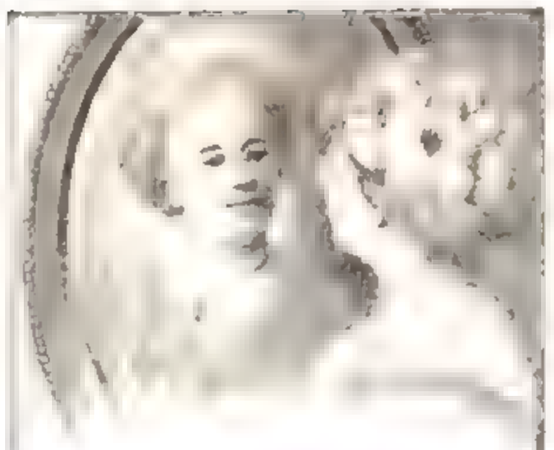
It is a play to make women rejoice that St. James and the *Schleppencour* know them not; and it is a play to make the millions of men clinging to the lower rungs of the ladder of fame realize for the first time that their lowliness may have its beatitudes.

In both plays Miss Barrymore makes evident what we have long known—that she is an artist of refined technic and deep sensibility. In the days when she was slenderly statuesque, when her eyes shone like stars in the vast field of midnight, the unthinking used to say that she had no art—only personality. That misconception is less possible now. Any one can descry the artist in her.

## The City of Cargoes

LONDON docks form a metropolis in themselves, strung along the River Thames eastward from the city toward the sea. The Royal Albert and Victoria docks occupy three miles of waterfront, with nine miles of quays. Here arrive frozen meats, to be transferred to cold storage rooms that will accommodate half a million whole carcasses. London Dock has enormous wine and spirit vaults. Rotherhithe is the lumber dock. West India Docks have cold storage and wine vaults. And others are centers for tobacco, wool, tea, ivory, rubber, oil, grain and every conceivable commodity under the sun, with proper facilities for handling them in accordance with the demands of the merchants who deal in them. Rum, for example, is brought to a special quay of the West India Docks, blended in vats provided for the purpose and sent away for export in bottles. Altogether, the docks under control of the port of London authority have three miles of river frontage, twenty-eight miles of quays, fifteen hundred cranes and lifts and one hundred and twenty miles of connecting railway. Seventy-five million dollars are now being spent in improving them.

To this great port come ships of every country and sort. In London itself are shippers seeking every sort of ship to take every sort of goods to every sort of place. London brings the ships and shippers together on its usual brokerage basis. When "Cap'n Edward Cuttle" arrives in the tramp steamer Mary Ann he goes ashore and visits Mark Lane, in the city, where the shipbrokers do business, listing his vessel with those who specialize in a certain field of destinations. The shipbrokers send their young men about to shippers, offering the steamer Mary Ann, so many tons, for such and such ports; and eventually out of the London maze emerges a cargo.

**KRYPTOK LENSES**
**Do Not Mar Good Looks**
They have the appearance of [illegible] yet [illegible] double-vision glasses when you wear Kryptoks. They are not freakish in appearance.
**This is a Kryptok Lens** — Kryptok Lenses do not look out of age. They improve [illegible]
**This is a Pasted Lens** — Note the ugly seams. They are unsightly. They indicate old age. Pasted lenses detract from one's appearance.
Your optician will supply you with Kryptok Lenses. May be put into any style frame or mounting, or into your old ones. Over 100,000 people are wearing them.
[illegible]
**Kryptok Company, 105 East 23d St., New York**

**Don't Give Up Pipe-Smoking**
Till You Have Tried the **Sanitary**
**CROWN PIPE**
**50c**

First Whiff to Last
Made of real Imported French Briar
An Aluminum Chamber Prevents the Nicotine from Entering the Briar
Sent prepaid on receipt of price.
No more Bite Bad Taste or Smell
Crown Pipe. Dealers or
**Crown Pipe Manufacturing Co., 258 Broadway, New York City**

**"Bristol"**
**Steel Fishing Rods**

[illegible] knacks of fishing [illegible] ten by expert anglers, can be obtained free from fishing tackle dealers everywhere. One copy of the book is given free by us to the [illegible]
Bristol
Write for Free Catalogue
Bristol
**The Horton Mfg. Co., 96 Horton St., Bristol, Conn.**

**Protect Your Auto License**

with a genuine Calfskin leather protector. [illegible] price [illegible] Every [illegible] case clean and [illegible] know just where to [illegible] Just what you want when [illegible] Send a dollar for [illegible]
**AUTO LICENSE PROTECTOR $1, PREPAID**
*Prompt refund if not satisfactory*
**C. W. WEEKS CO., Dept. D, Springfield, Mass.**

**TEN DOLLARS NOW**
and 10 Cents a Day for a time buys the Wonderful Visible Emerson Typewriter [illegible] Best Typewriter made. [illegible] price. **Big Offers for Agents. One Emerson Typewriter Given Away** on very easy conditions to [illegible] a slight service. Only a few minutes of your [illegible]
**For Our Great Gift Offer**
**The Emerson Typewriter Co** **Box 162, Woodstock, Illinois**

**KEITH'S**
The Authoritative Magazine [illegible] Cottages and Bungalows.
**100 PLANS**
No. 34 $4,000. One of the 100.
**M. L. KEITH, 683 Lumber Exchange, Minneapolis, Minn.**

# "American" Electric Ironing

Look for the triangle on the iron or tag

AMERICAN
ELECTRIC
HEAT

**A household help that makes the day's ironing shorter and easier, leaving time and strength for other things.**

## BETTER ironing—with an iron that makes its heat within itself—heats while it is working and works while it is heating—stays continuously and evenly hot till the work is done. That's "American" electric ironing.

It means cool comfort on ironing day. The only heat is on the bottom of the iron. And anyone in the house can use it.

You can put out the fire in the kitchen range—or take the ironing to a cool, pleasant part of the house—any place where there is an electric lamp socket. There is no fire, no flame, no dirt, no odor—only heat. It is concentrated on the work instead of being wasted and overheating the room.

One iron does all the work—saves all those weary steps to and from the range. It turns out an ordinary all-day ironing by three o'clock. It is cleaner and much more convenient. It will stand the hardest usage on the heaviest work. It is evenly heated all over the bottom, and the heat can easily be regulated at the iron itself.

Moreover, it accomplishes all these things at no greater fuel-cost. Ask any user, and she will tell you that the "American" makes no appreciable increase in her bills for electric current.

BUT to assure all these advantages, you must get the "American" Electric Iron—"Beauty" type.

Look for the triangular trademark on the iron, or on the tag attached to it—for this iron is the very latest development of the experience of the oldest and largest exclusive manufacturers of electric heating appliances.

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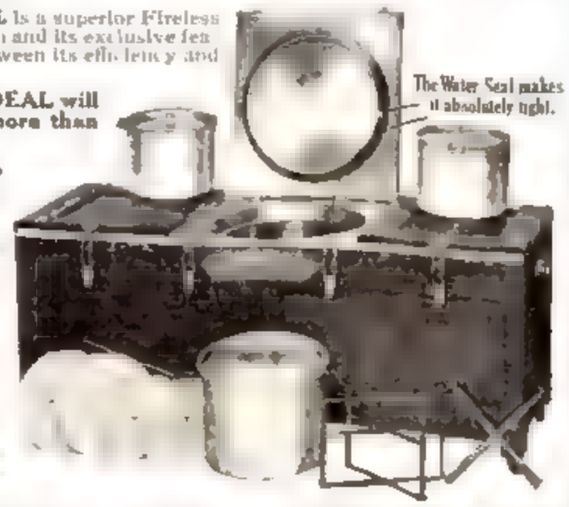


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# THE BROKEN STIRRUP-LEATHER

(Continued from Page 13)

the money of the grazers on the other side of the river; you lost the land in your lawsuit; and you are tonight without a dollar. That was a big tract of land to lose. Where did you get so great a sum of money?"

"I have told you a hundred times," replied Dix. "I got it from my people over the mountains. You know where I got it."

"Yes," said Abner. "I know where you got it, Dix. And I know another thing. But first I want to show you this," and he took a little penknife out of his pocket. "And I want to tell you that I believe in the providence of God, Dix."

"I don't care a fiddler's damn what you believe in," said Dix.

"But you do care what I know," replied Abner.

"What do you know?" said Dix.

"I know where your partner is," replied Abner.

I was uncertain about what Dix was going to do, but finally he answered with a sneer.

"Then you know something that nobody else knows."

"Yes," replied Abner, "there is another man who knows."

"Who?" said Dix.

"You," said Abner.

Dix leaned over in his chair and looked at Abner closely.

"Abner," he cried, "you are talking nonsense. Nobody knows where Alkire is. If I knew I'd go after him."

"Dix," Abner answered, and it was again in that deep, level voice, "if I had got here five minutes later you would have gone after him. I can promise you that, Dix.

"Now, listen! I was in the up country when I got your word about the partnership; and I was on my way back when at Big Run I broke a stirrup-leather. I had no knife and I went into the store and bought this one; then the storekeeper told me that Alkire had gone to see you. I didn't want to interfere with him and I turned back. . . . So I did not become your partner. And so I did not disappear. . . . What was it that prevented? The broken stirrup-leather? The knife? In old times, Dix, men were so blind that God had to open their eyes before they could see His angel in the way before them. . . . They are still blind, but they ought not to be that blind. . . . Well, on the night that Alkire disappeared I met him on his way to your house. It was out there at the bridge. He had broken a stirrup-leather and he was trying to fasten it with a nail. He asked me if I had a knife, and I gave him this one. It was beginning to rain and I went on, leaving him there in the road with the knife in his hand."

Abner paused; the muscles of his great iron jaw contracted.

"God forgive me," he said; "it was His angel again! I never saw Alkire after that."

"Nobody ever saw him after that," said Dix. "He got out of the hills that night."

"No," replied Abner; "it was not in the night when Alkire started on his journey; it was in the day."

"Abner," said Dix, "you talk like a fool. If Alkire had traveled the road in the day somebody would have seen him."

"Nobody could see him on the road he traveled," replied Abner.

"What road?" said Dix.

"Dix," replied Abner, "you will learn that soon enough."

Abner looked hard at the man.

"You saw Alkire when he started on his journey," he continued; "but did you see who it was that went with him?"

"Nobody went with him," replied Dix; "Alkire rode alone."

"Not alone," said Abner; "there was another."

"I didn't see him," said Dix.

"And yet," continued Abner, "you made Alkire go with him."

I saw cunning enter Dix's face. He was puzzled, but he thought Abner off the scent.

"And I made Alkire go with somebody, did I? Well, who was it? Did you see him?"

"Nobody ever saw him."

"He must be a stranger."

"No," replied Abner, "he rode the hills before we came into them."

"Indeed!" said Dix. "And what kind of a horse did he ride?"

"White!" said Abner.

Dix got some inkling of what Abner meant now, and his face grew livid.

"What are you driving at?" he cried. "You sit here beating around the bush. If you know anything, say it out; let's hear it. What is it? What is it?"

Abner put out his big sinewy hand as though to thrust Dix back into his chair.

"Listen!" he said. "Two days after that I wanted to get out into the Ten Mile country and I went through your lands; I rode a path through the narrow valley west of your house. At a point on the path where there is an apple tree something caught my eye and I stopped. Five minutes later I knew exactly what had happened under that apple tree. . . . Some one had ridden there; he had stopped under that tree; then something happened and the horse had run away—I knew that by the tracks of a horse on this path. I knew that the horse had a rider and that it had stopped under this tree, because there was a limb cut from the tree at a certain height. I knew the horse had remained there, because the small twigs of the apple limb had been pared off, and they lay in a heap on the path. I knew that something had frightened the horse and that it had run away, because the sod was torn up where it had jumped. . . . Ten minutes later I knew that the rider had not been in the saddle when the horse jumped; I knew what it was that had frightened the horse; and I knew that the thing had occurred the day before. Now, how did I know that?

"Listen! I put my horse into the tracks of that other horse under the tree and studied the ground. Immediately I saw where the weeds beside the path had been crushed, as though some animal had been lying down there, and in the very center of that bed I saw a little heap of fresh earth. That was strange, Dix, that fresh earth where the animal had been lying down! It had come there after the animal had got up, or else it would have been pressed flat. But where had it come from?

"I got off and walked around the apple tree, moving out from it in an ever-widening circle. Finally I found an ant heap, the top of which had been scraped away as though one had taken up the loose earth in his hands. Then I went back and plucked up some of the earth. The under clods of it were colored as with red paint. . . . No, it wasn't paint.

"There was a brush fence some fifty yards away. I went over to it and followed it down.

"Opposite the apple tree the weeds were again crushed as though some animal had lain there. I sat down in that place and drew a line with my eye across a log of the fence to a limb of the apple tree. Then I got on my horse and again put him in the tracks of that other horse under the tree; the imaginary line passed through the pit of my stomach! . . . I am four inches taller than Alkire."

It was then that Dix began to curse. I had seen his face work while Abner was speaking and that spray of sweat had reappeared. But he kept the courage he had got.

"Lord Almighty, man!" he cried. "How prettily you sum it up! We shall presently have Lawyer Abner with his brief. Because my renters have killed a calf; because one of their horses frightened at the blood has bolted, and because they cover the blood with earth so the other horses traveling the path may not do the like; straightway I have shot Alkire out of his saddle. . . . Man! What a mare's nest! And now, Lawyer Abner, with your neat little conclusions, what did I do with Alkire after I had killed him? Did I cause him to vanish into the air with a smell of sulphur or did I cause the earth to yawn and Alkire to descend into its bowels?"

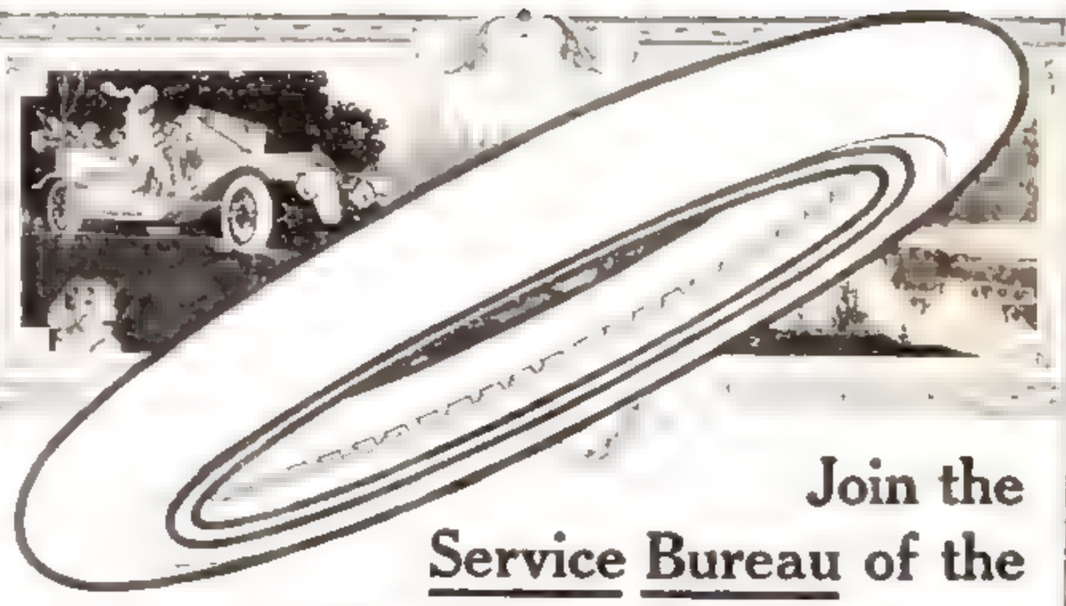
"Dix," replied Abner, "your words move somewhat near the truth."

"Upon my soul," cried Dix, "you compliment me. If I had that trick of magic, believe me, you would be already some distance down."

Abner remained a moment silent.

"Dix," he said, "what does it mean when one finds a plot of earth resodded?"

"Is that a riddle?" cried Dix. "Well, confound me, if I don't answer it! You charge me with murder and then you fling in this neat conundrum. Now, what could be the answer to that riddle, Abner? If one

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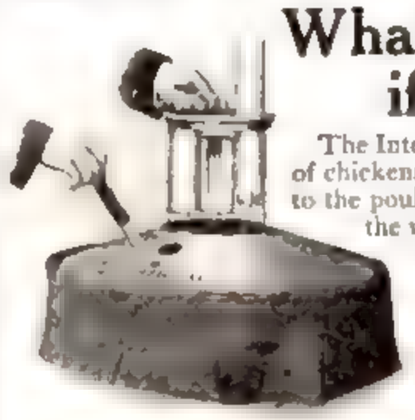

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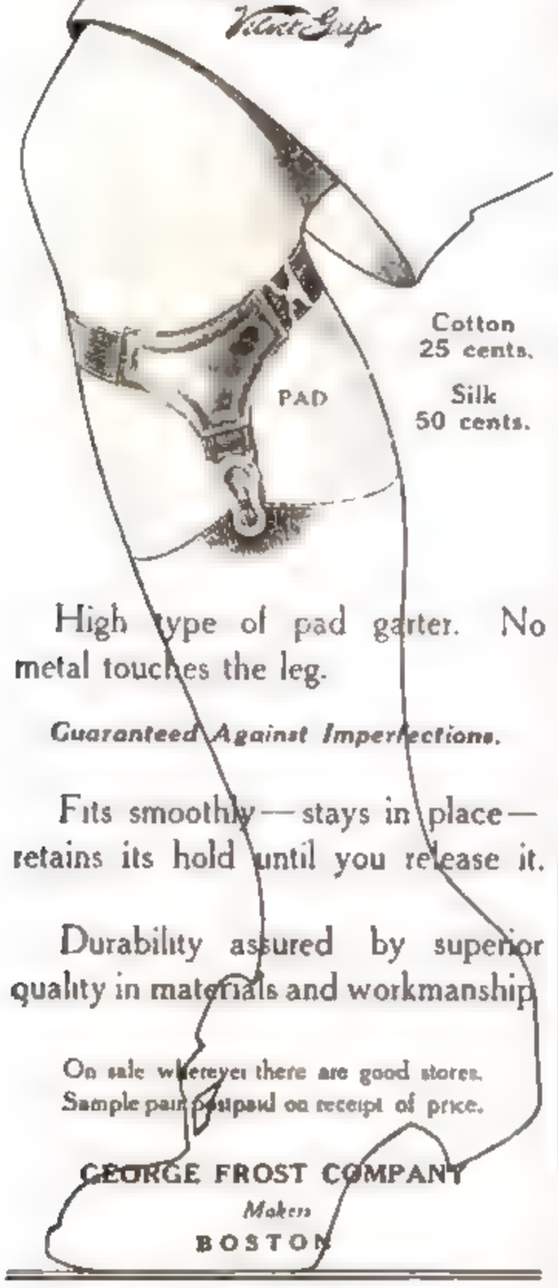


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had done a murder this sod would overlie a grave and Alkire would be in it in his bloody shirt. Do I give the answer?"

"You do not," replied Abner.

"No!" cried Dix. "Your sodded plot no grave, and Alkire not within it waiting for the trump of Gabriel! Why, man, where are your little damned conclusions?"

"Dix," said Abner, "you do not deceive me in the least; Alkire is not sleeping in a grave."

"Then in the air," sneered Dix, "with a smell of sulphur?"

"Nor in the air," said Abner.

"Then consumed with fire, like the priests of Baal?"

"Nor with fire," said Abner.

Dix had got back the quiet of his face; this banter had put him where he was when Abner entered.

"This is all fools' talk," he said; "if I had killed Alkire, what could I have done with the body? And the horse! What could I have done with the horse? Remember, no man has ever seen Alkire's horse any more than he has seen Alkire—and for the reason that Alkire rode him out of the hills that night. Now, look here, Abner, you have asked me a good many questions. I will ask you one. Among your little conclusions do you find that I did this thing alone or with the aid of others?"

"Dix," replied Abner, "I will answer that upon my own belief you had no accomplice."

"Then," said Dix, "how could I have carried off the horse? Alkire I might carry; but his horse weighed thirteen hundred pounds!"

"Dix," said Abner, "no man helped you do this thing; but there were men who helped you to conceal it."

"And now," cried Dix, "the man is going mad! Who could I trust with such work, I ask you? Have I a renter that would not tell it when he moved on to another's land, or when he got a quart of cider in him? Where are the men who helped me?"

"Dix," said Abner, "they have been dead these fifty years."

I heard Dix laugh then, and his evil face lighted as though a candle were behind it. And, in truth, I thought he had got Abner silenced.

"In the name of Heaven!" he cried. "With such proofs it is a wonder that you did not have me hanged."

"And hanged you should have been," said Abner, "but for Mary."

"Well," cried Dix, "she is dead now; go and tell the sheriff, and mind you lay before him those little, neat conclusions: How from a horse track and the place where a calf was butchered you have reasoned on Alkire's murder, and to conceal the body and the horse you have reasoned on the aid of men who were rotting in their graves when I was born; and see how he will receive you!"

Abner gave no attention to the man's flippant speech. He got his great silver watch out of his pocket, pressed the stem and looked. Then he spoke in his deep, even voice.

"Dix," he said, "it is nearly midnight; in an hour you must be on your journey, and I have something more to say. Listen! I knew this thing had been done the previous day because it had rained on the night that I met Alkire, and the earth of this ant heap had been disturbed after that. Moreover, this earth had been frozen, and that showed a night had passed since it had been placed there. And I knew the rider of that horse was Alkire because, beside the path near the severed twigs lay my knife, where it had fallen from his hand. This much I learned in some fifteen minutes; the rest took somewhat longer.

"I followed the track of the horse until it stopped in the little valley below. It was easy to follow while the horse ran, because the sod was torn; but when it ceased to run there was no track that I could follow. There was a little stream threading the valley, and I began at the wood and came slowly up to see if I could find where the horse had crossed. Finally I found a horse track and there was also a man's track, which meant that you had caught the horse and were leading it away. But where?

"On the rising ground above there was an old orchard where there had once been a house. The work about that house had been done a hundred years. It was rotted down now. You had opened this orchard into the pasture. I rode all over the face of this hill and finally I entered this orchard. There was a great, flat, moss-covered stone lying a few steps from where the house had stood. As I looked I noticed that the moss growing from it into the earth had been broken along the edges of the stone, and then I noticed that for a few feet about the stone the ground had been resodded. I got down and lifted up some of this new sod. Under it the earth had been soaked with that . . . red paint.

"It was clever of you, Dix, to resod the ground; that took only a little time and it effectually concealed the place where you had killed the horse; but it was foolish of you to forget that the broken moss around the edges of the great flat stone could not be mended."

"Abner!" cried Dix. "Stop!" And I saw that spray of sweat, and his face working like kneaded bread, and the shiver of that abominable chill on him.

Abner was silent for a moment and then he went on, but from another quarter.

"Twice," said Abner, "the Angel of the Lord stood before me and I did not know it; but the third time I knew it. It is not in the cry of the wind, nor in the voice of many waters that His presence is made known to us. That man in Israel had only the sign that the beast under him would not go on. Twice I had as good a sign, and tonight, when Marks broke a stirrup-leather before my house and called me to the door and asked me for a knife to mend it, I saw and I came!"

The log that Abner had thrown on was burned down, and the fire was again a mass of embers; the room was filled with that dull red light. Dix had got on to his feet, and he stood now twisting before the fire, his hands reaching out to it, and that cold creeping in his bones, and the smell of the fire on him.

Abner rose. And I saw his hand go down into the pocket of his coat and his fingers close on something. And when he spoke his voice was like a thing that has dimensions and weight.

"Dix," he said, "while she lived you kept a woman in hell; you robbed the grazers; you shot Alkire out of his saddle; and a child you would have murdered!"

And I saw the sleeve of Abner's coat begin to move, then it stopped. His hand came empty out of his pocket and he stood staring at something against the wall. I looked to see what the thing was, but I did not see it. Abner was looking beyond the wall, as though it had been moved away. I am not sure what word it was he said, but I think the word was "Mary!"

And all the time Dix had been shaking with that hellish cold, and twisting on the hearth and crowding into the fire. Then he fell back, and he was the Dix I knew—his face was slack; his eye was furtive; and he was full of terror.

It was his weak whine that awakened Abner. He put up his hand and brought the fingers hard down over his face, and then he looked at this new creature, cringing and beset with fears.

"Dix," he said, "Alkire was a just man; he sleeps as peacefully in that abandoned well under his horse as he would sleep in the churchyard. My hand has been held back; you may go."

"But where shall I go, Abner?" the creature wailed; "I have no money and I am cold."

Abner took out his leather wallet and flung it toward the door.

"There is money," he said—"a thousand dollars—and there is my coat. Go! But if I find you in the hills tomorrow, or if I ever find you, I promise you in the name of the living God that I will stamp you out of life!"

I saw the loathsome thing writhe into Abner's coat and seize the wallet and slip out through the door; and a moment later I heard a horse. And I crept back on to Roy's heifer skin.

When I came down at daylight my Uncle Abner was reading by the fire.

*"Niagara Maid"*

The finger tip is the vital spot in a Silk Glove. The *Niagara* finger tip is a [illegible] can be made. It [illegible], yet delicate, [illegible] tip is so cunningly inserted that it [illegible] detection. To absolutely insure satisfaction to the wearer, we have *guaranteed* every tip

There is no better silk glove made than the *"Niagara Maid"* kind, and no cheaper glove, quality and guarantee considered.

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Ask The Man Who Uses Them

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[illegible] the **Standard** Non-Skid is a new big feature. It enables the motor car owner to now [illegible] protection plus non-skid, with but little added expense.

**Standard Non-Skid Tire Protectors**
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**Standard Tire Protectors** [illegible]

**Standard Tire Protector Company**
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**GUARANTEED FOR LIFE**

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**THE SECRET**

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[illegible] any razor you have you [illegible] a guaranteed [illegible] Shumate Tungsten. It will prove the best razor investment you ever made. Over 3,000,000 Shumates in use

**$2.75** At All Good Stores or Direct From Us

All Styles at Various Prices

SHUMATE RAZOR COMPANY
Estab 1884 Factory O, St Louis Mo

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THAT'S the natural conclusion the well-informed observer reaches. An automobile owner almost invariably expresses his own valuation of his car by the quality of its appointments and accessories. That's why such an owner will buy a Warner Auto-Meter,

——the fact that everyone considers the Warner instrument as absolutely individual in service and appearance.

Not all automobile manufacturers equip their cars with the Warner Auto-Meter, on account of the price, but practically every manufacturer, and practically every dealer, will unhesitatingly state, if questioned, that the Warner is the most accurate and reliable speed indicator made.

Everything has been done that could be done to turn out of the Warner shops a perfect product—perfect in all requirements for accuracy and durability, in addition to the less essential one of handsome appearance.

It took $10,000 and many years of experiment to build what appears to be a simple little calibrating machine, that tests the instruments after they are made. From this test the instrument is tried on another machine, which is equipped with a Warner cut meter, operating on the same principle as the Auto-Meter, magnetic induction. This cut meter has run every working day for seven years, with no variation of its accuracy.

Every day for seven years!

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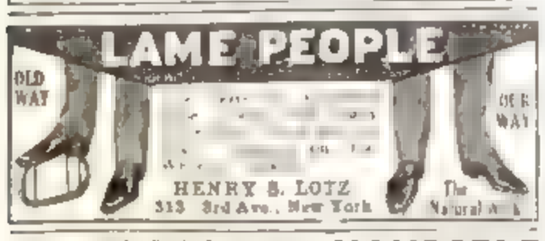


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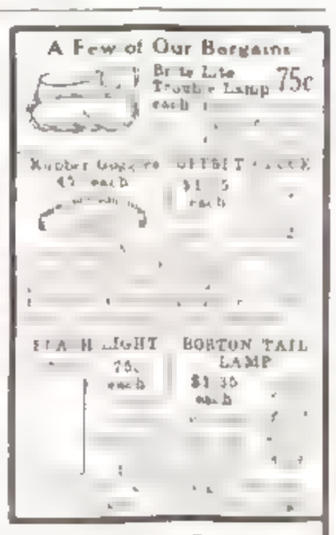


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# THE CITY BEAUTIFUL

Continued from Page 67

"Of course they are," he gently explained; "they wish the merchants to confine their advertising strictly to the papers."

"I am so glad to learn that!" she exclaimed delightedly. "I didn't know the newspapers took such an artistic view of the matter. Would you mind letting me have a list of your stockholders, Mr. Roberts?"

"I'll let you have it with pleasure," he returned, and from his own pocket gave her a printed folder containing the required information. "May I ask what you propose to do with it?"

"I intend to go to all the merchants and tell them that all their best charge customers are members of the City Beautiful Association," she brightly responded. "I am quite sure that they will be glad to help in the movement. After they have joined the Association I think I shall go to Mr. Fleecer who, I understand, makes all the city laws, and tell him that we want the billboards taken down."

After she had gone away Mr. Roberts sat and grinned, and grinned, and grinned.

*IV*

THE reception parlors of the Isis Club upon Thursday afternoon formed a bower of beauty and of fragrance. By a happy conceit of Mrs. Blossom's the ladies of the pouring committee, which committee was a diplomatic blending of Mrs. Pikyune's staunch reliables and of charming friends of Mrs. Blossom who had been sadly neglected in the apportioning of previous club honors, were attired in costumes suggestive of the various flowers that were to be used in the future embellishment of the city's now flowerless places. Mrs. Blossom naturally reserved for herself the scarlet poppy, as that was her most effective color, and Mr. Quillery, dressed becomingly in a gray cut-away suit with lavender pin stripes, wore a mauve cravat and a lilac boutonnière, and was redolent of lilac toilet water.

With graceful self-possession the National Secretary met one social luminary after another, and drank tea, and talked art and uplift, and deftly avoided the many little ripples of club politics that eddied dangerously near him. The ladies, flowing smoothly in shoals and flocks and platoons through the parlors—billows upon billows of shifting and blending color harmonies, flash upon flash of white teeth and sparkling eyes, coo upon coo of exquisitely modulated exclamations -surged and fluttered and fascinated about him, and voted him absolutely charming; and enjoyed him emphatically as a diversion, and were thankful again that their husbands were so splendidly crude! He looked tremendously like an artist; not like a mere painter of pictures—who is just as apt as not to look like a doctor or a broker—but like a real artist; and his art talk, so inspiring and so mellifluent and so entirely incomprehensible, was divine! He was so careful about his use of it, too, that he repeated none of his small talk in the blissfully melodious lecture that presently started, with great promptness, not more than fifty minutes after the hour for which it was sharply scheduled—twenty-five minutes of the excess being spent in the gentle process of breaking up successive conversational groups, and inducing the ladies into their seats in the lecture hall.

"Dear friends and fellow members of the Isis Club," said the winsome Mrs. Blossom, advancing to the edge of the platform in her rose-pink crêpe-de-chine and her nodding scarlet poppies.

"Dear friends and fellow members of the Isis Club," she said again three minutes afterward, flushing prettily in acknowledgment of the applause, and waiting for the ladies to stop telling each other how much better she did or did not conduct a meeting than Mrs. Pikyune.

"Dear friends and fellow members of the Isis Club ——" Twenty-three dear friends and fellow members changed their seats for the last time. "In the regretful absence of our beloved President ——" Only one minute for applause. Very gratifying. If only the Duke of Barecastle could not come this season! "—it is my pleasant duty to present to this organization a welfare movement worthy the enthusiasm of its charming and capable membership." Proper applause. "You are so nice to me!" she dimpled in sweet confusion. "I am so unused to platform work, and you aid me so much. It's so dear of you!" Feverish and gurgling applause. "Well, I am sure you are going to adore the City Beautiful movement. I have already started to arrange for a series of most delightful affairs. On the nineteenth, Paul Stanhope, the wonderful English flower painter, is to open his exhibition at the Claypool Studios, and I have already written to ask him to address us upon the subject of Poppies in Public Parks. On the twenty-fourth, there is to be a reception to the Saengerfest soloists, and I shall try to secure Madame Vogel to give us a recital. Think how glorious it would be if, in addition to her Last Rose of Summer, she would sing us a program of nothing but songs about flowers!" Appreciative applause. Mrs. Pikyune would do well to look to her laurels. Had you heard that the Duke of Barecastle was not likely to come this season? Anyhow, everybody had always loved Cordelia Blossom. They now began to compare notes about it, and the enthusiasm grew to such a pitch that Cordelia Blossom was compelled to rap for order, although she did it with an adorable absence of offense.

There were other treats of equal importance for which she was trying to arrange, and of these she told them; at last she remembered to introduce the National Secretary.

It is amazing what a wonderful array of real art words close and serious study of the dictionary will reveal!

Bowing again and again to the prolonged applause that followed his charming lecture and his illuminative moving pictures, the National Secretary, having finished his mission, once more yielded the platform to the Fifth Vice-President, who very prettily expressed to him in behalf of the Isis Club its heartfelt gratitude. Then she held up a lavender monogrammed sheet of notepaper, which all who had ever received invitations to Mrs. Pikyune's one important function recognized with a thrill!

"While our beloved President cannot be with us, she has our welfare in mind," Mrs. Blossom said with unusually sparkling eyes; "and, even from her bed of suffering, sends us the word of guidance upon which we have so justifiably come to rely." Ladies throughout that nicely poised assemblage could not forego glances at each other. It was nice of Mrs. Pikyune always to guide them. Wasn't it? "I must read you her thoughtful warning. 'To the Presiding Officer of the Day, and to My Dear Orphaned Isis Club:

"'I do so much envy you the treat you are having this afternoon, for the City Beautiful movement is such a romantic and poetic one.

"'It would be glorious if the Isis Club could only ignore the diplomatic entanglements that might follow an official undertaking of the project, but I am sure that the members will, individually, indorse it as heartily as I do.

"'I feel almost guilty for not being at my post at so important a time, but I trust my orphans.

"'Your absent leader, Clara Pikyune.'"

Much can be read into any message by careful intonation. Applause naturally followed the Fifth Vice-President's reading of the President's letter, but the enthusiasm was doubtful.

"I am so much at a loss what to do in the absence of our always cautious leader," said Mrs. Blossom softly and sweetly; "and indeed I do not think that, as a club, we can take any official action, except perhaps to offer Mr. Quillery one of those beautifully engrossed votes of thanks, such as we presented to the President of the United States after his lovely talk to us upon Motherhood—Its Privileges. Our President, however, seems, from her letter, to be so very anxious to have us individually indorse the City Beautiful movement, that I feel as if we should do something to carry out her wishes, and, at the same time, avoid the possible entanglements against which she so thoughtfully warns us. It occurs to me that we might give her a delightful surprise by forming, as individuals, an entirely independent City Beautiful Association. Suppose we do that. What do you say?"

Two hundred members joined the City Beautiful Association before they went home to dinner. There would have been

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... STARTED TO EDUCATE YOUR DAUGHTER ... CATALOGUE & VIEWS


more, except that it took so long to remove gloves. All the orphans rejoiced in the delightful surprise they were giving their absent leader!

V

COLONEL WATTERSON BLOSSOM stopped before the door of room seven of the old tumble-down Powers Building, and, panting from the exertion of climbing the rickety stairs, read the nearly obliterated sign through the dust of the door: "James Fleecer, Real Estate and Investments."

A sallow-faced man with a jaw like a hippopotamus sat at a bare desk, holding a hard forefinger in front of a thin, lawyer-looking man with a wide forehead and a weak chin.

"You go right back to State Senator Billy Sommers and tell him that the only place reserved for him this Fall is at number twenty-three, Brimstone Avenue, Hell," he was saying as the Colonel came in; "and I don't care how public you make it. After he gets moved in, if he can find a vacant room for you, you may have it. That'll be about all. Good day. Come in, Colonel Blossom. Glad to see you."

The Colonel advanced with a pleased expression.

"I didn't know I had the honor of your acquaintance," he observed, smiling. "I guess my memory must be getting old, though, because I ... not."

"I only know you by sight, Colonel," returned Fleecer, shaking his hand heartily; "but that's your fault. You're not much of a mixer. Look here, Drake," and he turned with sudden viciousness to the lawyer-looking man, who seemed reluctant to leave; "I told you and Sommers where to go—so go there! You had your chance twice to make good with me, and you didn't. Nobody has any use for a failure, so get out. Now don't try to talk to me any more. Goodby."

Colonel Blossom looked after the man as he went out of the office, with dislike.

"Why didn't he go in the first place?" he wondered.

"Because his liver's the color of a carrot," explained Fleecer briefly. "What can I do for you, Colonel?" and he immediately became pleasant again.

"I took the pains to secure a letter of introduction from my old friend, Major Simpson of the County Auditor's office," stated the Colonel, producing the document in question; "but you've been so cordial that it scarcely seems necessary. I must state in the beginning, Mr. Fleecer, that, though Major Simpson assured me I need not mention it, I am not of your political faith."

Mr. Fleecer took the letter of the decrepit old party-pensioner with a smile.

"We can't all be right," he remarked. "I suppose you want something."

"Mrs. Blossom does," admitted the Colonel, a trifle stiffly; "and consequently I do. I came today to make your acquaintance, so that I might introduce her."

"Any time you say," consented Fleecer, whom nothing surprised very much. "I'm in my office at the Esplanade Bank every day from eleven to twelve. If you can give me a hint of what Mrs. Blossom wishes to see me about, perhaps I can save her the trouble of coming."

Again the Colonel stiffened.

"If the call is going to inconvenience you," he began, rising—but Fleecer stopped him with a hasty gesture.

"Not at all, not at all!" he quickly declared. "I only wanted to be of service to your wife. If I can be of more service to her by a personal interview I shall be honored to meet her."

"It is an honor to meet her," the Colonel asserted, instantly mollified. "Mrs. Blossom is one of the most remarkably clever, as well as beautiful, women in the United States. I am thoroughly acquainted with the matter upon which she wishes to consult you, and am heartily in accord with her views upon the subject, as I am with her views upon every subject. But since she is so much better able than I am to present the topic for your consideration, I should prefer to leave it untouched at the present interview. Shall we say tomorrow at eleven?"

"You'd better make it eleven thirty," amended Mr. Fleecer, beginning to be somewhat bored.

"I thank you, sir," concluded the Colonel, and took his rigid departure.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)


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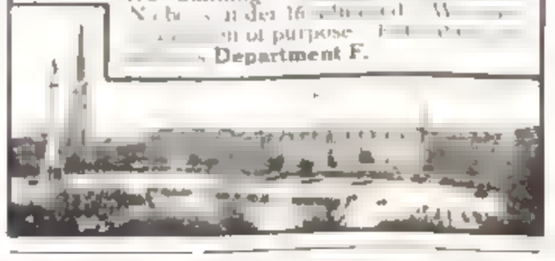

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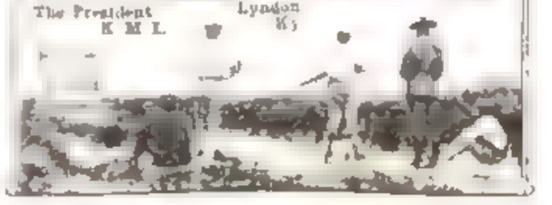

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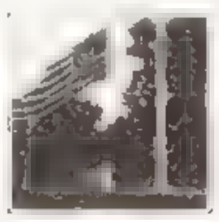

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# HOW THE FRENCH DO BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 9)

French origin, for the flowers are grown in the south and the best essences, distillates and pomades produced there.

The formula of a really fine French perfume consists of a whole bundle of papers—a *dossier*. Minute directions are given, not only for the mixing of the ingredients but for their development and selection from the crude stages. The delicacy of the process is such that, if the twelfth ingredient were added to the first ten before the eleventh had been incorporated, the mixture would be quite different. In other countries perfumes are a rough-and-ready combination of a few staple ingredients; but the French formula gives a subtle blend of many ingredients. The French perfume resembles a French chef's sauce, as it were, while that made in a barbarous country might be compared to steak with onions and tomato catsup.

The formula for a characteristic French perfume is kept rigidly secret. Yet only the skilled perfumer could successfully put it together and his output is as limited as the painter's or sculptor's, in a way; for, the moment machine processes are introduced, or even details trusted to assistants, the individuality and delicacy of the product are said to vanish.

Even the raw materials are developed with this same element of delicate perception and artistic care. One of the leading perfume experts of Paris, for instance, went with a provincial expert in perfume materials to visit a place in the south where the odor of flowers is first embodied in pomades and other basic products. Some material in process of aging was brought out for inspection. The Paris expert, accustomed to perfumes rather than to detecting subtle differences in ingredients, considered it excellent. The proprietor of the place, living with such ingredients, pronounced it easily the choicest lot he had ever come across.

"How long has it been ripening?" asked the ingredient expert.

"Five months," replied the proprietor. "It is now ready to go to Paris."

"No: it is not ready," said the expert. "My friend, keep it four months more and it will then be at its maximum."

On the word of this expert, whose perceptions in that special field are fine enough to gauge values not apparent to the other two, the material was held back.

### *Home Industries of the Peasants*

And this is fairly representative of the pains the Frenchman takes in making all his characteristic products. He has been doing it for generations. It not only pays but has put him so far ahead of the rest of the world in many products, such as perfumes, silks, wines, work in jewels and precious metals, china and porcelain, gloves and laces, that his goods in these lines are everything and the best product of his nearest competitor often nothing at all in comparison. And he has seen the downfall of great French houses that cheapened their products or tried to produce them by factory methods.

Handicraft not only predominates over machine processes in France but some of the best products of the country are made by the people in their homes. The Paris shopgirl embroiders in the omnibus on her way to work. The concierge's wife looks up from the initial she is putting on a handkerchief as she tells you that the person you want to see is on the *entresol*, two doors down the court. The peasant and fisher people all have some sort of indoor work to fill out their year.

The ways in which these cottage industries are directed furnish an exceedingly interesting study in management.

The finest French laces, for instance, are made by hand in the cottages of peasants in the mountains, where farming is hard, and in the rugged fishing villages. There are no designers, as with the machine-lace factories in the industrial centers—no supervision such as we are familiar with. Yet the product is always kept in harmony with actual market needs and the highest standards of artistic quality are maintained. In each village there is invariably some worker whose ideas and skill fix the standard. From the time little children make their first stitches they begin to

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cultivate an intelligent appreciation of good work. Even the French peasant has a more or less intuitive sense of what is good taste in design. So the merchants who market the products of these cottage industries have no difficulty in getting goods that fit the demand.

Some years ago an American concern making a popular novelty used in dressmaking opened a salesroom in Paris. The goods took hold so well that it was soon necessary to make them in France. Here in the United States the whole process is performed by machinery in a big factory, but in France the easiest and cheapest way of making the same novelty at first was through the cottage workers, by hand. The latter were found to be all linked together in an organization that made it possible to teach the process; and to this day, though the concern now has a big French factory, much of its work is still done in the cottages.

Individuality permeates French production to such an extent that it will even color the trade lie set afloat by your competitor.

When this American concern got going nicely, and its factory furnished an ample supply of goods, it found that some of the Paris retailers were not keeping them in stock. Women shoppers were sent around to investigate and some of the merchants would offer competing goods, with an ingenious explanation as to why the American article was not on hand.

"Madam, the American article is exceedingly good," said the shopman, "but unfortunately we cannot get regular supplies. It is made by a genius who is not dependable. He will work like mad until he has obtained money and then, alas! he dissipates, working no more until his money is gone and his family starving. Is it not sad?"

The Frenchman bubbles over with ideas. His ideas run his Government, warm and light his home, make England his best customer and keep the Germans busy copying.

When it comes to making goods it is doubtful if he has more ideas than Americans. They are very different, however: for the Frenchman's tendency is to make an article beautiful first and practical afterward, while ours is to make it practical first and then put it on the market, without regard for looks.

### *Little Lessons from the French*

The American in Paris comes to a great public building. It is a masterpiece of proportion, with fine columns and basreliefs, and placed in surroundings that bring out its values. Inside, however, clerks are found working in dim light, at unpainted desks, with only the timeworn hand tools of the ancient scribe.

The Frenchman in New York sees a bank building that is a palace inside and out. Clerks work in the clean, spacious offices, lit with floods of daylight, and have every labor-saving device.

This temple of Mammon has columns twice the girth of the Madeleine's, in Paris; but, where the Madeleine columns carry the whole weight of the roof and justify their massiveness by expressing the idea of strength, the bank's columns rise up, up, up in their majesty—and support at the top only a few insignificant slabs of ornamental stone. They give the artistic effect of a big oak tree sustaining the weight of a little boy's hat.

"Ah, the American!" comments the Frenchman. "He is so practical and modern. But why should he be also so inharmonious?"

For more than a generation Americans have been going to Germany to study chemistry and applied science.

Lately, too, they have been profiting by what London can teach them of the fundamentals of business procedure—and it is a great deal.

Thus far, however, they have gone to Paris either to play or to study merely the polite branches of art that lead them to paint French peasants for American picture exhibitions.

The time is coming, though, when the American engineering graduate, and the factory superintendent, and the man of business generally, will find it profitable to spend a year or two in Paris, studying the ways in which the Frenchman gives beauty, finish and unity to his products.

**Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by James H. Collins on French Business Methods. The second will appear in an early issue.**


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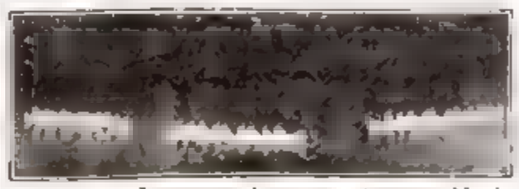

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## TAKING PACE FROM FATHER TIME

(Continued from Page 17)

yank a living away from it that summer. That was the great ambition of almost every Siwash boy. When we weren't thinking of girls and exams in the blissful spring days, we were stalking some summer job to its lair and sitting down to wait for it. There wasn't anything that a Siwash boy wouldn't tackle in the summer vacation. The farmer boys had a cinch, of course. They were skilled laborers; and, besides, they came back in the fall in perfect condition for the football squad. Some of the town boys became street-car conductors. The new railroad that was built into Jonesville about that time was a bonanza for us. It was no uncommon thing, the summer of my sophomore year, to find a dozen muddy society leaders shoveling dirt in a construction crew and singing that grand old hymn composed by Petey Simmons, which ran as follows:

*I've a blister on me heel, and me beak's begun to peel;*
*I've an ache for every bone that's in me back.*
*I've a feeling I could eat rubber hose and call it sweet,*
*And me hands is warped from lugging bits of track.*
*Oh, me clothses they are tore, and me shoulders they are sore,*
*And I sometimes wish that I had died a "borning";*
*And me eye is full of dirt, and there's gravel in me shirt,*
*But I'm going back to Siwash in the mor-r-r-r-r-r-r-rning.*

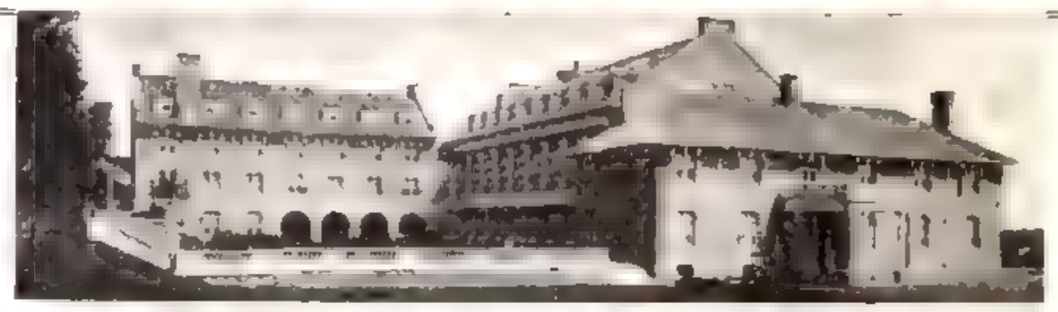
One of our own boys is a division superintendent on one of the big western roads today, and he caught the railroad microbe in the shovel gang.

The boys got newspaper positions and clerked in the stores, and one or two of them tooted cornets or other disturbances at summer-resort hotels. One junior during my time aroused the envy of the whole college by painting the steeple of the First Baptist Church during vacation; and when he finished the job his class numerals were painted in big letters on top of the ornamental knob that tipped the spire. At least so he announced, and no rival class had the nerve to investigate.

But the most popular road to prosperity during the summer was the canvassing route. About the last of April various smooth young college chaps from other schools would drift into Siwash and begin to sign up agents for the summer. There were three favorite lines—books, stereopticon slides and a patent combination desk, blackboard, sewing-table, snow-shovel, trundle-bed and ironing-board—which were sold in vast numbers at that time by students all over the country. All through May the agents fished for victims. They signed them up with contracts guaranteeing them back-breaking profits, and then instructed them with great care in a variety of speeches: Speech No. 1, introductory. Speech No. 2, to women. Speech No. 3, clinching talk for waverers. Speech No. 4, to parents. Speech No. 5, rebuttal to argument that victim already has enough reading matter. Speech No. 6, general appeal to patriotism and love of progress. Then on commencement day the hopeful young collegians would go forth to argue with the calm and unresponsive farmer's wife and sell her something that she had never needed and had never wanted until hypnotized by the classic eloquence of a bright-eyed young man with his foot in the crack of the half-opened door.

I chose the book game one summer, and went out with about thirty others. Twenty-five of them quit at the end of the first week. That was about the usual proportion—but the rest of us stuck. I devastated a swath of territory fifty miles wide and a hundred miles long. I talked, argued, persuaded, plead, threatened and mesmerized. I sold books to men on twine binders, to women with their hands in the bread dough; and once, after a farmer had come grudgingly out to rescue me from his dog, I sold a book to him from a tree. I worked two months, tramped four hundred miles, told the same story of impassioned praise for and confidence in my book eleven hundred times, and sold sixty-five volumes at a gross profit of seventy-nine dollars—my expenses being eighty dollars even. But it was worth the effort. I was a shy


SCHOOLS & COLLEGES



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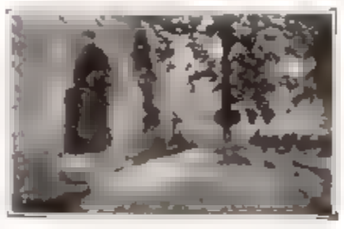

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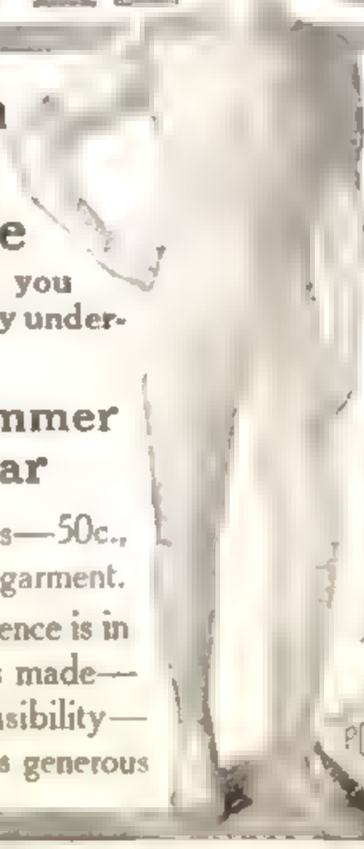

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young thing at the beginning of the summer, who believed that strangers would invariably bite when spoken to. When school began I was a tanned pirate who believed the world belonged to him who could grab it, and who would have walked up to a duke and sold him a book on practical farming with as much assurance as if it were a subpœna he was serving.

Keg went out with the desk crowd, and it was evident from the first minute that he was going to return a plutocrat. He sold a desk to the train brakeman on his way to his field, and another to a kind old gentleman who incautiously got into conversation with him. He raged through four counties like a plague, selling desks in [illegible] libraries, [illegible] month from the proud and happy [illegible] pany. When he had finished collecting [illegible] took a hasty run to Denver on a sight-seeing trip, and came back to Siwash that fall in a parlor car, with something over four hundred dollars in his jeans.

Naturally we would have ceased worrying about the probability of keeping Keg with us then if we had not done so long before. As a matter of fact, he was more prosperous than any of us. He had made his own money and he drew his own checks when he pleased, instead of taking them the first of the month wrapped up in a cayenne coating composed of parental remarks on extravagance and laziness. He gave away all of his little jobs to the rest of us first thing, and said he was content with what he had; but pshaw! when a man has the gift he can't dodge prosperity. Keg had to manage the college paper that year because no one else could do it quite so well; and it netted him about fifty dollars a month. When the glee-club manager got cold feet over the poor prospects, Keg backed a trip himself—and I hate to say how much he cleared from it. That was the year we swept the West like an avenging blast with our famous football team of trained mastodons; and at the earnest solicitation of about a dozen dai[illegible] papers here and there Keg dashed off something like one hundred yards of football dope at five dollars a column—sort of a literary hundred-yard dash. He used to write it between bites at the dinner table. And then to top off everything his precious desk company came along and stole him from us early in April. It considered him too valuable a man to tramp the country selling desks, while there were other young collegians who only needed the touch of a magic tongue to get them into the great calling. So Keg made a tour of Kiowa and Muggledorfer and Hambletonian and Ogallala colleges, lining up canvassers at a net profit of something like fifty dollars per head—full or empty. When he blew in at the end of the year to spend commencement week with us he was nothing short of an amateur Crœsus. He bulged with wealth. I remember yet the [illegible] with which the rest of us, hoarding our last nickels at the end of the long and billiard year, touched him humbly for advances.

Keg had gone out the second evening of commencement week to bring a little pleasure into the barren life of a girl who hadn't been shown any attention by any one for upward of four hours. The rest of the boys were also away scattering seeds of kindness in a similar manner, and so I was alone when Pa Rearick stumped up the walk to the chapter-house porch and glared.

"I want to see my boy," he said, out of the corner of his beard. He seemed to suspect that I had made him into a meat pie or otherwise done away with him.

"He's out," I said, not very scared; but if you want to wait for him, won't you make yourself quite at home?

He took a seat on the porch without a word. I went on smoking a cigarette in my most abandoned style and saying all I had to say, which was nothing. After a while Pa Rearick glared over at me again in a most belligerent manner.

"Is he well?" he asked.

"Finer'n silk," I answered.

"Humph!" said he; which, being freely translated, seemed to mean: "If I had an impudent, lazy, immoral, shiftless, unlicked cub like you, I'd grind him up for hen feed."

Much more silence. I lit another cigarette.

"Does he get enough to eat?"

"When he has time," I said. "He's generally pretty busy."

[illegible]

"Most of the time," said I. "He runs the college in his odd moments."

"He wouldn't have run the Siwash I [illegible]

[illegible]

Has he learned anything [illegible] ities, after some more silence.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] the first one. And presently the neatest spider phaeton that was owned by a Jonesville livery stable drew up before the house and Keg jumped out, telling a delicious chiffon vision to hold old Bucephalus until he got his topcoat. Keg was a good dresser, but I never saw him quite as letter-perfect and wholly immaculate as he was just then. He hurried up the steps, took one look, and yelled "Dad," then made a rush; and I went inside to see if I couldn't beat that smoke ring where there was not so much atmospheric disturbance.

Pa Rearick stayed the rest of the week, and after he had interviewed certain professors the next day he moved over to the house and stayed with us. The girl in chiffon proved to be only a passing fancy. By successive degrees Keg's father viewed the rest of us with disapproval, suspicion, tolerance, benevolence, interest and friendliness. But I am convinced that it was only on Keg's account. He gave us credit for exercising unexpected good taste in liking him. And maybe it wasn't interesting to see him thaw and melt and struggle with a stiff, wintry smile, as a young man does with his first mustache, and finally give himself up unreservedly to fatherly pride. When a father has religiously put away these things all his life for fear of spoiling a son, and finally finds that that son is unspoilable, even by friendliness and parental tenderness, he has a lot of pleasure to indulge in during his remaining years.

It was like the old fire-eater to call us [illegible] he went and [illegible] himself [illegible] sense of justice which [illegible] too keen for any good use. "I've [illegible] son," he said to us. "and I [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] son of it. I am [illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible] a little old-[illegible] The world didn't move so fast when I was a boy here. When I was at school we saved our money and studied. My son tells me he can't afford to save money—that time is too precious. I don't pretend to understand all your ways, but he seems to think you have been good to him and I want to thank you for it. My son has made his way alone these two years. I threw him out to support himself. When I casually mentioned yesterday that times were very hard in the business just now, he wanted to put five hundred dollars into it. I want you to know I'm proud of him. I hope you young gentlemen will feel free to stop and visit us when you come through our town. I must say, times seem to have changed."

Right he was. Times have changed. And here I have been dunderheading along in just his way, imagining that I was pacing them, instead of sitting on the fence and watching them go by. If I can find that little sophomore who insulted me this morning, I'm going to make him come to dinner and tell me some more about the way they do things, this afternoon. As for tomorrow—what does he or any one else know about it?

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# SENSE AND NONSENSE

### *Asleep at His Post*

COLONEL FRED HALE, of Portland, Maine, son of former Senator Eugene Hale, of that state, came to Washington and called on his old friend H. C. Emery, of the Tariff Board, also from Maine.

Emery's office is in the Treasury Building; and Emery showed Hale, not without pride, the long row of granite monoliths on the Fifteenth Street side of that building, explaining that there were thirty-six in the lot, recently put up to replace the old limestone columns, and that they cost ten thousand dollars apiece.

"Ten thousand dollars each?" repeated Hale.

"Yes."

"And they came from the Maine quarries, I suppose?"

"No," replied Emery; "they came from the New Hampshire quarries."

"From New Hampshire?"

"Yes."

"You don't mean it!" said Hale. "Where the deuce was father?"

### *A Confidence Game*

LIVING on a plantation fifty or sixty miles out of New Orleans is an old poker-playing, chicken-fighting, horse-racing sportsman, who is always willing to gamble on anything and who isn't averse to gamble even when he has a shade the better of it.

Not long ago a professional gambler came to him and said: "Squire, you know that Phillips man who used to play cards on the river?"

"I do."

"Well, he's showed up here with a lot of money. Now I've got a scheme to get that money."

"Go on; you interest me."

"Well, I'll get him down here and we'll pot him into a game of poker—just the two of us and him. Then I'll cold-deck him; you'll get the money and we'll divide."

"How do you propose to do that, son?"

"Why, I'll deal him four queens and I'll deal you four kings—and he'll bet all the money he has. All you've got to do is to bet against him, show your four kings when he's through and we'll split his pile."

"You mean you'll deal him four queens and deal me four kings out of a cold deck?"

"That's it."

"All right, son—all right; but when you are dealin' them four kings to me just deal me one ace also for a sort of confidence card."

### *Barkis on the Job*

A NEW YORK newspaper wired its Washington office: "Suggest a good man to go with Roosevelt for the paper on his long trip West."

The man in charge of the bureau, seeing a good trip ahead, wired back: "Barkis is willin'."

"Who is this new man Barkis we've got over in the Washington office?" asked the telegraph editor of the managing editor when the dispatch came in.

### *The Easiest Way*

MAYOR FITZGERALD, of Boston, wouldn't let Frances Starr play in that city in Eugene Walter's The Easiest Way.

The young lady had a conference with the mayor about it. The mayor was firm.

"Well, Mr. Mayor," said Miss Starr, "next year I'll come back with a play you can't object to."

"We shall be glad to see you, Miss Starr," said the mayor. "What will that play be?"

"Why, I am going to have that book, How to Know the Wild Flowers, dramatized."

### *Grandpa's Gospel*

A CERTAIN New York newspaper that has been going for many years prides itself on the fact that it is the news gospel for its older subscribers. Still, the business manager was somewhat shocked a time ago when he received this letter from a town upstate:

"Please stop the paper. Grandpa is dead."


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